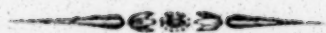


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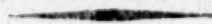
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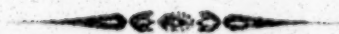
FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.



VOL. II.





Del. by J. H. P.

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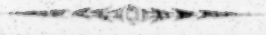
OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO,


WITH

NOTES:

BY JOHN HOOLE.




IN FIVE VOLUMES.



A NEW EDITION.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

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1799.

ORLANDO FURIOSO

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THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. II.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

ANGELICA, by the help of her ring, leaves Rogero, who loses his flying horse, and afterwards, being deceived by the appearance of Bradamant engaged in combat with a giant, is decoyed to the enchanted castle of Atlantes. Orlando, in pursuit of Angelica, arrives at the island of Ebuda, where he finds Olympia exposed to be devoured by the sea-monster: he kills the monster, and delivers her. Oberto, king of Ireland, arriving at the same time, falls in love with Olympia, and marries her. Orlando departs to continue the search of Angelica.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IN mid career the rider oft restrains
The fiery courser's speed with gentle reins;
But feldom reason's curb will hold confin'd
Th' unruly passions of an amorous mind.
So when a bear, that finds with honey stor'd 5
A welcome vase, can taste the luscious hoard,
Or from afar the odorous scent receive,
His feet refuse th' enticing bait to leave.

No sage reflection can suffice to make
Rogero now th' alluring blifs forsake, 10
The blifs, with fair Angelica to prove,
In friendly shades, the gifts of lawless love.
No longer Bradamant his thoughts possess'd,
Once the sole object reigning in his breast;

Those charms that might Xenocrates inspire, 15
 Inflam'd the gentle youth with fierce desire :
 His buckler and his lance aside he threw,
 And from his limbs the mail impatient drew ;
 When, casting down by chance her bashful eyes,
 The maid the ring upon her finger spies ; 20
 The ring, which at Albracca from the dame
 Brunello stole ; with which to France she came ;
 When

Ver. 15. — *Xenocrates inspire,*] Xenocrates, a disciple of, and successor to Plato, celebrated for his probity, wisdom, and chastity. He refused the presents of Alexander the Great. It was a saying of his, that we often repented of speaking too much, but never of having held our peace. He was so eminent for continency, that having been one day left alone with Phryne, a beautiful courtesan, who made use of every enticement to seduce him, she afterwards declared that she had not been with a man, but a statue. Others relate that he underwent the same trial with Lais, another famous courtesan.

Ver. 21. *The ring, which at Albracca from the dame
 Brunello stole ;* —] Boyardo relates that Brunello climbed secretly up a steep and almost inaccessible rock, to the walls of Albracca, and making his way where Angelica stood, amidst her people, to view the battle from the ramparts, took the ring from off her finger, unperceived by her, and, returning by the way he came, escaped with his prize, though the princess had now taken the alarm, and commanded him to be pursued.

ORL. INN. B. II. C. v.

The

When the first Christian court her brother * gain'd,
And with his golden lance such fame obtain'd ;
Which next the Paladin Aftolpho held : 25
This ring the charms of Malagigi quell'd :

By

* ARGALIA.

The ancients appear to have had great faith in the art of making rings, under the influence of particular planets or stars, accompanied with certain mysterious ceremonies, that should communicate qualities and virtues to the wearer, preserve him from sickness, poison, or enemies, and guard him from every attack of demons or evil spirits. Philostratus relates, that Larca, a prince of India, gave Apollonius seven rings, with the names and virtues of the seven planets, of which he every day wore one by turns, and maintained his youth a hundred and thirty years. Aristotle likewise speaks of the ring of Battus, which inspired the wearer with gratitude and honour. In another we read of a certain philosopher, named Eudamus, who made rings that were preservatives against the bite of serpents and the spells of sorcery or witchcraft. We read that Gyges, king of Lydia, had a ring of wonderful virtue, that upon turning the stone inwardly towards the palm of his hand, he immediately became invisible, and that by help of this ring he seduced the queen, slew the king Candaules, and gained possession of the kingdom of Lydia. Other writers relate, that Candaules, through an extravagant vanity for the uncommon beauty of his wife, concealed Gyges in her chamber, that he might behold her naked. The queen coming to the knowledge of this, compelled Gyges to enter into a conspiracy against Candaules, whom he slew, and afterwards succeeded to his crown and bed.

By this Orlando, with a knightly train,
 One morn she freed from Dragontina's chain;
 With this unseen she left the castle, where
 An old enchanter kept th' imprison'd fair. 30
 But wherefore should I these adventures tell,
 Adventures which yourselves must know so well?
 From her Brunello stole the wondrous ring,
 Urg'd by command of Agramant the king;

Since

“ Some of the old romance and legendary writers speak of a ring that gave to its wearer the knowledge of the language of birds, thus mentioned by Chaucer,

Canace

That own'd the virtuous ring of glafs.

And fuller by the old poet Lydgate:

And evermore depeinten might see
 How, with her ring, goodly Canace
 Of every fowle the leden and the song
 Could understand as she hem walk'd among.”

WARTON'S Observations on Spenser.

Ver. 28.—*from Dragontina's chain;—*

An old enchanter—] Orlando going to the assistance of Angelica, whom he understood to be besieged in Albracca by Agrican king of Tartary, whose suit she had rejected, arrives at a bridge where he drinks of the water of oblivion, offered by a damsel, and is decoyed into the garden of Dragontina, a powerful enchantress,—where many other knights are detained prisoners by the force of her spells. Angelica leaves Sacripant, with two other kings, to defend Albracca,

Since when, by adverse fortune ever crost, 35
The hapless maid at length her kingdom lost.

When now she view'd, and view'd with ravish'd eyes
The ring long lost, o'erwhelm'd with great surprise,
She fears some empty dream her sense deceives,
And scarce, by sight or touch, the truth believes; 40

Then from her hand she took with eager haste,
And 'twixt her lips the shining circlet plac'd,
And instant vanish'd from Rogero's sight,

Like Phœbus, when a cloud obscur'd his light.
The youth, abandon'd thus, with looks amaz'd 45
Around the mead awhile in silence gaz'd;

But whence remembrance to his thoughts return'd
The magic ring, too late his loss he mourn'd,
Too late the chanc'd bewail'd—Ungrateful maid!

Are thus (he cry'd) my services repaid? 50

Say, would'st thou rather of my ring bereave
This hand by theft, than as my gift receive?

Albracca, and privately sets out to procure further assistance. In her way she is enticed by an old man into a castle, from which she escapes by means of her ring, which is afterwards stolen from her by Brunello. She arrives at the garden of Dragontina, where she finds Orlando, Brandimart, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many other knights, all whom she delivers from the power of the enchantress, and engages them to go with her, and endeavour to raise the siege of Aloracca.

ORLANDO INNAM. B. I. C. vi. ix. xi. xiv.

B 4

Not

Not that alone—but take my horse and shield—
To thee whate'er is mine I freely yield ;
Yet from my fight no more those charms remove, 55
Thou hear'st, alas ! but answer'st not my love !

So saying, by the fountain's side in haste
He search'd around, and oft in hope embrac'd
Her beauteous form, but when his arms would find
The fleeting fair, he clasp'd th' impassive wind ! 60

Meantime Angelica at distance pass'd,
Till to a spacious cave she came at last,
Beneath a mountain hollow'd in the ground,
Where all provisions for her need she found.
In this his life an aged herdsman led, 65
Who numerous mares beneath the mountain fed :
Along the vales, in pastures green, they play'd,
By crystal streams that through the herbage stray'd :
Around the cave were stalls, to which they run
T' avoid the fervour of the mid-day sun. 70

Her dwelling here, unseen, the virgin chose,
Till day declin'd, and shadowy night arose ;
Then, cheer'd with rest and food, no longer stay'd,
But her fair limbs in humble weeds array'd ;
Weeds far unmeet for her, who once could boast 75
The richest garments wrought with skilful cost ;

Yet, through her lowly vestments beauty shin'd,
And grace that spoke her of no vulgar kind.
Let ancient bards no longer tune the verse,
Neæra's charms or Phyllis to rehearse; 80
The sweets of Amaryllis to recite,
Or Galatea lovely in her flight;
Let Maro's shepherds cease their boasting strains,
Since India's queen without a rival reigns.

Around the vales the damsel cast a look, 85
And from the grazing mares the fairest took;
For now a sudden thought inspir'd her breast,
Alone to travel tow'ards her native east.

Awhile Rogero stay'd, in hope to view
The royal fair, that from his sight withdrew, 90
Again return; but, ah! in vain he stay'd,
Nor reach'd his fond complaints the absent maid.
Once more he purpos'd thence to steer his course,
And turn'd to where he left his winged horse;
Where there he found, so ill his fortune sped, 95
The reins were broken, and the courser fled;

Ver. 96. *The reins were broken, and the courser fled,*] The poet does not seem here wholly inattentive to his moral, since in consequence of Rogero's yielding to the temptation before him, forgetting his faith to Bradamant, and indulging his pursuit of unlawful pleasure, he loses his ring, and flying horse.

Lofs

Loss heap'd on loss ! forlorn and wretched left,
 At once of mistress and of steed bereft ;
 But most to lose his wondrous ring he griev'd,
 The wondrous ring from Bradamant receiv'd, 100
 Which less he valued for its secret power,
 Than for her sake whose hand the token wore.

With heavy heart he brac'd his armour on ;
 His radiant targe behind his shoulder thrown ;
 He leaves the seas, and through the verdant meads,
 All pensive, to a spacious vale proceeds ; 106
 Then takes a path that midst the forest leads.

Not far he pass'd, ere, echoing from the right,
 Where thickest trees perplex'd the doubtful fight,
 A dreadful clash of arms he hears ; he flies, 110

And through the gloom two combatants espies
 With fury clos'd : a giant one is seen,

A knight the other, and of fearless mien.

This seems to dare the fight with sword and shield,
 And with undaunted skill maintain the field, 115

While oft he shuns the club's impending stroke,
 Which, grasp'd with either hand, the giant shook.

Beside him lies his horse depriv'd of life ;

Rogero stands spectator of the strife :

The knight he favours ; but his noble mind 120

Awaits to see how Fortune's lot inclin'd,

In silent gaze: at length a dreadful blow
The monster aims to crush th' unwary foe;
The club his helmet strikes; on earth he lies:
To end his life the cruel giant flies, 125
His helm uncloses, and reveals to fight
What to Rogero, in the prostrate knight,
Appears the roseate bloom, the golden hair,
And well-known features of the martial fair,
His Bradamant belov'd, that seems to lie 130
A victim by the giant doom'd to die;
At once the champion darts around his eyes,
And to the fight the tow'ring foe defies:
But he, who seeks not to renew the fray,
Takes from the ground his senseless conquer'd prey,
And in his arms the prize resistless bears: 136
So with a wolf the lamb unpity'd fares:
So the fierce eagle, while he soars above,
In his strong talons gripes the helpless dove.
T' assist the virgin, at her seeming need, 140
Rogero follows with impatient speed;
But with such swiftness the stern giant flew,
Rogero scarce retains him in his view.
While thus (pursuing one, one held in chace)
Thro' winding ways the savage gloom they trace, 145
Wide

Wide and more wide the lengthening path extends,
Till in a spacious plain their labour ends.

But here we pause—the story hastes to tell
What chance to great Orlando next befel,
Who to the seas Cymosco's pest consign'd, 150
No more to be restor'd, and curse mankind ;
Yet little this avail'd—th' infernal foe,
Who fram'd the engine in the shades below,
To imitate the forky bolt, that rends
The sable clouds, and from the sky descends ; 155
With this no less could human race deceive,
Than with the fruit of old th' unhappy Eve :
He, in our grandfires' time, to second birth
Th' invention drew, to plague the sons of earth ;
This many a year engulph'd in seas was laid, 160
Till, taught by him, a forc'rer, thence convey'd
The pest abhorr'd ; which first the Germans try'd,
And, by the demon's aid, to arms apply'd.

Thence

Ver. 148. *But here we pause—*] Mention is again made of Rogero in the xiiith book, ver. 114. where the enchanted palace is fully described.

Ver. 159. *Th' invention drew,—*] The invention of gun-powder is ascribed to a chymist, who, as some say, was a monk
of

Thence Italy and France, and every part
 Where war extends, has learnt th' inhuman art. 165
 For some the hollow wombs of brass they make,
 Wrought in the fire ; for others iron take :
 Capacious some, and some of lesser frame,
 That from their various authors hold their name.
 O ! wretched foldier ! now your armour bright 170
 Forsake, and only gird your sword in fight :

But

of Germany ; this man, making experiments with a mixture of nitre, sulphur, charcoal, and other inflammatory matter, in which he chanced to drop a spark of fire, discovered such effects, as were soon afterwards applied to new engines of destruction called fire-arms, which were first made use of in the war between the Venetians and Genoese, anno 1380.

Ver. 170. *O ! wretched foldier ! —*] This apostrophe of the poet, and likewise the speech of Orlando in the ixth book, on the same occasion, are in the true spirit of chivalry, and may remind the reader of part of Don Quixote's oration on arms and letters, where speaking of the invention of guns, he inveighs, almost in the words of our author, against the use of such weapons.

“ A blessing on those happy ages that were strangers to the dreadful fury of these devilish instruments of artillery, *whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell, receiving the reward of his diabolical invention ;* by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest knight, and to which is owing, that without knowing how or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who, perhaps,
 fled

But this dread weapon on your shoulders bear,
 Or never hope the victor's wreaths to share.
 How could'st thou, curst invention, ever find
 Reception in the brave, the generous mind! 175
 By thee the glorious war is turn'd to shame,
 By thee the trade of arms has lost its fame!
 By thee, no more shall gallantry or might
 Avail the warrior in the field of fight.
 By thee so many lords and knights are slain, 180
 By thee such numbers yet must press the plain,
 Before the war shall cease, whose rage has torn
 The world, but caus'd Italia most to mourn.
 Accurst be he, who first this mischief bred!
 Heaven, sure, on him its deepest wrath has shed,
 And doom'd his wretched soul to endless woe, 186
 Near impious Judas in the realms below!

fled and was frightened at the very flash of the pan, and in an instant puts an end to the life of him who deserved to have lived for many ages: and therefore when I consider this, I could almost say I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as this in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern to think, that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and the edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth."

JARVIS' DON QUIXOTE, Vol. I. B. iv. C. xi.

But

But let us to the knight ; who seeks the shore,
Each dreadful day besmear'd with virgin gore.
Against Orlando now the wind prevails ; 190
Now on the poop it blows in gentle gales ;
And now by turns a sudden calm succeeds ;
That little on her course the vessel speeds.
For Heaven's high will forbade the crew to land
Before th' Hibernian king had reach'd the strand,
To forward that event, which since befel, 196
And which, in order due, the muse shall tell.

Now near the coast the prow the billows broke,
When thus Orlando to his pilot spoke :
Haste ! launch the boat, and here the ship detain,
While to yon rock I hasten through the main : 201
The largest cable to my hand consign ;
The largest anchor to the cable join ;
And mark my purpose, when in dang'rous fight,
I dare with yonder monster prove my might. 205

This said ; with anchor and with cable stow'd,
The boat they launch'd amid the dashing flood :
Then all his arms, except his sword, he leaves,
And tow'rd the rock, alone, the billows cleaves :
Close to his breast he draws the sturdy oars ; 210
And turns his back upon the destin'd shores.
Aurora now had rais'd her radiant head,
And to the sun her golden tresses spread ;

Vex'd ocean groans—Orlando, void of fear,
 Nor chang'd his colour, nor his wonted cheer: 235
 Firm in himself, to guard the weeping maid,
 And her dire foe with powerful arm invade,
 Between the land and orc his course he ply'd,
 But kept undrawn the falchion at his side.
 Soon as the monster, that to shore pursu'd 240
 His deathful way, the boat and champion view'd,
 He op'd his greedy throat that might enume
 A horse and horsemen in its living tomb!
 Near and more near Orlando dauntless rows.
 Then in his mouth the ponderous anchor throws, }
 Whose width forbids the horrid jaws to close. 246 }
 So miners, while they urge their darkling toil,
 With heedful prop support the crumbling soil.

—Unda

Infonuit: veniensque immenso bellua ponto

Eminet, et latum sub pectore possidet æquor.

Metam Lib. IV. v. 687.

Concerning this battle between Orlando and the Orc, though some part must be acknowledged to be highly extravagant, and bordering upon the ludicrous, particularly the manner in which the knight gives him his death's wounds, yet, in general, the description is undoubtedly worked up with great strength of imagination.

His teeth secur'd, Orlando with a bound
Leap'd in the yawning gulph; and whirling round
His trenchant blade, the dark retreat explor'd, 251
And with repeated wounds the monster gor'd.

What city longer can defence maintain,
Whose foes within the walls an entrance gain?
Mad with the pain, he rises o'er the tides, 255

And shews his jointed back and scaly sides;
Then downward plunging in the bottom laves,
And throws the troubled sands above the waves.

The Paladin, who felt the rushing streams,
Forfook the orc, and oar'd with nervous limbs 260
The billowy brine, while in his hand he bore
The anchor's cable 'till he reach'd the shore.

There firmly fix'd, upon the rock he stood,
And strain'd each nerve, while struggling through the
flood

The monster follow'd, by that arm compell'd 265
Whose strength the strength of mortal man excell'd.

As when a bull at unawares has found
With straiten'd cords his horns encompass'd round,
Furious he leaps, he bounds from side to side,
The haulfers all his fruitless pains deride: 270

So far'd the orc, while from his mouth he shed
A tide, that dyes the ocean still with red;

Lash'd

Lash'd by his tail with many a founding blow,
 The parting sea reveals th' abyfs below :]
 Now dash'd aloft the briny waves are thrown, 275
 Pollute the day, and blot the golden sun.

The neighbouring forests, and the mountains hoar,
 The winding rocks rebellow to the roar.

Rouz'd at the tumult, from his pearly bed,
 Old Proteus o'er the water rais'd his head : 280

Soon as his eyes beheld so strange a fight
 Between the monster and the Christian knight,
 He left his flock and urg'd his fearful flight. }

Ev'n Neptune on his car (such terror spread)
 With Dolphins rein'd to Æthiopia fled. 285

Ino, whose breast her Melicerta bears;
 The sea-green sisters, with dishevell'd hairs;
 Glaucus and Triton; all the watery train,
 In diverse parts, fly scatter'd o'er the main.

Anglantes' warrior now, the conflict o'er, 290

Had drawn the dreadful monster to the shore;
 Which scarce he reach'd, when spent with toil, and
 spread

Along the sand, his shapeless bulk lay dead.

Soon swarming o'er the coast the island crew

Came hastening down the wondrous fight to view;

And loudly cry'd, that mighty Proteus' rage 296

Would once again his savage herds engage

To waste the land, unless with humble prayer

They mov'd the God, themselves and race to spare;

And, as an offering for his monster slain, 300

They whelm'd th' offending champion in the main.

As spreads from torch to torch th' increasing light,

Till all the region with the blaze is bright:

So through the madding vulgar swiftly ran

The fierce contagion, caught from man to man. 305

One takes a sling, a bow another takes;

This draws a sword, and that a javelin shakes.

They shout, they run, they cumber all the strand,

And close him far and near on every hand.

The generous Paladin surpris'd beheld 310

Th' ungrateful throng with hostile thoughts impell'd:

Instead of meeting fame and high regard,

He sees them thus his valiant deeds reward.

But as a bear, for public pastime bred,

In Russia or in Lithuania led, 315

Contemns the yelping cur; with like disdain

Orlando near beholds the dastard train,

Against him leagu'd, with stupid anger wild

Their idle weapons to dispute the field.

Soon

Soon Durindana from the sheath he drew, 320
And midst his foes with noble fury flew,
Who hop'd with ease t' oppress a single knight,
Nor fenc'd with shield, nor cas'd in armour bright.
They little deem'd his skin from head to heel,
Like adamant, could no impression feel: 325
But while himself secure unwounded stood,
He dy'd his weapon in th' assailants' blood.
At ten fierce strokes, beneath his conquering hand
Full thirty fell, and soon he clear'd the strand.
While thus th' unequal strife the knight maintain'd,
Hibernia's troops the fatal island gain'd, 331
And disembark'd where none to oppose they view'd;
A dreadful slaughter through the land ensu'd:
Justice their plea to veil the foldier's rage,
All pity lost, they spar'd nor sex nor age! 335
The wretched natives here were seen but few,
And these nor discipline, nor order knew:
Their goods were pillag'd by the Irish train,
The houses set on fire, the people slain:
The walls were raz'd, and scarce remain'd behind 340
A man alive of this devoted kind.

Orlando hastens now the dame to free,
Prepar'd for death beside the roaring sea:

Near and more near he draws, and thinks he spies
Features but late familiar to his eyes ; 345

Lo ! imag'd to his thought Olympia's face,

She, most unhappy of the female race

By man betray'd—Olympia born to prove

The woes and changes of ungrateful love.

'Twas her, whom fortune gave the pirate band 350

Their lovely victim on Ebuda's strand.

Full well the damsel knew th' approaching knight,

But from his look she turn'd her bashful sight ;

Confus'd and mute she hung her drooping head,

While burning blushes on her cheeks were spread.

The warrior then enquir'd what envious power 356

Had led her step to that inhuman shore,

From where he left her crown'd with joy and peace,

Partaking with her comfort every bliss ?

Alas ! I know not (she began to say) 360

If for my life I grateful thanks should pay,

Or rather mourn the day again must close,

And not behold a period to my woes :

My grateful thanks for these poor limbs I owe,

Sav'd from the jaws of my unnatural foe : 365

But little I rejoice that still I live,

Since death alone to me can comfort give

Then let thy hand, in pity to my grief,
With welcome death afford the sole relief.
She said; and sobbing deep, her sorrows spoke, 370
How her false lord his faith and honour broke,
To leave her sleeping on the desert shore,
Whence to the ship their prey the pirates bore.
While this she told, she turn'd, and blushing show'd
A form like Dian, pictur'd in the flood 375
With naked beauties, when incens'd she threw
On rash Actæon's brows the sprinkling dew.

Orlando pacing on the shelly strand,
Awaits his ship to anchor near the land;
That thence with vestures he may clothe the dame:
While this his thought employ'd, Oberto came, 381
Hibernia's king, who heard the monster slain,
There lay extended by the dashing main;
That, swimming thro' the seas, a knight unknown
Had in his jaws a ponderous anchor thrown, 385
And drawn him to the beach, as barks, secur'd
With twisted cables, on the ground are moor'd.

Now tow'rds the shore, to learn the truth, in haste
Oberto came; meanwhile the land to waste,

Ver. 381.—*Oberto came,*] Oberto, king of Ireland, mentioned in the ninth book to have collected a force to invade the island of Ebuda.

His soldiers, unrestrain'd, their rage employ'd, 390
And towns and men with fire and sword destroy'd.
Soon as th' Hibernian king Orlando view'd,
(Tho' drench'd with water and deform'd with blood,
With blood which from the monster's throat he
drew)

By every look the Paladin he knew. 395

When first the deed he heard, his noble mind
The glorious author from the deed divin'd.
Him well he knew, with him in Gallia bred,
At Charles' high court his infant years were led,
Which late he left to seek his native land, 400
(His father dead) the sceptre to command.
Oft had he seen the knight, and oft before
With him in converse past the social hour.

His helmet rais'd, he ran with eager pace
To hold Orlando in a warm embrace; 405
Nor less Orlando felt, the king to view,
And round his neck his friendly arms he threw.

Orlando to Oberto then display'd
The cruel sufferings of the fair betray'd;
From false Bireno doom'd her wrongs to mourn, 410
From whom she least deserv'd such base return.
What proofs Bireno of her love could boast;
For him her kindred slain, her country lost;

For

For him prepar'd her dearest life to yield :

All this he knew, and part himself beheld. 415

While thus he speaks, the gushing sorrows rise,

And trickle from the fair one's weeping eyes :

Like vernal skies her lovely visage show'd,

When gentle showers descending from a cloud,

Frequent and soft, the sun with chearing gleams 420

Darts thro' the watery veil his trembling beams :

As then in foliage wet with glistening dews,

Sweet Philomel her plaintive note renews ;

So Cupid in her grief reviv'd appears,

And bathes his plumage in her pearly tears. 425

His golden shaft he kindles in the flame,

That from her piercing eyes like lightning came,

And tempers in the crystal stream that flows

Between the lily fair and blushing rose.

His arrow now prepar'd, the bow he bends, 430

And at th' unguarded youth his weapon sends ;

For whose defence no arms could here avail,

Nor plated shield, nor double coat of mail :

While rapt in gaze he stands, he feels the dart,

He knows not how, infix'd within his heart. 435

Olympia's form was such as few can find,

For every part was perfect in its kind.

Her

Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nose, her hair,
Her shoulders, neck, beyond description fair.
Her skin as ivory smooth, and white as snows, 440
Which yet unfully'd winter's bosom shows !
Her lovely breasts with frequent heavings seem
As in the rustic vase the trembling cream
When gently mov'd : the beauteous space between,
Like that, where frost has silver'd o'er the green, 445
Which some fair vale discloses to divide
Two little hills that rise on either side :
Her limbs, so truly shap'd, might justly claim
The skill of Phydias, or a greater name.
Had she been present in th' Idean grove, 450
And seen by Paris, though the queen of love
From either goddess beauty's triumph held,
Her charms had scarce Olympia's charms excell'd :
Nor had he sought perhaps the Spartan lands,
In breach of sacred hospitable bands ; 455
But thus declar'd,—Yon fair one let me gain,
And Helen with her consort still remain.
Or had she in Crotona's town been found,
When Zeuxis gather'd all the beauties round,
Culling each grace from many a naked dame, 460
For Juno's fane a faultless shape to frame :

She

She for his model had alone suffic'd,
Since all perfection was in her compriz'd.
What heart will think Bireno e'er could view
Her charms unveil'd, or half his blessing knew ; 465
So far to steel his unrelenting mind,
And leave her in that desert isle behind ?
Oberto, fir'd with love, no more suppress'd
The passion struggling in his amorous breast.
He bade th' afflicted fair no longer mourn, 470
But hope her sorrow soon to joy might turn ;
With vows t' attend her steps to Holland's shore,
And there replace her in the sovereign power ;
Nor cease till in her treacherous spouse he gain'd
A just revenge for all her wrongs sustain'd. 475

And now he sends fair female robes to find ;
Nor long they sought for robes of various kind,
Since every day the vestment there was stor'd
Of some lost virgin by the orc devour'd.
From these the king Olympia's limbs attir'd, 480
But could not clothe her as his foul desir'd ;
For should the choicest silks from far be brought,
With every cost of art and genius wrought,
Should ev'n Minerva all her skill unfold,
And Lemnos' god supply the purest gold ; 485
Yet

Yet to th' enamour'd prince 't would scarce appear
A covering worthy for the dame to wear.

With 'secret joy Orlando saw confest
Th' increasing passion in Oberto's breast ;
For hence he knew the monarch would be led 490
T' avenge her wrongs on false Bireno's head ;
That thus, himself, releas'd from further stay,
No longer need his amorous search delay ;
Who came not thither in her cause to prove
His prowess, but from death to save his love ; 495
Whom vainly there he fought, nor yet could tell,
If thither brought, or what the fair befel :
For, slaughter'd by the foe's destroying hand,
Not one surviv'd of all Ebuda's band.

Next morn the king, the dame, and friendly crew,
Embarking, from the cruel port withdrew : 501
With these Orlando to Hibernia went,
Who thence to France his speedy voyage meant.
Scarce on the island he remain'd a day ;
Not all their friendly prayers could bribe his stay :
Cupid, the wandering lover's constant guide, 506
No longer there permits him to reside ;
But ere he went, he to Oberto's care
The cause entrusted of the injur'd fair :

The

The king, already by her quarrel fir'd, 510
 In zeal exceeded what the earl requir'd :
 A league with England and with Scotland made ;
 He rais'd a force the traitor to invade,
 Drove him, an outcast, from the Belgic shore,
 And next in Friza ruin'd all his power : 515
 He rous'd his native Zealand to rebel,
 Nor ceas'd, till in the war Bireno fell :
 He fell ; yet scarce his wretched life could prove
 A forfeit equal to his breach of love. 520
 Olympia soon Oberto's bride is seen,
 A countess late, and now a powerful queen.

But let us to Orlando turn the strain ;
 Who failing night and day divides the main,
 Till in the port again his vessel rides,
 The port from which he first had plough'd the tides :
 He leaps on shore, and Brigliodoro takes, 526
 All arm'd he mounts, and wind and sea forfakes.

Ere winter's months in due succession roll'd,
 Full many an action worthy to be told,
 The knight atchiev'd ; but blame not here the bard,
 If worth conceal'd should pass without regard : 531

Ver. 522.—*a powerful queen.*] The poet speaks no more of Oberto and Olympia in the course of this work.

Far readier was the Paladin to court
 From deeds true glory, than those deeds report ;
 And never yet, without some witnesses near,
 His great exploits had reach'd the general ear. 535

But when the sun with circling course attain'd
 The prudent beast that Phryxus once sustain'd
 Through narrow seas, and to our joyous sphere
 His beams diffus'd renew'd the laughing year :
 When gentle Zephyrus with genial wing 540
 Return'd to lead again the blossom'd spring ;
 Then with the rising flowers and budding green,
 Orlando's matchless fame again was seen.

On hill, on plain, on champaign, field and shore,
 A tedious tract of land he journies o'er : 545
 When entering now a forest's gloomy shade,
 Distressful cries his startled ears invade :

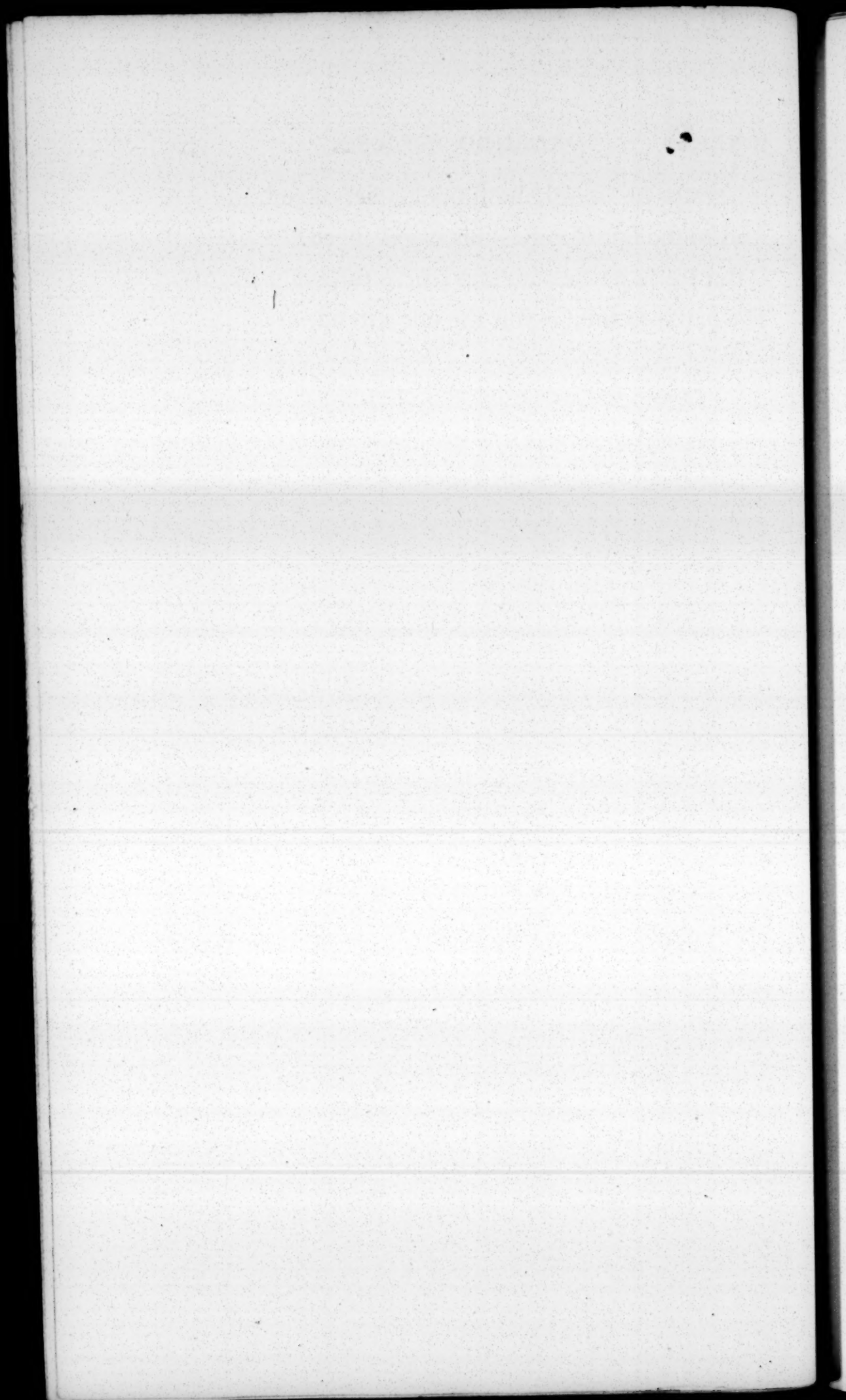
Ver. 537.—*that Phryxus once sustain'd.*] The fable relates that Phryxus and Helle his sister flying to escape the persecutions of their step-dame, by the advice of Juno mounted upon a ram, the fleece of which was gold, and attempted to cross a narrow arm of the sea. Helle fell into the water, which was afterwards called the Hellespont, but Phryxus arrived safe at the court of *Æetes* king of the Colchians, and there, in gratitude for his safety, sacrificed the ram, which was placed among the signs of the zodiac. The golden fleece remained in possession of *Æetes*, and was afterwards won by Jason.

He

He grasps his sword, he spurs his fiery steed,
And to the sound impels his eager speed.

But till some future time I here suspend 550
The cause to tell, if you the tale attend.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.



THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. II.

D

THE ARGUMENT.

ORLANDO, deceived by the likeness of Angelica, is drawn to the enchanted castle of Atlantes. Angelica arrives at the same place, where she finds Orlando, Sacripant, Ferrau, Gradasso, and many other knights. By the virtue of her ring she delivers Orlando, Sacripant, and Ferrau, from the power of the magician. Battle between Orlando and Ferrau. Angelica leaves the combatants, and Sacripant departs in search of her. The battle being stopped between Orlando and Ferrau, they separate. Orlando meets two bands of Pagans, which he defeats: he then continues his pursuit of Angelica, and finds a damsel detained in a cave of outlaws.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Ceres from maternal Ida flew,
And swiftly to th' accustom'd vale with-
drew,

Where thunder-struck Enceladus remains,
Who burning Ætna on his limbs sustains,
And there no more her Proserpine beheld, 5
Sequester'd late in Enna's flowery field,
With grief she rav'd, and, frantic with despair,
Her bosom beat, and tore her golden hair :
Two pines she lighted then at Vulcan's fire,
And bade the kindled torches ne'er expire : 10
These, seated in her car, the goddess took,
(Two scaly dragons harness'd to her yoke)

D 2

Then

Then search'd the fields, the mountains, plains, and
 woods,
 The vales, the streams, the torrents and the floods;
 Till having circled earth and ocean round, 15
 She sunk beneath, and reach'd the Stygia fount.

If good Orlando power in love could claim
 But equal to the Eleusinian dame,
 No region would escape his piercing sight,
 Nor lands, nor seas, nor shades of endless night: 20
 But since forbid to guide thro' viewless air
 His flying snakes; with unremitting care,
 As far as man could seek, he fought the fair. }
 France has he search'd; and next, with ceaseless toil,
 Would range the German and Italian foil; 25
 The new and old Castile he mean's t' explore,
 Then cross the Spanish main to Lybia's shore.
 Such thoughts revolving in his anxious breast,
 He seem'd to hear the cries of one distress'd:
 He spurr'd his steed, and soon before him 'spy'd 30
 A knight upon a strong-limb'd courser ride;

Ver. 18.—*the Eleusinian dame,*] The ancient poets often gave titles to their deities, derived from the several places where they were worshipped. Ceres is here called the Eleusinian dame, because in Eleusis, a city of the Athenians, her name was held in great veneration, *as being the presiding Goddess*

of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

Who

Who bore by force across his saddle-bow,
A female form with every mark of woe :
She struggled in his arms, she wept, she pray'd,
And call'd Anglante's valiant prince to aid. 35
Now on the dame Orlando bent his view,
And well the features of her face he knew :
At least it seem'd Angelica the fair,
Whom long he fought with unavailing care.

When he, in semblance of a maid distress'd, 40
Beheld her image that his soul possess'd
Thus borne away,—fire flashing from his eyes,
He call'd the knight with loud and threatening cries :
He call'd aloud, and thundering on his steed,
Let loose the reins to Brigliadoro's speed. 45
The felon nought reply'd, nor deign'd to stay,
But all intent upon his lovely prey,
Through the thick forest held so swift a pace,
The wind had lagg'd behind him in the race.
Thus flying, one pursuing, one pursu'd, 50
While shrill complainings echo'd thro' the wood,
They reach'd a mead, where in the midst appear'd
A stately pile, with various marble rear'd.
Here pass'd the stranger through the golden door,
Who in his arms the seeming virgin bore, 55

And soon the entrance Brigliadoro gain'd,
 That fierce Orlando on his back sustain'd :
 Orlando, entering, cast his eyes around,
 And neither knight nor damsel more was found.

With fury fir'd, alighting from his steed, 60
 He rushes thro' the dome with restless speed :
 Now here, now there, his step impatient bends,
 Till, all below explor'd, the earl ascends
 The winding stairs, and round with equal pain,
 Each gallery, hall, and chamber views in vain. 65
 Of silk and gold he sees each costly bed,
 Rich figur'd hangings o'er the walls are spread,
 And, for the floor, the feet on tap'stry tread. }
 Above, below, unweary'd seeks the knight,
 Yet finds not what alone can glad his sight, 70
 Nor sees Angelica, nor him espies
 Who snatch'd her beauties from his longing eyes.
 While thus intent he rov'd the palace round,
 Ferrau and king Gradasso here he found :

Ver. 74. *Ferrau*—] We have not heard of this knight since Book i. ver. 223, where he sees the ghost of Argalia.

Ibid.—*king Gradasso*—] Gradasso was last mentioned as one of the prisoners in Atlantes' castle, delivered by Bradamant, Book iv. ver. 283.

King

King Sacripant and Brandimart he view'd, 75

With various warriors, who like him purfu'd

A fruitless search, and of the wrongs complain'd

They from the master of the dome sustain'd;

Who still, himself unseen, their fight abus'd,

Whom each of some discourteous theft accus'd. 80

One for his courser stol'n with anger burn'd:

Another for his ravish'd mistress mourn'd:

From various causes others there remain'd;

And many knights were weeks and months detain'd.

Still search'd Orlando round; and oft he cry'd:

My cares, perchance, are all in vain apply'd 86

For him who by some secret gate withdrew,

And, distant now, defies me to pursue

The virgin fair——Debating thus, with speed

He left the dome, and travers'd o'er the mead, 90

Still gazing round with downcast look to trace

What tracks of feet had lately mark'd the place.

A voice he heard, that call'd Orlando's name;

He look'd, and thought he view'd his much-lov'd

dame;

Ver. 75. *King Sacripant*—] The last we heard of this knight
was when he was left by Angelica, after ^{his} ~~their~~ duel ^{with Orlando} for Angelica,
Book ii. ver. 136.

That much-lov'd dame, whose beauty's power so
chang'd 95

His manly heart, and every thought estrang'd.
High at a window stood the seeming maid,
And thus, in moving words, implor'd his aid:
Ah! help!—I give to thy protecting care
My honour, dearer than the vital air! 100
Shall this vile ravisher his will pursue
Unpunish'd, in my dear Orlando's view?
Ah! rather let thy sword prevent my shame,
And save by timely death my virgin fame.

These words repeated oft in mournful strain, 105
Impell'd the knight with frequent steps again
T' explore the dome, by turns with anger fir'd,
By turns with vain, yet pleasing hope inspir'd.
Anon he stopp'd, anon he seem'd to hear
The well-known accents breaking on his ear. 110
While thus he listen'd, though th' imploring dame
Appear'd not far his needful aid to claim,
He knew not whence the sounds distressful came. }

But turn we to Rogero; who pursu'd
The maid and giant through the shady wood; 115
Whence to a spacious mead his course he bore,
(The place to which Orlando came before)

Within

Within the gate the tow'ring giant pass'd,
Him close behind Rogero press'd as fast ;
The portal entering (wondrous to the knight) 120
The maid and giant vanish'd from his sight.

In every part he fought with fruitless care,
And much he marvell'd how his foe could bear }
So sudden from his view the captive fair. }

Through chambers, halls, and fair saloons he went,
Then search'd beneath the winding stairs' ascent ; 126
At length he turn'd him to the neighbouring wood,
In hope—but soon a voice his steps pursu'd ;
A voice, that late Anglante's knight appall'd,
And now Rogero to the dome recall'd. 130

The form and speech illusive that deceiv'd
Orlando, for Angelica believ'd,
To good Rogero seem'd the Dordan dame,
Whose virgin charms his amorous heart inflame.

This strange device, the like unknown before, 135
By old Atlantes of Carena's lore
Was fram'd, to keep Rogero safe from war,
Till past the influence of his evil star
That menac'd early death : Atlantes' power
For this had rais'd the steel-embattled tower ; 140
For this had try'd Alcina's guileful chain,
In love the youthful champion to detain.

Not

Not him alone, but all whose martial fame,
For valorous deeds had spread thro' France their
name,

Atlantes here confin'd in magic thrall, 145
Left by their hands the much-lov'd youth should fall ;
And all provisions due prepar'd so well,
That knights and dames might here with pleasure
dwell.

Now to Angelica the tale we bend,
Whose finger wore the ring that could defend 150
From deepest spells, that in her mouth convey'd
Conceal'd her person like a viewless shade.
The virgin in the cave her limbs attir'd,
And found such food as Nature's wants requir'd :

Ver. 146. *Left by their hands, —]* It may appear very extraordinary, that Atlantes should bring together in one place with Rogero the knights, from some of whom he feared the prophecy might be fulfilled that threatened the young warrior's life : the commentators have observed, that during their abode in this enchanted dwelling, the knights were totally unknown to each other, and that consequently Rogero was in no danger from any national hostility ; and that every person, being engaged by the spell, on his own particular loss, had no leisure to attend to Rogero, who therefore continues perfectly safe : but surely it is difficult to understand how his safety is more secured by this device of Atlantes.

A mare

A mare she singled from the grazing train, 155
Resolv'd to view her native seats again,
Fair India's realms—and gladly would she take
King Sacripant, or brave Orlando make
Guide of her way ; though neither knight she priz'd,
But both their amorous suits alike despis'd. 160
Yet bending eastward her adventurous course,
By towns and castles girt with hostile force,
Some guard she wish'd, that danger could defy ;
And well their valour might her want supply :
Them long in cities, towns, and woods she fought, 165
Till chance at length the wandering virgin brought
Where Sacripant, and where Orlando bound
By fated spells ; where join'd with these she found
Gradasso stern, Rogero and Ferrau,
And many more in abject state she saw. 170

The gate she fearless pass'd, to none reveal'd,
Ev'n from Atlantes by her ring conceal'd.
Orlando here and Sacripant she view'd,
Who through the dome their fruitless search pursu'd.
She knew Atlantes, by her likeness feign'd, 175
Orlando and king Sacripant detain'd
With covert wiles ; of these she long resolv'd
The doubtful choice, and scarce at length resolv'd

On whom to fix, but stood in deep suspense,
 Between Orlando and Circaffia's prince. 180
 Full well she knew Orlando's dauntless might
 Could best defend her in the day of fight;
 But knew not how hereafter to displace
 A lover thus exalted in her grace,
 When, danger past, she meant t' abridge his power,
 Or send him back, repuls'd, to Gallia's shore: 186
 But let her raise Circaffia to the skies,
 Again submissive at her foot he lies,
 Should she command; and hence each reason weigh'd
 Inclined to him the long debating maid; 190
 Then sudden from her mouth the ring she took,
 And, lo! the mist king Sacripant forfook:
 But while she meant from Sacripant to draw
 Th' obscuring veil, Orlando and Ferrau
 She near him view'd, who both had long explor'd 195
 The magic roof for her their souls ador'd.

Ver. 183. *But knew not how hereafter to displace*] It appears to me that Angelica was not meant for an amiable character, but is rather a natural lively picture of, and covert satire on, the coquetry and levity of many of the fair sex; and I believe every reader will confess, through all the course of the adventures, or even in any misfortunes which befall her, that she never takes hold of the heart like Bradamant, Flordelis, Isabella, and others, evidently drawn by the poet for models of female excellence.

Around

Around the princess throng'd th' impatient three,
No more deny'd their lov'd-one's charms to see.
Two warriors on their breast the cuirass wore,
All arm'd in proof, their heads the helmet bore: 200
Nor night, nor day, they cast aside their arms,
Since first they reach'd this feat of magic charms;
Nor seem'd, by use inur'd, their limbs to feel
The weighty pressure of incumbering steel.
The third, Ferrau, in radiant mail was cas'd, 205
But o'er his brows no temper'd helmet lac'd:
All helmets he renounc'd, till that he gain'd
Which once Orlando's valorous arm obtain'd
From great Almontes; such the oath he took,
When for Argalia's casque he search'd the brook. 210
Now stood Anglante's champion at his side,
Nor him to battle yet Ferrau defy'd:
For neither (such th' illusions of the place)
While there detain'd, could in his mind retrace
The least resemblance of another's face. 215
Here night and day the ponderous mail they wore,
And constant on their arm the buckler bore;
In stalls at hand their harness'd couriers stood,
By plenteous cribs furcharg'd with generous food.
No longer could Atlantes' baffled power 220
Detain the champions captive in his tower;

Who,

Who, lightly leaping on their steeds, withdrew
In haste, the rosy damsel to pursue,
The black-ey'd virgin, bright with golden hair,
Who now to flight impell'd her gentle mare: 225
Displeas'd the knights she view'd, nor wish'd to prove
At once three rival-suitors for her love.

When these so far were led, she fear'd no more
Th' enchanter's arts could work their baleful power;
The ring, in danger ever prov'd her shield, 230
The fair between her ruby lips conceal'd,
That done, she vanish'd from their longing sight,
And mute with wonder left each gazing knight.

The wayward damsel who so late design'd
Orlando or king Sacripant to find, 235
Now, sudden chang'd, far other thoughts pursu'd,
And both the chiefs alike disdainful view'd,
Resolv'd to neither's arm that aid to owe,
Which, in their stead, her ring might well bestow.
Meantime the lovers, who deluded stood, 240
On either side amid the gloomy wood,
Alternate gaz'd: like hounds that lose the trace
Of hare or fox, which long they held in chace.
Herself invisible, the scornful maid
Their baffled plight with secret smiles survey'd. 245

One

One only path amid the forest led,
That seem'd to point the way by which she fled.
Orlando and Ferrau with eager speed
The search pursu'd, and Sacripant his steed
As swiftly spurr'd, while left behind, the dame 250
Her bridle check'd, and softly pacing came.

But, branching now in tangled brakes, was lost
The winding way, that through the woodland croft:
With heedful eyes the champions sought around
What track of horses' feet had mark'd the ground:
Ferrau, of kings the proudest midst the proud, 256
Thus, turning tow'rds the two, exclaim'd aloud:
Say—whither would ye go?—your course refrain—
Unless you breathless mean to press the plain.
Think not in love a rival will I view, 260
Or let another her I love pursue.

Then to Circassia's king Orlando spoke:
Who dares our wrath unpunish'd thus provoke,
Must deem us, sure, a vile and abject pair,
More fit the distaff than the lance to bear. 265
Thou wretch! (indignant, to Ferreau he said)
But that I view no helm defends thy head,
This arm should teach thee to repent the wrong,
And curse th' ungovern'd license of thy tongue.

To

To whom the Pagan—Lo! I stand prepar'd, 270
Nor think my head defenceless I regard:
Tho' here without a helm, I trust full well
This hand your force united can repel.
Then thus Orlando Sacripant address'd:
Lend him awhile your helm at my request, 275
Till with this weapon I chastise in fight
Th' unequall'd folly of yon boasting knight.
Great were my weakness then (the monarch cry'd;)
But if thou seek'st to have his wants supply'd,
Thy own bestow—nor deem me less prepar'd 280
Than thou, to give a fool his just reward.
Ferrau rejoin'd—Insenfate both! for know
Did I a helmet seek to meet the foe,
Yourselfes had prov'd my prowess to your cost,
And each had now his casque in combat lost. 285
Bare headed thus, and bound by solemn vows,
Learn, never covering must surround my brows
But what Orlando wears, the glorious prize
I seek to gain—With smiles the earl replies:
Wilt thou secure, with head defenceless dare 290
Assail the Paladin in equal war,
To win from him such honour as he won
In Aspramont from Agolantes' son?

I rather

I rather deem his near approach would make
From head to foot thy frame with terror shake; 295
Make thee the helmet's boasted claim forego,
To yield thyself and weapons to the foe.

To whom the Spanish boaster thus reply'd :
Full oft this arm Orlando's force has try'd ;
When I at pleasure, not his helm alone, 300
But all his armour might have made my own ;
Then little priz'd,—though now I seek to gain
The temper'd helm, and trust shall soon obtain,
His patience lost, enrag'd Orlando cries :
Thou infidel ! artificer of lies ! 305

When was the time, and where the fatal ground
On which thy arms o'er mine th' advantage found ?
Behold that champion (little thought so near)
Behold in me the Paladin is here !
Prove if thy force can make this helmet thine, 310
Or this right hand thy shield and armour mine ;
Nor seek I any vantage.—Thus he said,
And swift the casque unlacing from his head,
He

Ver. 312. *Nor seek I any vantage.*—] Both the poet and Orlando, and likewise Ferrau before, ver. 271, seem to have forgot the enchantment, by which each knight was incapable of being wounded. But one general observation will serve for all these circumstances

He hung it on a tree in open view,
 And Durindana from the scabbard drew. 315
 No less Ferrau was seen his sword to wield,
 While o'er his head he rais'd the fencing shield :
 They rein their steeds, they strike, they ward by turns ;
 Their fury kindles as the combat burns.
 Where best their force can plate or joint invade, 320
 They speed the thrust or whirl the beamy blade.
 Not all the world a fearless knight can show
 Like each of these to meet a fearless foe.
 For courage both, for prowess both renown'd,
 And both alike incapable of wound. 325
 Oft have you heard (my lord) that magic art
 Secur'd Ferrau in every vital part,
 Save that alone, which first the nurture gives
 Whilst in the womb the helpless infant lives.
 Not less Anglante's knight, by potent charm, 330
 Was kept in combat safe from every harm

cumstances, whenever they occur ; they are such slips as will be found
 in every great work ; and to which, though the reference is rather
 common, we may always apply the words of Horace :

— aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

— sometimes good Homer sleeps.

Ver. 330. *Not less Anglante's knight,—*] He makes Orlando
 and Ferrau invulnerable, according to the common fable of Achilles
 and Cygnus. See this matter discussed at large, Book xxix. note to
 ver. 122.

Of weapon's edge ; while pervious to the steel
His feet, beneath, the piercing wound could feel :
But each secur'd, in every bloody strife,
With double plates, the place endangering life. 335
Thus less for need than pomp of outward show,
They went in arms array'd against a foe.

More dreadful grew the war—Ferrau so well
His weapon aim'd, it struck, when'er it fell,
With point or edge: nor less at every stroke 340
Orlando's sword the mail in shivers broke.
There stood Angelica, conceal'd from sight,
The single witness of so fierce a fight.
For Sacripant, who deem'd the royal maid
Not far remote amid the forest stray'd, 345
Soon as Orlando and Ferrau he view'd
Engag'd in strife, her fancy'd course pursu'd.

Angelica awhile in equal scales
The conflict sees, where neither side prevails :
At length desire some new device to prove, 350
Incites her thence the helmet to remove ;
In harmless pastime, meant alone to view
What part the rival warriors would pursue.

Ver. 347. —*her fancy'd course pursu'd.*] Sacripant appears again,
Book xxii. ver. 92.

Then in a sportive mood the casque she took,
And soon the place and combatants forsook, 355
Unseen of each, so eager in the fight:
At length Ferrau, who turn'd aside his fight,
First held his hand, and to Orlando said,
Lo! how our late companion has betray'd
The faith of knights! What prize for us remains, 360
When he, by fraud, the victor's meed obtains?
Then on the tree Orlando bent his view;
The helm he miss'd, and fierce his anger grew;
And with Ferrau agreed, that this, in scorn
Of either's claim, Circaffia thence had borne. 365
The earl his Brigliadoro through the wood
Impatient urg'd; as swift Ferrau pursu'd;
Till different tracks of horses' feet they found,
Left by the knight and damsel on the ground.
Here to the left his course Orlando bore, 370
The course Circaffia's king had held before;
Ferrau, by chance, more near the mountain stray'd,
Through late worn traces of the flying maid.

Meantime the virgin to a fountain drew,
Where verdant bowers, with leaves o'er shading
_____grew: 375

Where pilgrims, shelter'd from the sultry beam,
With draughts refreshing from the limpid stream
Allay'd

Allay'd their thirst: here, fearless of surprize,
 Angelica (who on her ring relies
 In every danger) to the bank descends, 380
 And on a bough the glittering helm suspends;
 Then seeks a place where, ty'd at ease, her beast
 Might crop from flowery meads the verdant feast.

The Spanish knight, who close pursu'd the dame,
 By equal windings to the fountain came, 385
 Not unobserv'd, for instant from his sight
 She vanish'd, and prepar'd her speedy flight;
 But vainly strove the helmet to regain,
 That roll'd to distance bounded on the plain.
 When first the Pagan prince with raptur'd eyes 390
 Beholds Angelica—he hastes, he flies
 To meet the fair-one, who his hope deceives,
 As some light form th' awaken'd dreamer leaves.
 He seeks her round in covert, shade, and bower,
 But seeks in vain—blaspheming every power, 395
 With Trevigant and Mahomet, ador'd
 By Pagan votaries, as Gods implor'd,

And.

Ver. 396. *With Trevigant and Mahomet—*] The name of Trevigant is common in the romances of Chivalry and in the old Ballads, where Trevigant and Mahound (Mahomet) frequently occur.

And every name his sect repeats with awe,
The priests and teachers of this impious law.

Now near the fount again the warrior drew, 400
And, cast on earth Orlando's helmet knew,
By characters that round its edge explain'd
When, and from whom, the precious prize was
gain'd

While

So likewise Spenser:

And oftentimes by Termagaunt and
Mahound fwore.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book vi. C. vii.

“Termagaunt (or as here call'd Trevigant) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens, in which he is constantly linked with Mahound: thus in the old Legend of Sir Guy,

So help me Mahowne of might,
And Termagaunt my god so bright.

Perhaps Termagaunt had been a name given to some Saxon idol, and our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily Pagans and Idolators, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name Termagaunt to the god of the Saracens: the French romancers, who had borrowed the word from us, corrupted it into Tervagaunte: the Italians called it Trevigante.”

See RELIQUES of Ancient Poetry, Vol. I. p. 76. 3d edit.

While much he griev'd to lose the lovely maid,
 Who unapparent, like a phantom shade, 405
 Escap'd his sight, he seiz'd with eager haste,
 And on his head the long-sought helmet plac'd.
 One only wish remain'd yet unpossess,
 To find his mistress and in love be blest.
 He search'd the woods, till every hope was lost, 410
 Then turn'd to Paris, to the Spanish host:
 But though desponding with a lover's grief,
 His vow fulfill'd afforded some relief,
 Since thus the helm he gain'd from great Anglan-
 te's chief.

Soon as these tidings to the earl were brought, 415
 Long time from land to land Ferrau he sought;
 Nor ceas'd, till from his head the prize he drew,
 And him between two neighbouring bridges flew.

Angelica

Ver. 418. *And him between, &c.*—] The incident here mentioned appears no where in the Orlando Furioso, but probably Ariosto alludes to a story in some popular romance, familiar to his Italian readers, though not known to his translator.—Fauste de Longiana, an Italian commentator, tells us that Ferrau was of a gigantic stature, and came over with Agramant against Charlemain, in which war he made many French nobles prisoners, but was afterwards slain by Orlando. Some say that he invaded France with twenty thousand Saracens, sent by the admiral of Babylon, that he had in himself the strength of forty men, and was stabbed by Orlando in the navel, in which part only Boyardo

Angelica with sad and pensive look,
 Alone, invisible, her journey took: 420
 The helmet lost employ'd her anxious mind,
 Which near the fount her haste had left behind.
 My too officious care (exclaim'd the maid)
 His trusty head-piece from the earl convey'd:
 And is it thus his merits I regard, 425
 And claims from me his service such reward?
 Heaven knows my secret heart! (though now th'
 event

Has other prov'd) my blameless purpose went
 To stay the fight; but ah! I little thought
 To give yon brutal knight the prize he fought!—430
 Repentant thus she mourn'd the deed that left
 Anglante's champion of his helm bereft;
 And eastward journey'd, now to fight reveal'd,
 Now by her ring from every eye conceal'd;
 Through many a region, many a city pass'd, 435
 Till to a lonely wood arriv'd at last,
 Between two warriors slain a youth she view'd,
 Whose wounded breast a crimson stream bedew'd

and Ariosto tell us that he was vulnerable. We have the testimony of
 Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a noted writer of the fifteenth century,
 that there was a Moorish Spaniard, named Ferrau, a redoubted
 champion of the age of Charlemain.

But

But here Angelica we leave, and tell
 What new adventures many a knight befel: 440
 Nor of Ferrau, nor Sacripant we sing,
 But tune to different themes the various string.
 Far other task demands me to record
 The valiant deeds of Brava's noble lord * ;
 What long laborious search he yet sustain'd 445
 To gain that blessing which he never gain'd.
 Another casque the careful hero bought,
 (For still to keep himself unknown he fought)
 But nor the metal, nor the temper try'd,
 His fated skin the edge of steel defy'd ; 450
 Then follow'd her (whose love he held so dear)
 Through every season of the changing year.

As Phœbus from the fields of Ocean drew
 His smooth-hair'd courfers wet with briny dew ;
 What time Aurora stream'd with ruddy light, 455
 And stars yet glimmer'd in the rear of night :
 Not far remote from Paris' regal town,
 Orlando gain'd new laurels of renown.

* ORLANDO.

Ver. 439. *But here Angelica we leave, —*] He returns to Angelica in the sixth Book, ver. 122.

Ver. 441. *Nor of Ferrau, nor Sacripant —*] Ferrau appears again in the review of the Pagan army, Book xiv. ver. 111, and Sacripant is spoken of, Book xxvii. ver. 92.

Two bands he met ; one Manilardo led,
 A Pagan reverenc'd for his hoary head ; 460
 Of Norway king ; once gallant in the field ;
 But better now in arts of council skill'd.
 To lead the other, with his standard came
 The king of Tremizen, of mighty fame
 In Afric, and Alzirdo was his name. 465

These troops, with all the numerous Pagan host
 In towns and castles held their winter's post ;
 Some near the walls, which Agramant in vain
 Had waited long with powerful siege to gain ;
 And now resolv'd, in all the dreadful form 470
 Of horrid war, at one assault to storm.
 For this intent he summon'd every power ;
 Not those alone that came from Afric's shore,
 Or those by king Marfilius brought from Spain ;
 But those which France had added to his train : 475
 For late from Paris' walls to Arlis' flood,
 He many a town in Gascony subdu'd.

When now, unchain'd from winter's icy cold,
 Within their beds the murmuring currents roll'd ;
 When the glad meads resum'd their vivid green, 480
 And budding leaves to deck the trees were seen ;
 Then gave king Agramant his wide command,
 To muster all his forces, band by band :

For

For this the king of Tremizen in haste,
And king of Norway, o'er the country pass'd, 485
To lead their squadrons, where the army drew
To pass before their chiefs in just review.

When now Alzirdo had the earl espy'd,
Whose like in arms not all the world supply'd,
Whose limbs and mien heroic from afar 490
Denounc'd defiance, like the God of war;
He deem'd him first of every martial band,
And rashly long'd to meet him hand to hand.

Young was Alzirdo, and of lofty pride,
Of daring courage, and of vigour try'd. 495

His social ranks, in evil hour, he left,
And spurr'd his steed, of better sense bereft,
At once the foe's prevailing force to feel,
And sink transpierc'd by great Anglante's steel.

The courser flies affrighted o'er the plains, 500
No master on his back to guide the reins!

Now rose a dreadful tumult, when they view'd
The youth all pale and weltering in his blood:
Some couch'd their spears, and some their falchions
drew,

And on the knight with headlong fury flew; 505
While some with darts and arrows gall'd from far
The flower of champions in a missive war.

As

As gathering round with hoarse obstreperous cry
Appear the swine, when from some cavern nigh
The wolf or bear, to seize their prey descends, 510
And with fell jaws a bleeding porket rends :
So seem'd the crew, inflam'd with barbarous spite,
And urg'd each other on t' assault the knight.

A thousand darts, and spears, and swords rebound
From his broad shield, or on his cuirass found. 515
One struck behind him with a ponderous mace ;
One stood beside ; one met him face to face :
But he who ne'er a thought of fear allow'd,
With careless eye beheld th' ignoble crowd :
Thus, leaping o'er the fence in nightly folds, 520
A wolf the number of the sheep beholds.

His hand was seen the thundering sword to wield,
By which such numerous Pagans press'd the field.
Hard were the task, amid the throng, to tell
The warriors that beneath his weapon fell ! 525
A purple torrent all the plain o'erflow'd,
That scarce suffic'd to bear the ghastly load.
No quilted vest, nor fencing turban roll'd
Around the head in many a winding fold,
Nor plated shield, nor temper'd casque defends, 530
Where Durindana's trenchant edge descends.

Loud

Loud groans and cries the dying soldiers yield,
 And heads and arms are scatter'd o'er the field.
 Death stalks amidst the crimson ranks of fight,
 In various forms, all horrible to fight; 535

Yon weapon in Orlando's hand (he cries)
 With my fell scythe in copious slaughter vies!

The wounded fly, nor longer will await
 A second wound, but fear the stroke of fate;
 While those who thought a single knight to make
 Their easy conquest, now the plain forsake, 541 }
 Nor one remains with him his dearest friend to take,

Regardless of the way, with fearful speed
 This plies his feet, that spurs his rapid steed.
 Lo! Virtue bears her mirror in the field, 545
 Which every blemish of the soul reveal'd:
 None look'd therein, except a hoary fire;
 Age shrunk his nerves, but could not damp his fire.
 He saw 'twas nobler far in fight to die,
 Than with dishonour turn his back to fly. 550

This sage was Norway's king, who grasp'd his lance,
 And fearless met the matchless peer of France.
 Against the shield's round boss the weapon broke;
 Unmov'd the Paladin receiv'd the stroke.

As Manilardo pass'd, Orlando aim'd 555

His deadly falchion that like lightning flam'd;

But Fortune favour'd here the king so well,
 The blade fell flat, yet with such fury fell,
 The reverend warrior senseless lay for dead,
 And swooning darkness o'er his eye-balls spread. 560
 Orlando left him there, and eager flew
 To chace the remnant of the flying crew.
 As birds affrighted wing their airy way,
 When the fierce hawk pursues his trembling prey:
 So far'd these bands before the Christian knight, 565
 Some maim'd, some slain, and some dispers'd in flight.

Orlando now, tho' well the land he knew,
 Uncertain where his mistress to pursue ;
 To left or right, where'er his course inclin'd,
 On other parts still ran his anxious mind ; 570
 Through woods, through plains, he sought the beau-
 teous dame,

'Till near a mountain's craggy steep he came ;
 Thence, from a cleft, a stream of yellow light
 Pierc'd the dun shadows of surrounding night.
 As in the shelter which the bushes yield, 575
 Or midst the stubble of the new-reap'd field,
 In brake or dell, th' unweary'd hunter's care
 Winds the deep mazes of the fearful hare :
 So, with a beating heart, by hope betray'd,
 The knight, who saw the sudden gleam that play'd

Amidst the trees, the hill explor'd, and found 581
A spacious cavern hewn within the ground,
The mouth with brambles fenc'd ; a safe retreat
For those that fix'd in woods their rustic seat
From human haunts !—the taper's ray reveal'd 585
With glimmering light the cave by day conceal'd.
Orlando, while he mus'd what savage race
Might there reside, resolv'd t' explore the place.
His Brigliadoro first securely ty'd,
He clear'd the branches that access deny'd ; 590
Then in the tomb, that held the living, went
By many steps a narrow deep descent.
Large was the cave, but scarce at noon of day
The winding mouth receiv'd a feeble ray ;
Yet from an opening to the right appear'd 595
A beam of sunshine that the dwelling chear'd.
Here, seated near a blazing hearth he found,
In budding prime, a tender virgin crown'd
With beauty that might every heart entice,
And make this gloomy grot a paradise ; 600
Though in her eyes the starting tear confess'd
Some hidden anguish rankling in her breast.
With her an aged beldame seem'd to jar
(As women oft are wont) in wordy war :

But

But when Orlando in their presence came, 605
Each held her peace : the knight to either dame
Fair greeting gave, as one whose noble mind
Was ever gentle to the gentle kind.

They rising sudden, his salute repaid,
Though each at first appear'd with looks dismay'd, 610
To hear his voice, and, entering there behold
A man all arm'd whose mien might freeze the bold.

With wonder fill'd, Orlando sought to know
What savage wretch, to human race a foe,
Could keep entomb'd in such a lonely place, 615
The sweet attractions of such virgin grace.
Scarce to the knight the damsel can reply,
Her words cut short by many a heavy sigh,
Which from her coral lip her griefs exhale,
While still she strives to speak her woeful tale. 620
Tears stain her lovely cheek ; as oft we view
The rose and lily wet with morning dew.

Th' ensuing book, my lord, the sequel shows,
For time requires that here the book we close.

END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. II.

F

THE ARGUMENT.

ISABELLA relates her story to Orlando, who delivers her from the outlaws. Bradamant, lamenting for the absence of Rogero, is comforted by Melissa, and instructed how she may set him at liberty from the castle of Atlantes. Melissa, at the request of Bradamant, tells her the names of many illustrious women that are to descend from her race. She then conducts her near the castle of Atlantes, and takes leave of her. Agramant prepares to muster his forces.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

RIGHT venturous were the knights of old
renown'd,

Who in the desert shade, the vales profound,
The gloomy cavern, or the forest dell,
Where serpents, bears, and roaring lions dwell,
Found many a dame of such exalted mien, 5
As rarely now in palaces are seen,
Who, in their earliest bloom of charms, might bear
The prize from all—the fairest of the fair.

I told how to Orlando was reveal'd
A tender virgin in a cave conceal'd, 10
Of whom he sought the hidden cause to know
That kept her there ; and now with heart-felt woe,

She spoke her griefs, enforc'd by many a sigh,
And made, in pleasing accents, this reply.

Though, courteous knight, my mournful tale
disclos'd, 15

To certain punishment I stand expos'd,
Since yonder woman will my words relate
To him, who holds me in this captive state;
Yet let it come—what can I from his hand,
More grateful than the stroke of death demand? 20
Hear first, that Isabella's name I own,
Daughter of him who fills Galicia's throne:
Once was I his—but now, alas! the heir
Of desolation, sorrow, and despair!
From Love I trace the cause of all my smart, 25
From Love that steals the virgin's gentle heart.
Once was I young and beauteous, rich and blest,
Now poor and low, with fortune's frowns oppress'd.
Yet let me, undisguis'd, sir knight, disclose
The early cause of all my present woes; 30
And should you fail to cure, at least my grief
May from your generous pity find relief.

Twelve months are past, since in Bayona's land,
My royal sire a tournament ordain'd,

To

To which, invited by the trump of fame, 35
 From various regions various champions came.
 But, whether love misled my partial mind,
 Or that his virtues o'er the warrior kind
 So brightly blaz'd—Zerbino singly won
 My soul's dear praise, Zerbino only son 40
 To

Ver. 39. — *Zerbino* —] “ A Scotch author, Drummond of Hawthornden, in his history of Scotland says, that though Ariosto did not know him personally, he complimented the virtues of James V. in the character of Zerbino; and having cited Ariosto, he adds some verses from Ronfard in praise of that prince. Another author says, that when James V. married the duke of Guise's daughter, he made an excursion from France into Italy, and became acquainted with Ariosto. James was a most accomplished prince: Latin was, in his time, the favourite study of Scotland, and to the utmost gallantry of disposition he added a singular love for polite literature, and was himself a poet. Christ Kirk on the Green, and some of his other ballads, contain genuine description and humour. James died, at the age of thirty-one or two, of grief. Just as his army was going to give battle to the English, he sent one Oliver Sinclair, his favourite, with a commission to supersede the general; upon which the whole army yielded themselves prisoners of war, without one blow being struck: his high spirit could not brook this affront, and he expired in a few days in the fever of indignation.”

For the above note I am indebted to my friend Mr. Mickle, the excellent translator of Camoëns; but on further examination of the matter, there appeared a great objection to the account of Drum-

To Scotland's king, whose knightly feats of arms
 My throbbing bosom fill'd with soft alarms.
 I lov'd—yet happy seem'd to place my heart
 Upon an object of such high desert.
 Zerbino, every lord my eyes beheld, 45
 In comely form and bravery excell'd.
 Not less sincere than mine his passion glow'd;
 And though forbid to meet, our flames we vow'd
 By message oft, and while we liv'd disjoin'd,
 We felt the tenderest union of the mind. 50

mond. James died in the year 1542 or 1543, being then thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, so that when Ariosto published his *Furioso* in 1515, James was only five or six years old, unless we suppose that any characteristic compliment was inserted by the author in the last edition, which passage may be cited by Drummond. The last edition published in the life of the poet was in 1532, at which time James was about twenty-one years of age, but had not entered upon public life, being detained in the power of the earl of Angus. With respect to the journey made by James into Italy, mentioned by the other author, on the prince's marriage with the duke of Guise's daughter, it is certain this marriage did not take place till about the year 1539, and that Ariosto died in 1533. Hence we may observe, how little dependence is to be had on these kind of stories so readily adopted by the partiality of historians, to do honour to a favourite national character.

See HUME's History of England, Vol. iv. Oct. edit.

Zerbino

Zerbino now, when clos'd the solemn feast;
To Scotland's realm again his course address'd.
If e'er your soul the hour of parting knew,
Reflect what sorrow must his loss ensue.
He night and day was present to my thought; 55
While like affection in his bosom wrought,
And bade him every secret means employ
With my lov'd sight to crown his future joy.
Our different faiths forbade him to require
My hand in marriage of the king my fire. 60
A Pagan I, and he a Christian bred;
With open rites he ne'er must hope to wed
Galicia's princess; hence his fearless mind
To bear me from my native land design'd.

Oft in a garden, deck'd with summer's pride, 65
Where near the gay parterres a crystal tide
Meandering roll'd, upon the banks I stood,
And view'd afar the hills and surgy flood.
This place t' effect his bold design he chose,
That nothing might our union more oppose: 70
To me his secret thoughts he first declar'd,
Then, well equipp'd, a rapid bark prepar'd,
By Odorico the Biscayan's care,
On sea and land a master of the war.

Zerbino, by his aged father sent, 75
With all his powers in aid of Gallia went :
Himself forbid to stay, he left behind
This Odorico, and to him consign'd
Th' important charge : as one he still had found
By every act of love and duty bound : 80
On whom he deem'd his friendship might rely,
If benefits conferr'd could fix the tie.

Now, in my garden, on th' appointed day,
Till night I stay'd, a voluntary prey :
When Odorico near the city drew, 85
And up the river with his chosen few,
Advancing silent, sudden leapt on shore,
And me in triumph to his galley bore,
Ere yet the tumult had the town alarm'd ;
My household train, affrighted and unarm'd, 90
Part in the skirmish fell, while others fled,
And part, surpris'd, with me were captive led.
Joyful I bade my native soil adieu,
In hopes my lov'd Zerbino soon to view.
Scarce had our ship the cape of Mongia past, 95
When, rising from the left, a stormy blast
Drove clouds on clouds, made mountain-furges rise
And dash their spumy foreheads in the skies,

While from her track the wind our vessel bore,
And gather'd strength with every dreadful hour: 100
Not all the sailors' art could stem the tide,
Nor could the cordage work the bark to guide:
In vain we strike the sail against the mast,
We bind the courses, from the deck we cast
Each useless load; we find, as thus we strive, 105
Our ship against the rocks of Rochelle drive.
Swift as a shaft before the storm it drove,
And none could save, but HE who rules above!

Struck with our peril, the Biscayan try'd
A last resource, too oft in vain apply'd: 110
With him he bade me from the ship descend,
And to the shallow skiff our lives commend.
Two more descended; and a numerous band
As soon had follow'd, but with sword in hand
Compell'd, alas! their entrance we deny'd, 115
Our cable cut, and floated on the tide,
Till safe we landed on the rocky coast;
But with the vessel wreck'd the crew were lost
And all her freight—my hands to Heaven I rais'd,
And for my life preserv'd my Maker prais'd, 120
Who left me not to perish far from shore,
And never see my dear Zerbino more.

Though

Though with the sinking ship remain'd behind
My vests and jewels, wealth of every kind,
Yet blest with hopes to find my prince again, 125
Unmov'd I saw them swallow'd by the main.

Wild was the land, uncultivate and rude,
Nor track of feet, nor roofs of men we view'd;
Nought but a mountain, round whose craggy brow
The loud winds blew, the billows roar'd below. 130

Here cruel Love, that false perfidious boy,
Prompt to deceive, and watchful to destroy,
With suit dishonest, by his froward will,
My joy to sorrow chang'd, my good to ill.
That friend, in whom his trust Zerbino plac'd, 135
Froze in his faith, and burnt with flames unchaste.
Whether at sea he felt th' unhallow'd fire,
But durst not then avow his black desire:
Or whether this remote and lonely place
Inspir'd his bosom with a thought so base: 140
The traitor now a secret plan resolv'd,
T' accomplish what his impious soul resolv'd;
And hence of two that 'scap'd with us the flood:
Would one dismiss, a youth of Scottish blood,
Almonio nam'd, and by Zerbino lov'd, 145
In faith unfully'd, as in arms approv'd:

Him

Him Odorico bade to weigh the shame,
Should they to Rochelle's walls a princely dame
On foot convey : and begg'd him hence with speed
From Rochelle to supply our present need. 150

Almonio, fearing nought, his course pursu'd
To where, conceal'd from view beyond the wood, }
Six miles remote, the peopled city stood.

His friend remain'd: to him the traitor meant
Without disguise t' unveil his foul intent: 155

Corebo of Bilboa was his name;

Whom Odorico, nothing aw'd by shame,

Would tempt to break his faith; with him he led

His early life; with him from childhood bred,

He hop'd to see him prize his friend's desire 160

Above the ties that virtue might require.

Corebo, great of soul, and nobly born,

Abhorr'd the deed, and with indignant scorn

Reproach'd his breach of faith, and firmly strove

By every means t' oppose his impious love. 165

From threat to threat increasing passion grew

In either breast, till each his weapon drew:

When, struck with terror to behold the fight,

I turn'd me to the woods in speedy flight.

Soon Odorico, long to battle train'd, 170

By skill superior, such advantage gain'd,

He

He left Corebo on the ground for dead,
And follow'd me who thence so swiftly fled.
Love surely lent him pinions to pursue ;
Love taught his tongue with soothing speech to
woo; 175

But fruitless all—for rather than comply
With such desires, I stood resolv'd to die.
When prayers, and threats, and flatteries nought
avail'd,

With open force my honour he assail'd.
In vain I wept—implor'd—in vain I press'd 180
The sacred friendship to his lord profess'd ;
Bade him reflect that to his faith sincere
Zerbino trusted all he held most dear.

Entreaties lost, and every hope of aid
Far, far remote to save a wretched maid; 185
While he with impious rage and force increas'd,
Assail'd my virtue like some ravenous beast,
With hands and feet in my defence I strove,
With teeth and nails repuls'd his brutal love :
His hair and beard I tore, his flesh I rent, 190
And pierc'd with shrieks the vaulted firmament.

I know not if by fortune thither led,
Or by my voice that round the country spread

Its piercing notes ; or wont to scour the strand
When vessels bulg'd, or strew'd with wrecks the
sand ; 195

But from the summit of the hill I spy'd
A crew descending to the ocean's side :
Th' impure Biscayan, seiz'd with guilty fright,
His purpose left, to save himself by flight.
Behold me by this band in happy hour 200

Preserv'd, my lord, from that false traitor's power,
Yet but preserv'd the proverb to fulfil ;

“ Who 'scapes one mischief meets another still.”

'Tis true—I am not yet so curst to find
My honour wrong'd, though this degenerate kind 205
No virtues hold in awe ; but thirst of gain
Incites them from my person to abstain,
Which kept, as now, in maiden lustre pure,
Will for my purchase ampler sums secure.

Eight months elaps'd, I see the ninth arrive, 210
Since here I wretched dwell entomb'd alive.

All hopes of my Zerbino now must fail—
From these I learn, my beauty set to sale,
And terms agreed, a merchant will receive,
And me, unhappy, to the Soldan give. 215

So

So spoke the lovely maid, and as she spoke,
Sighs following sighs her angel speeches broke :
Her tender grief compassion might infuse
In asps and tigers, while she thus renews
Her tender sorrows, or in plaintive strain 220
Allays the anguish of her secret pain.

Thus they ; when sudden in the cave appears
A crew with knotty clubs, with staves and spears :
Th' ill-favour'd leader of the brutal crew
His single eye around the cavern threw ; 225
A wound that chanc'd upon his face to light,
Had cropt his nose and clos'd one eye in night.
Soon as he saw the chief, who listening fate
To hear the virgin-fair her tale relate,
He turn'd, and joyful to his fellows said : 230
Behold a bird for whom no net was spread !
Then to the earl—For me in luckier hour
No stranger ever reach'd this place before ;
Thou may'st have heard I long have fought in vain,
Such radiant arms and vest like thine to gain ; 235
And gladly I behold thee thus at hand,
'To answer now whate'er my wants demand.

Swift starting from his seat with noble pride,
Orlando smil'd severe, and thus reply'd.

These

These arms I value at a price so high, 240
Who hopes their purchase must full dearly buy.

Then from the blazing hearth a brand he took,
All red with fire and hissing from the smoke,
And sudden threw—above the caitiff's nose,
By chance it strikes between the meeting brows; 245
And instant quenches in eternal night
His only wretched minister of light;
And sends his ghost to join the dreary train
By Charon doom'd to lakes of fiery pain.
A table, form'd in square, of ponderous wood, 250
Of size capacious, in the cavern stood;
Which, ill-sustain'd with rude unshapen feet,
The thief and all his fellows held at meat :

Ver. 249. *By Charon* —] Of these burning lakes in which thieves and murderers are punished, an account is given in Dante, Canto xxv. of his *Inferno*; where he assigns to these the seventh gulph, and where, he tells us, Chiron the Centaur, and his companions, stand armed with darts, which they shoot at the damned, as often as they attempt to escape from the lake of torment. Some commentators read in this passage of Ariosto, Chiron instead of Charon. Zatta, in the last edition of 1772, tells us, that in the editions of 1516 and 1532, both corrected by the author, it is printed Chiron and not Charon; and Fornari, in his commentary gives it Chiron.

Easy, as from his hand dismiss in air,
The dextrous Spaniard sends the cane afar, 255
Wondrous to tell! this weight Orlando threw,
Where throng'd together press'd th' ungodly crew.
The shatter'd limb, crush'd head, and gory breast,
The crackling bone the thundering mass confess'd:
Some crippled every part, some slain outright: 260
Who least is hurt attempts to 'scape by flight.
So when in clustering knot, a snaky brood,
Reviving joyful with the spring renew'd,
Bask in the sun, if by some peasant thrown
Amidst them lights a huge unwieldy stone, 265
On all the curling heap what mischief flies!
This leaves his sever'd tail; that, mangled dies:
Another crush'd and bruise'd attempts with pain
To drag behind his sinuous length of train:
Another happier 'midst the grassy way 270
Escapes, and hissing glides anew for prey.
Such was the havock here—less strange to tell,
Since from Orlando's arm the ruin fell.

Ver. 255. *The dextrous Spaniard* —] The poet alludes to an exercise used among the Spaniards, requiring much dexterity and agility: it was performed on horseback, and consisted chiefly in throwing canes or reeds to a great distance.

Good

Good Turpin's page declares that sev'n alone
 Escap'd the weight by fierce Orlando thrown. 275
 While to their feet their safety these commend,
 The champion stands the passage to defend;
 With pinioned arms he drags them forth to view,
 Where with thick boughs an aged service grew:
 The leaves he clears, and hangs them quivering there
 A living prey to all the fowls of air. 281

Nor needs he iron bands, or strong link'd chain,
 To purge the earth of such an impious train;
 The tree its branches yields, with these supply'd,
 Orlando by the neck the struggling wretches ty'd.

That aged beldame, to the thieves a friend, 286
 Who saw their ill-spent lives disastrous end,
 With shrieks and outcries, tearing from her head
 The hoary hairs, to woods and deserts fled;
 Till near a stream she met (as chance befel) 290
 A knight, whose name I here forbear to tell,
 And turn to her, who still Orlando pray'd
 With guardian power to watch a helpless maid;
 And vow'd her steps should all his steps attend:
 The noble warrior, like a tender friend, 295

Ver. 279.—*an aged service*—] Vecchio forbo—a tree bearing a fruit like a pearl or medlar.

Ver. 291. *A knight, whose name*—] He resumes this story, Book xx. ver. 779.

Her sorrows sooth'd; and when Aurora drest
 In rosy garland and in purple vest,
 Resum'd her wonted track through morning air,
 The knight departs with Isabella fair.
 Then many a day they journey'd ere beset 300
 Adventures worthy of the Muse to tell.
 At length, amidst a mingled crew, they found
 A champion dragg'd along in fetters bound.

To Amon's daughter now we change the strain,
 To her, whom late we left in amorous pain. 305
 The valiant maid, whom every breast must mourn,
 Who vainly hopes Rogero's swift return,
 Still near Marfeilles resides in anxious woe,
 And every day annoys the Pagan foe, 309
 That wide o'er hill and dale with plundering bands
 O'er-run Provence and all the neighbouring lands,
 Where the bright maid a great example gave,
 Of prudent leader as of warrior brave.

Long has the time elaps'd that to her fight
 Should once again restore her dearest knight; 315
 In dread suspense, a thousand thoughts molest,
 For lov'd Rogero's stay, her tender breast.

Ver. 304 *To Amon's daughter now—*] He returns to Orlando
 and Isabella, Book xxiii ver. 386.

One day, of many a day, retir'd to mourn
Her fate alone, she sees that dame return,
Who in the wondrous ring the med'cine bore, 320
To heal the heart that felt Alcina's power.
But when (such tedious hours of absence past)
She sees her come without the knight at last,
Swift from her cheek the fading roses fly,
And scarce her trembling knees their aid supply. 325

Soon as th' enchantress sees the virgin's fear,
She hastes to meet her with reviving chear,
Where every look such speaking comfort wears,
As his are wont who happy tidings bears.
Let no vain doubts (she cry'd) thy bosom shake,
Rogero lives, and lives but for thy sake, 331
Yet lives, compell'd his freedom to forego,
Again the prisoner to thy constant foe.

Now would'st thou seek him, mount thy ready steed
Without delay, and follow where I lead. 335
Soon shalt thou, virgin, well instructed, see
The means to set thy lov'd Rogero free.

This said; she all the magic guile declar'd
Which for the knight Atlantes had prepar'd,
Who Bradamant's resembling features wore, 340
The seeming captive in a giant's power,

When to th' enchanted dome the youth he drew,
Then instant vanish'd from his wondering view ;
And how, with like device, th' enchanter wrought
On knights and damsels to his castle brought ; 345
Who from his sight such various passions prov'd ;
Who view'd in him, by strange deception mov'd, }
Friend, squire, companion, steed, or dame belov'd. }
Urg'd by delusive hope they fondly trace,
With ceaseless toil, the visionary place. 350
Soon as thy feet (she cries) shall reach the land
Where, near, the wondrous pile is seen to stand,
Th' enchanter shalt thou meet, who to thy sight
Will seem thy love, oppress'd by stronger might ;
But lest, by magic guile, thou here should'st fall 355
In snares, that till this hour have fetter'd all,
Distrust thy sense, and when thou see'st him nigh,
Unsheath thy sword, and bid the traitor die.
Nor think of life Rogero to deprive,
But him from whom thy woes their source derive. 360
Hard must it prove to aim the mortal blow
On him whose looks thy knight's resemblance show :
'Then ere I lead thee hence yon dome to find,
Firm to the purpose steel thy constant mind,
For ne'er to thee may Fate Rogero give, 365
If through thy weakness now thy foe should live.

The

The warlike virgin, with determin'd will
To free her lover and the forc'rer kill,
Appears in arms, impatient to pursue
Her guiding steps whose truth so well she knew. 370
Melissa leads her thence with eager haste,
O'er many a cultur'd land and dreary waste,
Thro' wood and lawn; while sage discourse beguiles
The tedious journey and relieves their toils.
Much of the virgin's race th' enchantress tells, 375
On this, her lov'd, her favourite theme, she dwells:
That from Rogero and herself should rise
Heroes and demi-gods to claim the skies.
As to Melissa every power was given
To view the secrets of mysterious Heaven; 380
Her searching eye could each event presage,
Long hence decreed in Time's succeeding page.
O friend approv'd! O ever prudent guide!
(Thus to the prophets the virgin cry'd)
Whose art has many a famous man foretold, 385
My unborn sons, when years on years have roll'd:
Vouchsafe to speak of some illustrious dame
(If such my line may boast) whose future fame
Among the virtuous and the fair may rise:
She ceas'd—the matron mildly thus replies. 390

Great dames from thee descend, of whom shall
spring

The potent emperor and sceptred king ;
All these, in sweeping vest, have equal praise
With crested knights that bright in armour blaze :
For wisdom, piety, and courage, crown'd 395
With fame, but most for chastity renown'd.
Hard task to name, where many stand so high,
Not one I see to pass in silence by.

Yet, midst a thousand, let me (to pursue
What time permits) select the nobler few. 400
O! had'st thou in the cave thy thoughts display'd,
Thine eyes had then each passing form survey'd.

See! from thy glorious stem a dame descend,
To virtuous deeds and liberal arts a friend :
With her for grace and beauty rests the prize, 405
Chaste with the chastest, with the wisest wife ;
Fam'd Isabella! whose resplendent light
Shall gild with equal beams, by day, or night,

Ver. 407. *Fam'd Isabella!* —] Isabella, the wife of Francisco Gonzaga, who was general of the Venetians against Charles VIII. in aid of the Genoese: she was daughter to the first Hercules duke of Ferrara, and sister to Alphonso and Hippolito, a lady of great qualities and virtue.

PORCACCHI, EUGENICO.

The

The walls which Mincius' silver waters lave,
 The land whose title Ocnus' mother gave. 410
 There shall she long a bright example give,
 And, with her lord, in sweet contention live,
 Who best shall rear, who dearest Virtue hold,
 Who widest of Benevolence unfold
 The sacred gates: In Rheims or Taro's land, 415
 While Gauls repuls'd confess his conquering hand,
 She, like Penelope, the purest dame,
 Not less than her Ulysses lives to fame.
 Of her great things, and many I reveal,
 Compriz'd in little space, but more conceal, 420
 Which when I left the busy world, and fought
 The cavern'd dome, prophetic Merlin taught.
 In this vast ocean should my vessel dare,
 Not Tiphys' voyage could with mine compare.

Let

Ver. 410. *The land whose title —*] He means Mantua, built
 by the fairy Manto, mother of Ocnus, according to the words which
 he puts in the fairy's mouth, Book xliii. ver. 723. in the tale of
 Adonio:

Lo! I, whom men the fairy Manto call,
 Who founded first yon city's favour'd wall,
 Which thou must oft have heard from flying fame
 Has since been Mantua call'd from Manto's name.

Some say that this city was founded by her son.

Ver. 424. *Not Tiphys' voyage —*] Tiphys was pilot of the
 ship Argo, in which the Argonauts sailed with Jason to Colchis for

Let this suffice—what Virtue can bestow 425
 Of good or great, shall Isabella know.
 Nor less her sister Beatrice shall claim
 Each gift, that well befits a sister's name ;
 Blest in herself, shall equal blifs afford
 To all around, but chief her plighted lord ; 430
 Who, at her death, a sad reverse shall know,
 And sink from heighth of blifs to depth of woe :
 While she survives, Calabria's earls remain,
 Unquell'd, with Moro and with Sforza gain
 A dreadful name, from Hyperborean snows 435
 To where remote the gulph of Persia flows
 O'er ruddy sands—from India's furthest bound
 To where your seas in Gades' straits resound,
 Her death lamented shall reverse their fate,
 And overwhelm, with them, in bonds th' Insulbian state.

the conquest of the golden fleece : he was esteemed the most expert navigator of his age.

Ver. 427. *Nor less her sister Beatrice* —] Beatrice was daughter of duke Hercules, wife of Ludovico Sforza, surnamed Il Moro, duke of Milan : This lady was a woman of great spirit, and interfered, rather more than became her sex, in matters of government. She died in the year 1476, in child-bed, and not long after Ludovico lost his dukedom under Lewis XII. EUGENICO.

All

All Italy its sufferings shall deplore, 441
And wisdom, like her own, be seen no more.
Before her birth shall many a matron claim
With worth no less the like illustrious name.
Of these must one (a dame rever'd) enclose 445
With fair Pannonia's crown her honour'd brows:
And one, when low in earth her frail remains
She leaves behind, shall on th' Ausonian plains
Amidst the saints with hallow'd rites be plac'd,
Her votive shrine with gifts and incense grac'd. 450
The rest I pass—though each might singly ask
The lofty trump, and all the Muses task.
Still in my breast I bear each generous dame,
Of Constance', Lucrece', and Bianca's name ;
All that through wide Italia's states shall shine, 455
Mothers and favours of their noble line.
Above each favour'd race thy house shall most
In female issue glorious fortune boast :
Each mother in her sons not happier found,
Than each fair consort in her spouse renown'd : 460

Ver. 447. *And one, when low in earth—*] Beatrice of Esté, esteemed a faint, and whose body was deposited in the mountains of Padua, in a place called Ganola, four miles from Esté, where, on the top of a hill was a nunnery richly endowed. PORCACCHI.

Behold

Behold Richarda, left in widow'd youth,
 Pattern of courage and connubial truth ;
 Left by her lord in luckless hour behind
 To Fortune's frowns, which oft the virtuous find.
 She sees her sons depriv'd of native home, 465
 And exil'd far in foreign regions roam :
 Left in the hands of their insulting foe,
 Till all their wrongs a happy period know.
 Nor midst these heroines I forget to place
 Th' illustrious queen of Aragonian race ; 470
 Than whom, for chaste reserve and counsel sage,
 None more adorn'd the Greek or Roman page.

Ver. 461. *Behold Richarda,*—] This Richarda might justly be called an example of fortitude: She was daughter of a marquis of Salazzo, and wife of Nicholas of Esté: being left a widow, she saw the inheritance of Hercules seized by Lionello and Borso, and her sons expelled and driven in search of some new establishment, all which she supported with the utmost courage. Hercules retired to the court of Alphonso of Aragon, till by a change of fortune he was put in possession of the government.

PORCACCHI, EUGENICO.

Ver. 470. *Th' illustrious queen*—] Duke Hercules retiring to the court of Alphonso, by his virtue and valour gained to wife Leonora, daughter of Ferrando king of Naples: by her he had three children, Hippolito, Alphonso, and Isabella, here celebrated by Ariosto.

Not

Not one shall more the smiles of Fortune see ;
She, mother of a beauteous progeny,
Shall with Alphonso give, to bless the earth, 475
Hippolito and Isabella birth :
This shall be Leonora—doom'd to twine
(So Heaven decrees) her happy branch with thine.
How shall my words an equal tribute raise
To her, the next in order, next in praise ? 480
Lucretia Borgia—who in beauty's power,
In virtue, fortune, and in fame shall soar
Above her sex—who spreads her fostering shade
Like the green sapling in a fruitful glade.
As dross to gold, as lead to silver shows ; 485
The field-bred poppy to the garden rose ;
The willow pale to ever verdant bays ;
Or painted crystal to the diamond's blaze :
Ev'n so to her, of whom unborn I tell,
Shall each appear that else might most excel. 490
Of every virtue, whose transcendent fame
Shall grace, alive or dead, her spotless name,

Ver. 481. *Lucretia Borgia*,—] Daughter of Pope Alexander VI. of the house of Borgia. Her first husband was Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pisaro : her second was Aloisio of Aragon, natural son of king Alphonso, and after his death she married Alphonso duke of Ferrara. EUGENICO.

Be this the chief, her Hercules to raise
 With all her sons to deeds of martial praise ;
 To plant the seeds that future wreaths may yield 495
 To bind their brows in counsel and in field.
 Nor must I here Renata fail to place,
 (Lucretia's near ally'd) of Gallia's race,
 Of Lewis born (the twelfth that bears the name)
 And her, of Brittany the lasting fame. 500
 Each virtue woman has been found to know,
 Since fire was seen to burn, or streams to flow,
 Since yon bright orbs have circled round the pole,
 I see compriz'd in fair Renata's foul.
 Of noble Alda (Saxon born) to tell 505
 I pass ; nor on Celano's countess dwell:
 Bianca sage, in Catalonia bred,
 The royal offspring of Sicilia's bed ;
 And lovely Lippa, of Bologna's strain,
 With numbers more that yet untold remain : 510

Ver. 497.—*Renata*—] Lewis XII. after he came into possession of the realm of France, having divorced his first wife, who was sister to Charles VIII. he married Anna the daughter of Francis duke of Bretagne, with a view to gain the hereditary dominions which that princess held from her father. Of Lewis and Anna was born this Renata, who was daughter-in-law to Lucretia Borgia.

EUGENICO.

For should I singly count their praises o'er,
I venture on a sea without a shore.

Thus to the listening maid the dame reveal'd
Names yet in Time's remotest womb conceal'd :
At length arriving where Atlantes made 515
His near abode, her course Meliffa stay'd ;
Nor would she further now her way pursue,
But shunn'd to meet the false enchanter's view :
Then having warn'd the dame, and urg'd once
more

Her pressing counsel, urg'd so oft before, 520
Her leave she took—the martial maid alone
Pursu'd a narrow track her guide had shown.
Not far she rode, when lo ! before her sight
Appear'd the likeness of her much-lov'd knight,
Her dear Rogero, clos'd in fight between 525
Two mighty giants, who with dreadful mien
Wield their huge weapons, while he pants for breath,
And seems just sinking in the jaws of death.

Soon as the virgin fees so sorely prest
One, in whose form Rogero stands confest, 530
Her faith is vanish'd, new suspicion wakes,
And every late resolve her breast forsakes.
She thinks through hatred to Rogero, grown
From some strange cause, from some offence unknown,
Meliffa,

Melissa this unheard of snare had spread, 535
By her, who lov'd him, to behold him dead.

Is that Rogero (to herself she cries)
Still at my heart—and sure before my eyes?
If 'tis not him I see—if thus deceiv'd—
Henceforth can aught be known or aught believ'd?
And shall I (every certain sense deny'd) 541
Too blindly in another's faith confide?
Unseen my sympathizing heart can tell,
If near or absent he I love so well.

While thus she thinks, she hears or seems to hear
Rogero's well-known voice assail her ear 546
Imploring help—and now she sees him wheel
His courser round, and with the goring steel
Urge all his haste, while each gigantic foe
As swift pursues: nor was the virgin slow 550
To mark their course, but urges all her speed
Till at the magic gate she checks her steed.
No sooner enter'd but Atlantes' wile
Involves her senses in the common guile.
In vain her search, now here, now there she bends, 555
Explores each part below, and now ascends.
Nor day, nor night her anxious rest she took,
Yet oft the virgin with Rogero spoke,

And oft they met, though neither (strange to tell)
The other knew—so strong the magic spell! 560

Here leave we Bradamant, nor vex thy mind
To leave her thus by fraudulent spells confin'd:
When time shall serve, behold the charm we break,
And both the lovers from their bondage take.
As, at the board with plenteous viands grac'd, 565
Cate after cate allures the sickening taste;
So, while my muse repeats her varied strains,
Tale following tale the listening ear detains.
Full many a thread my busy fingers weave,
To form the various web my thoughts conceive. 570
Then hear, how drawn from every winter's post,
Before king Agramant the Moorish host
Pass in review, by different names enroll'd,
And threat with arms the fleur-de-lys of gold.
From these what gallant leaders late were lost, 575
Of Æthiopia, Spain, and Lybia's coast!
These to replace, with all th' unnumber'd train
That breathless lie on many a well fought plain,
Marfilius calls from Spain his subject powers,
And Agramant from Afric's distant shores, 580

Ver. 561. *Here leave we Bradamant* —] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxii. ver. 141

Appointing each, to every marshall'd band,
(As need requires) new leaders to command.

Here cease, my lord—the tale awhile we close
Th' ensuing book their names and order shows.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. II.

H

THE ARGUMENT.

THE review of the Pagan forces by Agramant and Marsilius: names and characters of the several leaders. First appearance of Mandricardo, king of Tartary: he hears of the defeat of the two bands by Orlando, and engages to go in search of that knight: in his way he meets with Doralis, daughter to the king of Granada, betrothed to Rodomont; he attacks her guard, and carries her off by force. In the mean while Agramant prepares for a general assault of Paris: the behaviour of the emperor Charles upon the occasion: God commands his Angel, with the assistance of Silence, to conduct the Christian army under Rinaldo to the walls of Paris, and bids him send Discord amongst the Pagans. Description of the house of Sleep. Agramant begins the assault: the appearance of Rodomont, king of Sarza, who is the first to win the works, and makes a dreadful slaughter of the Christians: the gallant defence made by the besieged.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

IN many a fierce assault and cruel fight,
When Spain and Afric prov'd with France their
might,

Unnumber'd warriors pale and breathless lay,
To hungry wolves and ravenous birds a prey!
But while the Gallic legions to their cost, 5

The Pagans met, and mourn'd the battle lost,
The boastful foes, though victors from the plain,
More wept their valiant chiefs and princes slain.

Such, great Alphonso, if the verse may dare
With present times the times of old compare, 10

Such was the victory our arms obtain'd,
Due to thy glory, by thy virtues gain'd:

H 2

Such

Such was the slaughter, that for rolling years,
Must fill Ravenna's heavy eyes with tears !

When first the Christians in the sanguine field, 15
Began before their haughty foes to yield,
Thy conquering arms oppos'd the Spanish force,
And check'd their banner in its midmost course ;
Whilst thy undaunted youths (a glorious band)
Pursu'd thy steps, to merit from thy hand, 20
That fateful day their great reward to hold,
The golden falchion and the spurs of gold :
These with such ardour join'd thy arms in fight,
They shar'd each danger, when, with dauntless might,
Thy warlike arm the golden acorns shook, 25
The yellow and vermilion truncheon broke.

To

Ver. 14. *Must fill Ravenna's heavy eyes with tears !*] The poet here alludes to the siege of Ravenna, held by Mark Antonio Colonna for the Pope, and attacked by M. de Foix, general of the French army. The capture of this city was chiefly owing to the valour and conduct of Alphonso of Esté, though both sides suffered greatly, and the victors, as well as vanquished, had long reason to lament the loss they sustained.

Ver. 22. *The golden falchion and the spurs of gold ;*] Alphonso rewarded the valour of those who had fought under him with presents of rich swords and spurs, the ornaments of knighthood.

Ver. 25. — *the golden acorns shook,*

The yellow and vermilion truncheon broke.] By the golden

To thee, that guard'st the fleur-de-lys from shame,
 To thee alone is due the laurell'd fame ;
 While, for his Rome Fabritio fav'd bestows
 Another wreath to deck thy honour'd brows : 30
 This mighty column of the Roman state,
 By thee subdu'd, by thee preserv'd from fate,
 Gives thee more praise than if thy single hand
 Had crush'd the numbers of that threatening band
 Who with their blood Ravenna's furrows fed, 35
 Or those, who trembling from their standards fled,
 When nought avail'd to chace th' ignoble fear
 Of Aragon, Castile, and proud Navarre !

golden acorns the poet means Pope Julius II. who bore an oak for his arms, and whose power was greatly shaken by the defeat at Ravenna: by the yellow and vermilion truncheon, said to be broken, is meant the power of Spain, which received a greater wound than that of the church: by the fleur-de-lys is figured the empire of France defended by Alphonso I. duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 29. *While, for his Rome Fabritio fav'd* —] Fabritio Colonna surrendered himself prisoner to Alphonso on condition that he might not be given into the hands of his ancient enemies the French, to which condition Alphonso agreed, and notwithstanding the most earnest solicitations from the French, afterwards generously gave him his liberty, and sent him safe to the Pope. EUGENICO.

H 3

Though

Though many a blessing from our conquest flow'd,
 Our arms successful little joy bestow'd, 40
 Too much we mourn'd our Gallic leader slain,
 And numerous princes lifeless on the plain;
 Who, from beyond where cold the Alps arise,
 Had pass'd to guard their kingdoms and allies.
 Our weal, our lives we to our conquest owe, 45
 Though dearly won—by this full well we know
 The clouds dispers'd, whence Jove prepar'd to shed
 The wintry storms on our devoted head.
 But ill in joy or festival we share,
 When round we hear the cries of deep despair, 50
 From Gallia's widows clad in sable stole,
 Down whose wan cheek big tears of anguish roll.
 Now comes the hour when Lewis must provide
 New leaders his forsaken troops to guide,
 When to his country's praise, his vengeful hand 55
 Shall punish those, whose sacrilegious band
 Wives, matrons, daughters durst alike invade,
 The holy brotherhood and cloister'd maid,
 To make each silver vase their impious prize,
 While cast on earth their great Redeemer lies! 60

Ver. 59. *To make each silver vase —*] Alluding to the rapacity
 of some of the soldiers, who carried off the vessels of the sacrament,
 and threw the consecrated wafer on the ground.

Unblest

Unblest Ravenna! why the victor's power
Didst thou resist?—Why not, in happier hour,
Rather example take from Brescia's fate,
Than Rimini's and sad Faenza's state,
Warn by thy ruin, though Trivultius sage 65
By Lewis sent, essay'd with words of age
To rule thy people, and persuasive tell,
For crimes like their's what mighty nations fell?

As now our Gallic king, oppress'd with cares,
New leaders for his powers encamp'd prepares, 70
So Spain and Afric's monarchs to provide
Such chiefs as best besit their troops to guide,
From where they long maintain'd their winter's
post,
In order summon'd all the numerous host
By squadrons rang'd, t' appoint for every band 75
Such chosen chieftains as the times demand.

Marfilius first, then Agramant to view
Bids every squadron pass in order due,
Before the rest the Catalans appear,
And Doriphœbus' waving banners rear: 80
Then march (no more by Fulvirantes led,
Their gallant king by brave Rinaldo dead)

Those of Navarre ; the Spanish king's command
Commits them now to Ifolero's hand.

Next Balugantes Leon's people leads : 85

Grandonio then Algarbi's troop precedes,

Marfilius' brother : Falsirones arm'd

The less Castile ; around his banner swarm'd

Those that with Madaraffo Seville leave,

And peopled Malaga ; from Gades' wave 90

To where her pastures green Cordova shows,

And Betis o'er his flowery border flows.

Then Stordilano and Tessira lead,

With Barricondo, numbers that succeed,

In proud array—the first Granada sway'd ; 95

The second Ulisbona's rule obey'd ;

The third Majorca held—in blood ally'd,

Tessira reign'd a king when Larbin dy'd.

Galicians came, that, Maricaldo lost,

On Serpentino fix'd to guide their host ; 100

Then Calatrava, and Toledo's bands,

Whose streaming ensign Sinegon's commands

But late confess'd—with all the tribes that lave

In Guadiana's flood or drink his wave,

Ver. 84. — *Ifolero's band.*] Ifolero, a Spanish knight, one of the personages in Boyardo's poem.

Whom Matalista rules—Astorgo's train 105

By Bianzardin guided, prefs the plain,
Form'd in one troop—these Piaganza yields;
Those Salamanca and Palencia's fields;
And those Avila and Zamora fend:

Beneath one leader all their ranks extend. 110

The Saragozan troops and household bands
Of king Marfilius' court, Ferrau commands,
All strongly arm'd, and well in combat known:
Here Malgarino, Balinverno shone.

Here Malzarifes and Morgantes, led 115

By equal fate a foreign foil to tread;
Whom each, of kingdom and of wealth bereav'd,
Marfilius in his regal dome receiv'd.

Here Follicones, great Marfilius' son,
Whose fire to lawless love Almeria won. 120

There Doricantes, Analardo here;

And Argalifa and Bavartes near.

The noble earl of Sagontino's name,
And Langhiran esteem'd in fields of fame.

With Archidantes Ammarantes stands; 125

And Malagur, of all the martial bands
Deep vers'd in guile—with numbers more whose
praise

The muse shall blazon in recording lays.

These

These numbers marshall'd, next in fair review
The chiefs of Agramant their forces drew. 130
Oran's huge king appear'd upon the plain,
A giant-leader o'er his vassal train.
The following squadron march'd with sorrow fill'd
For Martafin, whom Bradamant had kill'd ;
And much they griev'd that ever woman's breath 135
Should vaunt the king of Garamanta's death.
Marmonda third sends forth her mourning host,
In Gascony their chief Argosto lost:
These leaders slain, king Agramant to guide
The widow'd bands, would other chiefs provide, 140
Though few he boasts—at length three names arose:
He brave Buraldo and Ormido chose,
With these Arganio, whom at utmost speed
He sent, as time requir'd, the troops to lead.
Arganio rules the Libicanian train, 145
Who wept for fable Dudrinasso slain.
With eyes cast downward and with cloudy hue,
Brunello brings his Tingitanian crew:
For since beneath the near o'ershading wood,
Where on the rock Atlantes' castle stood, 150
He lost to Bradamant the fatal ring,
He liv'd disgrac'd with Afric's potent king ;

And had not Isolero, who beheld
Brunello bound, to Agramant reveal'd
The truth at full, a gibbet had receiv'd 155
The wretched culprit, and of life bereav'd.
The king to mercy by their prayers dispos'd,
Releas'd the fatal noose already clos'd ;
But solemn vow'd, the next offence he gave,
No plea again his forfeit life should save. 160
Next Farurantes see ! with him a force
Maurina sends of mingled foot and horse.
Libanio, near, his new-made king defends ;
And with him Constantina's troop attends.
On him, but late, the crown and golden rod 165
Which Pinadorus bore, the king bestow'd.
Hesperia's nation Soridano leads :
With those of Setta Dorilon proceeds.
O'er Nafamoni's Pulian's hand presides,
Amonia's train king Agricaltes guides. 170
Fizana's race Malabuferzo shows :
The following troop to Finadurus owes
Its martial discipline, who brings the bands
From far Canaria and Morocco's sands.
Balastro leads the powers who lately knew 175
Tardocco king—two squadrons these pursue

From

From Mulga and Arzilla—this retains
 Its ancient lord; to that no more remains
 Its leader mourn'd; brave Chorineus try'd,
 His ancient friend, the king elects their guide.
 O'er Almanfilla, where Tanfirion reign'd, 181
 Caicus now the kingly power obtain'd:
 To Rimedon he gave Galicia's land:
 Then Balinfrontes came with Casca's band.
 The rule o'er those who came from Bolga's field,
 (Clarindo lost) to Mirabald he yields. 186
 Next Baliverfo march'd, and not a name
 Of all the throng so stain'd the list of fame.
 No nobler banner through the camp was spread,
 Than that which valiant sage Sobrino led. 190
 Through all the host could few with him compare,
 In tents to counsel, or in fields to dare.
 The troops by Gualciotto late display'd,
 Now Rodomont's imperious rule obey'd;
 Of horse and foot he led united powers, 193
 New rais'd by Agramant, from Afric's shores.
 What time the sun obscur'd his glorious light
 In dreadful tempests of surrounding night,

From

Ver. 197. *What time the sun obscur'd—*] The character of
 Rodomont is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the
 features

From mountain billows his afflicted band,
 But three days since, he safely brought to land. 200
 No bolder Saracen in all their host,
 No stronger warrior Afric's camp could boast;
 Nor midst their countless legions could they show
 To Christian faith a more inveterate foe,
 And Paris more his cruel prowess fear'd, 205
 Than all the forces that combin'd appear'd,
 By Agramant and by Marfilius led,
 Their hostile banners on our plains to spread.

features are the same in both poets, and appear to originate in the
 Mezentius of Virgil. Boyardo relates, that Rodomont, after having
 waited some days at Algiers for a fair wind to embark his troops
 for France, at length compelled the pilot to leave the port in the
 middle of the night with his whole fleet, when he met with a ter-
 rible storm, and that while the rest were imploring Heaven for their
 safety, he vented his fury and impatience in blasphemies, according
 to what Ariosto says of him further in this book, ver. 875.

——— when others to the skies

Breathe fervent prayers, he God's high power defies.

The fleet having been some time tost about at the mercy of the
 waves, at length made the coast of France, where the landing of
 the troops was for some time opposed by the Christians; till Ro-
 domont, after incredible efforts of valour, effected a landing, having
 first lost numbers by the sea and by the enemy. ORL. INN. Book
 ii. C. vi.

Then Prufion, Alvarecchia's king proceeds :
Zuma's fovereign Dardanello leads 210
His forces next—fure lucklefs birds of night,
Or crows, or ravens of ill-omen'd flight,
To thefe from mouldering roof or lonely bower,
Prefag'd the chance of fome difaftrous hour !
For heaven decrees to-morrow's fatal field, 215
Shall fee each chief his life in battle yield.

The fquadrons paft, in numerous order train'd,
Save Tremizen and Norway none remain'd :
Of thefe no martial ftandards yet appear'd,
Of thefe no tidings in the field were heard. 220
When Agramant awhile in anxious thought
Had weigh'd their abfence, to his fight was brought
A fquire, who ferving late (amidft his guard)
The king of Tremizen, the truth declar'd ;
That Manilardo and Alzirdo quell'd, 225
With numbers fllaughter'd prefs'd the fanguine field.
Scarce have I fcap'd by headlong flight (he cry'd)
And had not Fortune turn'd his courfe afide,
The knight (O king !) whose conquering arm alone
O'erthrew thefe troops, had all your camp o'erthrown.
No more can horfe or foot oppofe his rage 231
Than goats or fheep the prowling wolf engage.

Few

Few days had past, since to the Turkish host
 A champion came, in arms his country's boast;
 None mightier strength, or firmer courage knew, 235
 And from the west his glorious birth he drew:
 Him Agramant with honours due carefs'd,
 The valiant heir of Tartary confest,
 The son of Agrican, of story'd fame,
 And Mandricardo his redoubted name. 240

His

Ver. 240. — *Mandricardo* —] This character is a continuation from Boyardo; he was son of Agrican king of Tartary, who laid siege to Albracca for the love of Angelica, and was slain by Orlando. Boyardo gives the following extravagant account of him.

The pride and cruelty of this prince was such, that, disdaining to reign over any but those that were strong and courageous in battle, he gave command for all others to be put to death; for which cause his subjects fled from their country till the whole land became almost a desert: at length an old man had the courage to remonstrate with him, representing that while he was thus venting his fury on the innocent, he forgot to revenge the death of his father Agrican, killed by Orlando. Mandricardo, struck with the reproach, resolved to go in search of Orlando.

The manner in which he gained possession of the armour of Hector, with the wonders he met with in atchieving that adventure, are thus related in the third Book, and first and second Cantos of Orlando Innamorato.

Having committed the government of his kingdom to the care of a vicegerent, he set out one day on foot, and without armour,
 like

His deeds had through the world diffus'd his praise;
But one eclips'd each deed of former days;

When

like a pilgrim, determining to expiate his neglect hitherto by the greatest exertions of valour in encountering every difficulty. Thus travelling alone he passed through Armenia, and came at length to a fountain of green, blue, red, and yellow marble, the water of which was transparent as crystal, and near the fountain stood a pavilion, where he immediately entered with a resolution to seize by force the first horse or armour he should find. No person appeared, but he heard a voice from the fountain that addressed him in these words: "Sir knight, thou art now made a prisoner, thy rash courage has betrayed thee into a danger from which thou never canst escape." Mandricardo, without attending to the voice, continued to search the pavilion, and found a suit of complete armour, with the weapons besitting a knight, and soon perceived a horse ready caparisoned tyed to a pine-tree. He immediately put on the armour, and mounting the horse, was preparing to depart, when a sudden fire sprung up which consumed the pine-tree, and spreading wider and wider, burnt all the trees and shrubs, the fountain and pavilion alone remaining unhurt: this enchanted fire now began to enclose the knight, and at last seizing on his armour, he felt such intolerable heat, that unable longer to support it, he leaped in fury from his horse, and running to the fountain, plunged himself headlong in the water; but the fire had such effect upon his arms and vesture, that cuirass, helmet, shield, and every part of his dress shrunk to ashes; and he remained naked in the water, where he soon found himself in the embraces of a beautiful lady, who having kissed him, told him that he was prisoner in the fountain

of

When at the Syrian fairy's drear abode,
The feat of magic, dauntless might he show'd,
Amidst

of a fairy with Gradasso, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many more ; but that if his valour was unshaken, it rested with him to set all the knights at liberty. She told him, that near was a stately castle belonging to a fairy, in which were preserved all the arms of Hector except the sword ; that after the death of Hector (whom Achilles slew by treachery) the sword named Durindana, was taken by Penthesilea, was afterwards possessed by Almontes, and then by Orlando. After the destruction of Troy, the armour of Hector came to Æneas, but Æneas by misfortune falling into the power of an inhuman king, who kept him confined in a sepulchre, he was delivered by this fairy, who opened the sepulchre, and as a reward for the service done demanded these arms, which she had ever since kept by enchantment : the lady concluded her account by offering to conduct the knight where he might prove his courage in so marvellous an adventure, as to attempt the conquest of Hector's armour.

Mandricardo, upon hearing this, declared his resolution to undertake the adventure ; but expressing some uneasiness at being thus exposed naked, the damsel unbound her hair, and clasping the knight to her, entirely covered herself and him with her long and beautiful tresses ; and thus, concealed as with a veil, they issued together from the fountain, and entered the pavilion, where having remained some time, the knight being afresh provided by his companion with horse, armour, and other apparel, and she mounting on a palfrey, they began their journey towards the castle of the fairy ; where he was

Amidst a scene, whose wonders but to hear 245
Would strike the boldest heart with chilling fear,
What

informed that he must first enter the list with Gradasso the fairy's champion, before he was admitted to attempt the conquest of the arms.

Mandricardo being arrived at the castle, engaged Gradasso, and came off victorious, but the night drawing on, the lady told him he must defer the further proof of his valour till morning, as the castle gates would not be opened that night : she then carried him to the palace of a lady that inhabited near, and was accustomed to receive with hospitality all knights and damsels that wandered that way ; the lady gave him a courteous welcome ; but soon after his arrival her dwelling was attacked by a cruel giant named Malapresa, who was used frequently to molest her : Mandricardo engaged with and slew the giant, and after being refreshed with a night's repose, he and his guide next morning returned to the castle of the fairy, where the enchanted arms were kept.

The knight and his companion having reached the castle, now passed the bridge, and entered the gate without molestation : here as soon as any knight had past the threshold, he was sworn upon the faith of knighthood to touch with his sword the shield of Hector, which shield, of a bright azure colour, was placed in the middle of a spacious court, supported by a golden pillar, on which were these words : " Do not presume to touch this shield unless thou art another Hector, for he who first bore this shield had not his equal in the world."

The damsel here alighted from her palfrey, and bowed herself with great reverence to the earth, and Mandricardo doing the same by her

What time he won the cuirass, which, of yore,
In fields of battle Trojan Hector wore.

This

her example, advanced, without meeting with any resistance, to the middle of the court, where drawing his sword he lightly touched the boss of the shield, and immediately a violent earthquake shook the building, accompanied with most dreadful thunder, as if the world was hastening to its final dissolution; a secret portal, called the gate of the treasure, flew open and discovered a field of corn, the blade and ears of which were of gold; but the portal of the east by which they had entered, suddenly closed. The damsel then addressed him thus: Most noble, and valiant knight! no one must ever hope to escape from this place, unless he first shall mow the field of corn, and tear up by the roots that spreading tree, which you see placed in the middle of the field." She had no sooner ended these words, but Mandricardo entered the field with his sword in hand, and began to cut the corn, when a strange enchantment followed: every ear that fell to the ground became alive, and was immediately changed into the form of some fierce and dreadful animal, a lion, a tiger, or wild boar, and attacked the knight. Mandricardo exerted his utmost valour, but his strength, incredible as it was, must have been at length exhausted in such a conflict, his enemies continually increasing as the ears fell: at length, stooping down, he took a stone in his hand, which stone was enchanted, though the virtue was unknown to him: he cast this among the army of beasts, and immediately they attacked each other with great fury, and in a few hours the knight beheld his formidable assailants slain by themselves.

Mandricardo then prepared to pursue the adventure and root up the tree that had a thousand branches, every branch covered with blossoms:

This chief the squire's unwelcome tidings heard,
And, fir'd with rage, his haughty visage rear'd ; 250

Resolv'd

he grasped the trunk and endeavoured with all his force to tear it from the ground, while, as he shook it, the leaves and blossoms fell in great abundance round him, and, as they fell, changed into every species of ravenous birds, ravens, falcons, vultures, and eagles ; all which assailed the knight, and, notwithstanding he was covered and defended by his armour, so effectually molested him, that it was long before he could, with his utmost efforts, put an end to his labour. At length, redoubling his force, he tore the tree up by the roots, and suddenly a loud thunder was again heard, and a rushing wind arose that beat all his feathered enemies to the ground. Turpin relates that the wind issued from the womb of the earth, where the root was buried, and the ponderous stones were hurled aloft as if cast from an engine. The champion then cast his eyes down, and beheld an enormous serpent issuing from this subterraneous cave with one head, but branching into ten distinct bodies. Mandricardo, eager to put a speedy end to the adventure, attacked the serpent with his sword, and aimed a stroke at his head, but the scales, which were impenetrable, defeated his intent. The monster then leaped upon the knight, and winding two of his tails round the champion's legs, others round his body, and others round his arms, drew him forcibly to the earth, and fixing his teeth in Mandricardo's side, began to crush his armour like some brittle substance. The knight, exerting all his remaining strength, struggling with the monster, at last fell with him into the cave, and by good fortune falling with all his weight upon the serpent's head crushed him to death in an instant.

The

Resolv'd at once the knight unknown to find,
But kept his purpose secret in his mind,

Whate'er

The serpent being dead, the knight examined the cave on all sides, and by the light of a carbuncle discovered it to be a sepulchre cut out of a rock, covered over and adorned with coral, amber, silver, and gold. In the middle appeared a kind of tomb of polished ivory, supported by a gold and azure dragon: on the tomb appeared to lie an armed knight, but, upon nearer inspection, instead of a body was deposited the empty armour: this was the armour so celebrated of Hector, but without the shield or sword; the first, as has been related, was suspended to the golden pillar in the court of the castle, and the last was in the hands of Orlando: these arms were of most inestimable value, adorned with pearls and emeralds, and in the front of the helmet was the large carbuncle which gave light to all that gloomy habitation.

While Mandricardo was gazing with admiration on these unparalleled arms, he heard a noise behind him; when suddenly a gate opened, and many damsels issuing forth with instruments of various sorts, congratulated the warrior in songs and dances for the great victory which he had obtained, and having finished their songs and dances fell on their knees before him. Then one of them rising gave the knight infinite praises for the achievement of so perilous an adventure, and two other damsels, having disarmed him, led him out of the cave, then covering him with a mantle of fine silk, and scenting him with the most exquisite perfumes, they resumed their songs and dances, and reconducted him by a staircase of marble into the palace where the shield of Hector was

Whate'er the cause—perchance he fear'd his thought
Disclos'd, in others like design had wrought.

He

suspended in the court ; and here he found a great number of knights and ladies assembled, who, as soon as Mandricardo appeared, paid every honour to him as to a prince. In the midst of this company, on a rich throne sat the fairy, who calling the victor before her spoke to him thus : “ Sir knight, thou hast this day won a treasure that has not its equal in the world ; but as it behoves thee to add to these arms the sword, thou must here swear to me upon thy faith, that thou wilt by force take from the earl Orlando the enchanted sword Durindana, formerly the property of Hector ; and know that till thou hast atchieved this adventure, thou shalt not wear by thy side any other weapon, or place the regal crown on thy head : but take heed never to be deprived of the silver eagle painted on that glorious shield, for remember that in possessing these arms and that device, thou hast the noblest treasure that ever recompensed the valour of a knight.”

King Mandricardo then, making a low obeisance to the fairy, pledged the oath imposed upon him, and immediately the damsels, in her presence, buckled on him the famous armour : the knight, being completely armed, took leave of the fairy, having thus dissolved the enchantment by which many lords and knights had been so long detained, among whom were Isolero the Spanish knight, king Gradasso, young Gryphon, and his brother Aquilant. Gradasso and Mandricardo departed together from the castle of the fairy, and performed many and great exploits before they arrived in France.” ORL. INN. Book iii. c. i. ii.

This

He bade to ask the squire, what vestments o'er 255
 His mailed arms, the dreaded champion bore ;
 To this he answer'd—Black his mournful vest,
 Black was his shield and unadorn'd his crest :
 And true he spoke, for with dejected mind,
 Orlando left his blazon'd shield behind, 260

This adventure of Mandricardo exhibits one of the most romantic stories of chivalry, at the same time attended with many circumstances that speak strongly to the imagination : it is to be observed, that although Ariosto has taken up the general story of Boyardo, and continued the same characters, yet he has no fiction so out of nature in all his poem, unless we except the battle between Astolpho and Orilo, (Book xv.) which is not of his own invention, but taken up and continued from Boyardo.

In the Fairy Queen is a passage not unlike that part of Boyardo, where Mandricardo is burnt with the enchanted fire, and leaps into the fountain. Pyrochles, having been engaged with Furor, contracts an inward heat that seems to prey upon his vitals, and seeks relief by plunging into the water.

——— to the flood he came,
 There without stop or stay, he fiercely leapt
 And deep himself beducked in the same.

———
 I burn, I burn, I burn ! then loud he cry'd,
 O how I burn with implacable fire !
 Yet nought can quench my inly flaming side, &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. v.

That by his outward garb might stand reveal'd
The hidden sorrows which his breast conceal'd.

To Mandricardo late a beauteous steed
The king Marfilius gave, of generous breed,
His colour bay, but black his feet and mane, 265
His dam of Friza, and his sire of Spain.

This, Mandricardo sheath'd in steel, bestrode,
And spurr'd impetuous o'er the field, and vow'd
To view the camp no more, till he survey'd
The unknown knight in fable arms array'd. 270

Soon many a wretch he met that smit with dread,
From fierce Orlando's prowess trembling fled :
One mourn'd a son's, and one a brother's death,
Before their eyes depriv'd of vital breath :
Speechless and pale around the plain they rovd, 275
While every face their dastard terrors prov'd.

Ere far he pass'd, he came where he beheld
A dreadful field with sanguine torrents swell'd,
And mingled carnage, where too plain appear'd
What Agramant so late with anguish heard. 280
The warrior cast his angry eyes around,
Survey'd the slain, and measur'd every wound
With greedy gaze, while envy rent his breast,
To see such numbers by one hand oppress.

As when a wolf or mastiff gains the field, 285
 Where sturdy hinds the labouring ox have kill'd,
 When dogs and fowls have rent the flesh away,
 And only left the fragments of their prey,
 The hoofs and hide: the longing beast in vain
 Beholds the spoils: Thus on the reeking plain 290
 The cruel Pagan stood, and curs'd his fate,
 That brought him to the feast of death so late.

That day and half the next, in eager thought,
 Enquiring oft, the fable knight he sought:
 When lo! he view'd a meadow, crown'd with shade,
 Where a deep stream with circling waters stray'd: 296
 Thus fair Otricoli the Tyber laves,
 And near encloses with circumfluent waves.
 To guard the narrow pass, a numerous band
 Of hardy warriors, clad in armour, stand. 300
 The Pagan asks what chief had thither sent
 So strong a force, and what the concourse meant?
 To him their leader scorn'd not to reply,
 Mov'd with his lordly speech; whose presence high,
 And arms, enrich'd with gold and gems, proclaim, 305
 Some mighty warrior, not unknown to fame.

Sent

Ver. 297. *Thus fair Otricoli the Tyber laves,*] A piece of land near Rome, where the Tyber winding forms a peninsula.

Ver. 305. *And arms, enrich'd with gold and gems, —*] Boyardo gives a most splendid description of these arms of Hector,
 in

Sent by our lord (he cry'd) we hither bring
The royal daughter of Granada's king ;

Whom

in the adventure related in the former note : the words of
Berni are,

Forbite eran quell' armi luminose,
Ch'el occhio a pena soffre di vederle,
Fregiate d'oro, e pietre preziose,
Di rubini, emeraldi, e grosse perle.
Mandricardo le voglie avea bramose,
E' mill' anni gli pare indosso averle :
Se le volge per man, si meraviglia,
Ma sopra tutto all'elmo alza la ciglia.

In cima all'elmo, d'oro era un lion.
Ch'un breve avea d'argento in una zampa,
Di sotto a lui pur d'oro era il torchione,
Con vente sei formagli d'una stampa;
Nell' mezzo della fronte era il carbone,
Ch'a guisa rilucca di chiara lampa,
Faceva lume, com' è sua natura,
Per ogni canto della grotta scura.

ORL. INN. Lib. iii. c. ii.

These glorious arms were polish'd beamy bright,
That scarce the eyes could bear the flashing light,
Bedeck'd with gold and many a costly stone,
Where rubies, mix'd with pearls and emeralds, shone.
Fierce Mandricardo with impatience glow'd
To feel his limbs sustain the radiant load.
He turn'd the ponderous mail with looks amaz'd,
But on the helmet chief in rapture gaz'd :
A golden lion on the crest dispos'd,
A silver label in his paw inclos'd :

Beneath

Whom now, though scarce the tidings yet have spread,
He gives to blefs the king of Sarza's * bed. 310

When

* RODOMONT.

Beneath the creft was feen a wreath of gold,
Enrich'd with sparkling ftuds of femblant mold.
Full in the front the carbuncle appear'd,
Whose ruddy blaze the lonely dwelling chear'd,
And (fuch its wondrous kind) a light display'd
That pierc'd the murky grotto's difmal shade.

" In this manner (fays Mr. Upton) Sir Triftram feeds his eyes
with the bright fpoils and goodly armour of a dead knight, handling
them and turning them a thoufand ways.

But Triftram then defpoiling that dead knight
Of all thofe goodly implements of praife,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair fight
Of the bright metal fhining like fun rays,
Handling and turning them a thoufand ways, &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. vi. c. iii.

" It feems to me that Mr. Pope, when he tranflated that beautiful
paffage in Homer, where Thetis brings to her fon his arms, juft as
they came from the forge of Vulcan, had his eye on this paffage of
Spenser, for he uſes his words; the verſes are very harmonious, and
well worth tranſcribing.

Then drops the radiant burthen on the ground,
Clang the ftrong arms, and ring the fhores around;
Back fhrink the Myrmidons with dread furprize,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes;
Unmov'd the hero kindles at the ſhow,
And feels with rage divine his boſom glow:
He turns the radiant gift and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artiſt had deſign'd.

ILIAD XIX. ver. 15.

This

When evening casts her welcome shadows round,
 And grasshoppers surcease their grating sound,
 We to her fire encamp'd shall lead the maid,
 Meanwhile she lies repos'd in yonder shade.

But he, whose daring heart the world despis'd, 315
 Resolv'd to prove how far these warriors priz'd
 Their sovereign's treasure; if their force avail'd
 To guard their mistress, or in combat fail'd.
 He thus—The virgin doubtless then is fair :
 Fain would I view the charge that claims your care;
 Lead me to her, or here the dame convey, 321
 For haste forbids me longer to delay.

This passage in Homer has been borrowed by Virgil, where Venus is in like manner introduced bringing armour to her son.

*Ille deæ donis, et tanto ketus honore,
 Expleri nequit, atque oculos per singula volvit,
 Miraturque, interque manus et brachia versat
 Terribilem cristis galeam, flammæque vomentem,
 Fatiferumque ensẽm loricam ex ære rigentem,
 Sanguineam, ingentem.—*

ÆN. Lib. vii.

Proud of the gift he roll'd his greedy sight
 Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight :
 He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
 The crested helm that vomits radiant fires.
 His hands the fatal sword and corset hold ;
 One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold ;
 Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright —

DRYDEN, v. 819.

See UPTON'S Notes on Spenser.

What

What madness has thy better thoughts misled—
Granada's captain said—nor further said:
The Tartar plac'd his eager spear in rest, 325
Which furious rush'd against the speaker's breast:
Before the stroke the shatter'd cuirass flies,
And, prone on earth, a lifeless corse he lies.
The son of Agrican his spear regain'd,
Nor other weapon in the field sustain'd: 330
No sword nor mace he held: that fated hour,
When, won by conquest, Hector's arms he bore,
The sword he miss'd, and vow'd that never blade
Should grace his side (nor vain the vow he made)
Save Durindana, by Almontes borne, 335
Orlando's now, and once by Hector worn.
Great was the courage of the Tartar knight,
On such unequal terms to wage the fight.
Who dares dispute my pass? (enrag'd he cries)
And with couch'd spear amid their battle flies. 340
This drew the sword, that plac'd the lance in rest,
And round him close the furious numbers press'd.
In heaps they fell—at length the javelin broke,
The broken truncheon in each hand he took.
As Hebrew Sampson, wielding in his hand 345
The fatal jaw, o'erthrew the hostile band

Of

Of stern Philistines—shields and helmets fly ;
And oft at once the horse and horseman die.
To death these wretches run with headlong pace,
Nor though one falls, another shuns his place. 350
Less hard it seem'd to yield their vital breath,
Than thus to perish by so strange a death :
Nor could they bear, beneath a splinter'd spear
To fall, and lose whate'er in life was dear ;
To perish thus like frogs or hissing snakes, 355
In reedy marshes or entangled brakes.
But since, by fatal cost, too well they find
That cruel still is death of every kind,
Two thirds already kill'd, the remnant-train
Attempt t' escape in safety from the plain : 360
But the fierce Saracen their flight withstood,
And still insatiate, thirsting still for blood,
Disdain'd that one amidst the trembling band
Should 'scape with life from his destroying hand.
As in the open fields, or sunny meads, 365
The brittle stubble and the spiky reeds
Resist but little, when the wary hind
Kindles the flame, to which the northern wind
Gives double force, till wide around it preys
And all the furrows crackle in the blaze : 370

So these alike in vain defence engage
With haughty Mandricardo's dreadful rage.

Soon as the passage freed the champion view'd,
Where late the centry to defend it stood,
Amid the new worn path, with eager tread, 375
He prefs'd the turf by sounds of sorrow led
And loud laments, to judge how truly Fame
Had rais'd the beauties of Granada's dame.

Where the stream winding gave the Pagan way
He pass'd, while round him slaughter'd warriors lay ;
Till midst the mead his matchless prize he found, 381
The gentle Doralis with beauty crown'd ;

So was she nam'd—beneath its ancient shade,
An oak's rough trunk sustain'd the trembling maid.
Her tears, like springs that unexhausted flow, 385
Fell trickling down, and stain'd her breast of snow,
And on her features plain reveal'd appear'd,
She wept for others, for herself she fear'd.

Her fears redoubled, when the knight she view'd
With visage stern, and arms with blood bedew'd, 390
Blood of her friends : her wailings rent the sky ;
Her sad attendants join'd the piercing cry ;
Whom, added to her train, a parent's care
Had round her plac'd to tend the royal fair ;

Sage

Sage matrons, squires, and dames (a chosen band)
The best and fairest of Granada's land. 396

Soon as the Tartar prince that face beheld,
Whose charms the brightest charms of Spain excell'd;
That ev'n in grief can spread the flame of Love;
(How must she then in joy each bosom move!) 400
He conquers but to yield: enrapt he stands,
A willing prisoner in his captive's hands.
Yet would he not so far her empire own,
To yield his right in arms so lately won.
Though lost in woe, he hopes by love's soft wiles, 405
To change her grief to joy, her tears to smiles.
Then on a milk-white steed without delay,
He seats the damsel to pursue his way:
But first, in gentle words he bids adieu
To dames, to squires, and all the weeping crew. 410
Henceforth in me will be her guard (he cries)
I shall, her squire, her lord, her mate suffice
At every need—my friends, farewell!—They hear,
And helpless part with many a sigh and tear.
What grief, what anguish (to themselves they said)
Will pierce her father's soul! what thoughts invade
Her consort's breast! What vengeance shall assuage
His cruel pangs, and fate his dreadful rage!

Why

Why comes he not at this disastrous hour?

O! were he here, from yon Barbarian power 420

Ere yet too late, to save from foul disgrace

Th' illustrious blood of Stordilano's race!

The Tartar, happy in his prize obtain'd,

A prize by fortune and by valour gain'd,

Abates the speed, with which so late he prefs'd 425

T' o'ertake the champion of the fable vest.

By slow degrees his former zeal declin'd,

Far other thoughts revolving in his mind,

To reach some kind retreat, and ease the smart

His youthful bosom felt for Cupid's dart. 430

Meantime he sooths his fair-one's grief and fears,

Whose cheeks and lovely eyes are wet with tears:

Full oft he feigns, and vows her beauty's fame

Long in his soul had fed the growing flame;

That, for her sake, he left his realm and crown, 435

Whose rule extends to lands of far renown,

Not to contemplate France or Spain (he cries)

But the soft beauties of her beaming eyes.

If love unfeign'd may ever hope to prove

The virgin's smiles—I merit then your love: 440

If high descent—who nobler can aspire?

I boast the mighty Agrican my fire.

If wealth or power—what name exceeds my own?
In empire I submit to GOD alone :
If valour—well my deeds to day declare 445
My valour pleads my title to the fair.

These words, and many more which love had
taught,

In Doralis, with soft persuasion, wrought
A gentle change, till freed from former fear
With less restraint she seem'd his suit to hear ; 450
When yielding by degrees, and courteous grown,
She gives him answers in a milder tone ;
Nor on his face disdains sometimes to bend
Her languid eyes, where pity seems to blend
With young desire : The Pagan hence, whose heart
Had oft confess'd the painful pleasing smart, 456
Drew certain omens that the beauteous dame
Would not for ever scorn his amorous flame.

Thus journeying on, in thought elate and gay,
With Doralis, companion of his way, 460
The hour advanc'd, when friendly night prepares
Its balmy rest to banish mortal cares :
Now half conceal'd the sinking sun he views,
And with redoubled haste his course pursues,
Till distant sounds of rustic pipes he hears, 465
And curling smoke from village roofs appears :

There

There harmless shepherds hold their humble feat,
No sumptuous dwelling, but a calm retreat.
The master of the herds with simple grace
Welcom'd the knight and damsel to the place ; 470
Who pleas'd his welcome heard ; for not alone
In towns and courts are courteous manners known ;
Full oft in wilds, beneath the lonely shed
Of Nature's sons, are social virtues bred.

What pass'd beneath the night's all covering shade
Between the Tartar prince and blooming maid 476
I dare not now reveal—let each surmise
Those truths which here we veil from vulgar eyes :
Yet either seem'd all difference to compose,
For light and blithsome with the morn they rose. 480
And Doralis her grateful thanks express'd
To him, whose roof receiv'd her for his guest.
Thence, roving on, from place to place they stray'd,
At length they came, where near a bowery shade
To reach the sea, with silent course and slow, 485
A river flow'd, yet scarcely seem'd to flow :
So clear, so pure the stream ; the sands so bright ;
The channel lay reveal'd to every sight.
Here in cool shelter, on the banks reclin'd,
Two warriors and a dame unknown they find. 490

Ver 490. *Two warriors and a dame—*] He pursues this story, Book xxiii. ver. 518.

The genius that forbids me to pursue
 One path unchang'd, here leads my steps anew
 To where the Moors their thousand banners rear,
 (With shouts and clamours deafening Gallia's ear)
 Round the high tent; where king Troyano's son, 495
 With haughty pride defies th' Imperial throne:
 Where Sarza's* monarch threats to wrap in flame
 Fair Paris' walls, and raze the Roman name.

Now heard king Agramant that England's powers
 Had past the narrow seas from Britain's shores: 500
 Marfilius, Garbo's ancient king, and all
 The Pagan leaders, at the herald's call
 In council meet: and in one voice unite,
 Against the walls to bend their strongest might;
 For well they knew that Paris ne'er would yield, 505
 When once th' expected aids had reach'd the field.
 Unnumber'd scaling-ladders they prepare,
 And every engine of besieging war.
 Above the rest the king unweary'd goes,
 The first and second squadron to dispose: 510
 Himself resolves with these th' assault to make,
 And every toil and danger to partake.

Ere yet th' assault began, the Christian lord
 In Paris' walls with holy rites implor'd

* RODOMONT.

Th'

Ver. 513. *Ere yet th' assault began,—*] The acts of devotion
 here

Th' offended powers; and rang'd in meet array 515
The priests and brethren, fable, white, and grey,
Sung fervent hymns; while those repentant bands,
By pure confession snatch'd from Stygian hands,
In blest communion join'd the dear repast,
As if th' ensuing morn were doom'd their last. 520
Th' Imperial chief, on pious acts intent,
By peers and senators furrounded, went,
By knights and princes, to the loftiest fane,
Himself th' example to his subject train;
There, with clasp'd hands, and eyes to Heaven ad-
drest, 525
He pray'd—O God! though sins pollute my breast,
Yet let not these for present vengeance call,
Lest, through my guilt, thy faithful people fall.
If 'tis decreed that thy Almighty hand
Must deal those sufferings which our crimes demand,

here described to be exercised by the Christian leader, appear to be imitated by Tasso, particularly in the solemn procession at the beginning of the eleventh book, which is perhaps one of the finest passages in the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

Ver. 516. — *fable, white, and grey,*] Milton, in his *Limbo of Vanity*, “Black, white, and grey.”

At least awhile thy righteous ire forego, 531
Nor let thine enemies inflict the blow.
Should these subdue us, while we boast the grace
Of Christian faith, esteem'd thy favour'd race,
The Heathen world that power may useles call 535
Which lets its votaries unaided fall :
For one that now rejects thy hallow'd name,
Behold a hundred then thy faith disclaim !
So Babel's laws o'er all mankind shall spread,
And pure Religion hide her sacred head. 540
Preserve thy chosen flock—lo ! these the bands
That freed thy sepulchre from impious hands :
Lo ! these the chiefs—that oft have stood prepar'd
Thy blameless pastors and thy Church to guard.
Too well we feel when we for mercy pray, 545
Against our faults how light our merits weigh :
But let thy grace our deep contrition wake,
Our souls will soon a second nature take :
Nor can we doubt thy saving help to find,
Thy help so oft bestow'd on lost mankind. 550

So spoke the prince devout, and meekly pour'd
His fervid vows to Heaven's eternal Lord,
With heart-felt anguish, such as well became
Himself, his danger, and his regal name.

Nor

Nor was his humble suit in vain addrest, 555
 The guardian Angel, in his seats of rest,
 Receives the prayer, then spreads his hallow'd wings,
 And to his Saviour's ear the offering brings.
 Unnumber'd vows that instant thus preferr'd
 By those blest spirits, Heaven's Eternal heard : 560
 At this the souls in endless blifs above,
 With features blending pity, peace, and love,

All

Ver. 556. *The guardian Angel.* —] Not unlike this passage is the beginning of Book xi. *Paradise Lost*, where Milton represents our first parents addressing their supplications to Heaven after the fall.

———— To Heav'n their prayers
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond or frustrate : in they pass'd
 Dimensionless through heav'nly doors ; then clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight,
 Before the Father's throne, them the glad Son
 Presenting —

Ver. 561. *At this the souls in endless blifs above,*] Ariosto mentions the compassion of the blessed saints and angels for the sufferings of man.

—— Come gli ascoltar l'anime sante,
 Depinte di pietà il viso pio,
 Tutti miraro il sempeterno amante, &c.

Milton, in like manner, represents the angels as sympathizing with the miseries of mankind at the fall.

—— Soon as th' unwelcome news
 From earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd

All turn'd to him, the source of endless grace,
With one request to save the Christian race.

The Goodness Infinite, whose ear to gain 565
The upright heart has never pray'd in vain,
Cast round his pitying eye, and with his hand
Call'd faithful Michael from th' Angelic band ;
Then thus he spoke—Go ! seek the Christian power,
With friendly vessels brought from England's shore ;
Lead

All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.

PAR. LOST, B. X. V. 21.

Ver. 569. — *Go ! seek the Christian power,*] The whole conduct of this admirable machine has been greatly extolled by Dryden in the following passage of the notes to his translation of Virgil.—“ The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto, where God commands St. Michael to take care that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the Archangel to find Silence and Discord. The first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much success, that their march should not be discovered ; the latter to enter the camp of the Infidels, and there to sow dissention among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery, not doubting there to find Silence in her* primitive abode ; but instead of Silence finds Discord : the Monks, being divided into factions, about the choice of some new officer, were at strife and free with

* Ariosto makes Silence of the male gender.

Lead these to Paris from the distant coast, 571
 Unheard, unnotic'd, by the Pagan host.
 Find Silence first—command him to prepare
 Whate'er befits with thee the task to share—
 Such is my will—then seek a different road, 575
 Where in her cavern Discord makes abode :
 Bid her with speed her steel and fuel take,
 And in the Moorish camp new flames awake ;
 Amongst the chiefs for mightiest prowess known,
 Let every seed of wild debate be sown ;
 Let war intestine, mutual death succeed, 580
 Let some be captives, some in combat bleed,
 And some, in rage, self-exil'd from the host,
 Their sovereign leave to mourn his champions lost.

He said : The blessed Angel nought replies, 585
 But swift t' obey his heavenly Maker flies :

their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and wordly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp ; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks." Note to ivth Georgie, ver. 660.

Ver. 585. — *The blessed Angel* —] The Italian has—*benedetto angel*—blessed bird—an expression not to be hazarded in English, and which seems reprehensible in any language. So Dante

—— Angel divino ——

PARAD. C. ii.

Where'er

Where'er his course the radiant envoy steers,
The clouds disperse, the troubled ether clears:
And round him plays a circling blaze of light,
Such as when meteors stream thro' dusky night. 590

While still he ponders in his zealous mind
Where best this enemy of speech to find;
At length he deems that Silence sure may dwell
With monks and abbots in the cloister'd cell,
The church's hallow'd walls; where never ear 595
Might other sound than chanted psalters hear:
Where, fed with slender meals, each quiet sleeps,
Where every room inscrib'd the name of Silence
keeps.

To meet him there he certain hope assumes,
And moves with speed increas'd his golden plumes;
Nor him alone, but there expects to find 601
Fair Peace and Charity together join'd.
No Silence there he found, he view'd alone
His name enroll'd, himself no longer known:
Nor Peace, nor Charity was there to see, 605
Nor Love, nor Faith, nor meek Humility;
These held their station there in days of yore,
But now, long since expell'd, are seen no more.
For these, Wrath, Av'rice, Gluttony, and Pride,
Sloth, Cruelty, and Envy there reside. 610

The

The Angel, wond'ring at a sight so new,
Saw Discord soon amidst the brutal crew,
Her, in whose search, he meant, at Heaven's command
T' explore Avernus' ever mournful strand;
And lo! he finds her now (most strange to tell) 615
Midst prayers and masses in this earthly hell.
He knew her by the vesture's hundred dyes,
Of lists unnumber'd of unequal size,
Which rent in shreds, but ill those limbs conceal'd
By every step or breath of wind reveal'd. 620
Her uncomb'd hairs seem'd constant strife to hold,
Of various hues, black, silver, brown and gold.
Some hung in ringlets, some in knots were ty'd;
Her bosom some, and some her shoulders hide:
Her hands and lap a countless medley bore 625
Of writs, citations (an exhaustless store!)
Oppression's various forms, that make the poor
In cities never find their state secure.
Before, behind, on either side her stand
Attornies, notaries,—a brawling band! 630
Her Michael call'd, and bade her instant go
To seek where lay encamp'd the Pagan foe,
And every art essay, that might engage
Their bravest knights in strife and deathful rage.

For

For Silence then he ask'd, of whom full well 635
 He deem'd that Discord might some tidings tell;
 As one, who still on kindling flames intent,
 Through every land of earth's wide region went.

Amidst my travel (Discord thus replies) 640
 That Silence never yet has met my eyes :
 Though oft his name from many I have heard,
 Oft heard his praise for craft and guile preferr'd ;
 But Fraud, sometime the partner of his way,
 Our comrade here, can best his haunts betray—
 Lo! where she stands—She said, and pointing shew'd
 Where Fraud appear'd amidst the motley crowd. 646
 Her garb was decent, lovely was her face,
 Her eyes were bashful, sober was her pace ;
 With speech, whose charms might every heart assail,
 Like his who gave the blest salute of—hail ! 650
 But all deform'd and brutal was the rest,
 Which close she cover'd with her ample vest,
 Beneath whose folds, prepar'd for bloody strife,
 Her hand for ever grasp'd a poison'd knife.

Of her the Angel ask'd, and Fraud reply'd : 655
 Silence was wont with Virtue to reside,
 With Benedict and old Elias' train,
 In convents where religion first began :

Much

Ver. 657. — *Benedict — Elias*] “ He here speaks of the monas-
 teries

Much time he chose in learned schools to pass,
 With Architas and wife Pythagoras. 660
 But when those saints and sages were no more,
 That kept him true to Wisdom's righteous lore,
 His godly customs learnt he soon forsook,
 And to new paths his wandering feet betook.
 Fond lovers first at midnight hour he pair'd; 665
 Then, mix'd with thieves, in all their counsels shar'd.
 With Treason oft he dwells, and him I view'd
 Late join'd with Murder stain'd in human blood.

teries that were founded under the names of Benedict and Elias. Benedict was of Norcino, and built his first monastery on mount Cassino, where he lived a most exemplary life. Elias was the prophet spoken of in Holy Scripture, who is believed by many to be still living in the terrestrial paradise with St. John and Enoch: he lived a long time on Mount Carmel, from which circumstance originated the order of the Carmelites."

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 660. — *Architas — Pythagoras* —] Pythagoras, an ancient philosopher of great celebrity, who enjoined his scholars five years silence at their entrance into his school: he taught women as well as men. Architas was his disciple, who was likewise a great philosopher and well skilled in mathematics. He is said to have invented a dove of wood, that by the action of mechanical powers, kept itself suspended in the air: he was a great friend of Plato.

PORCACCHI.

With

With coiners has he oft been known to dwell
 Remote from view, in some sequester'd cell. 670
 So much he shifts his partners and his place,
 'Tis hard t' affirm where best his steps to trace :
 Yet have I hope to guide your course aright :
 Go—seek, when shade proclaims the middle night,
 The house of Sleep, there may'st thou Silence find, 675
 Where oft he rests remote from human kind.

Though Fraud was ever wont in lies to deal,
 Yet here such seeming truth her words reveal,
 The Angel trusts her faith, nor longer stays,
 But speeding from the convent, wide displays 680
 His rapid wings to reach by noon of night
 The house of Sleep with unremitting flight.

A pleasing vale beneath Arabia's skies,
 From peopled towns and cities distant lies :
 Two lofty mountains hide the depth below, 685
 Where ancient firs and sturdy beeches grow.
 The sun around reveals his chearing day,
 But the thick grove admits no straggling ray
 To pierce the boughs : immers'd in secret shades,
 A spacious cave the dusky rock pervades. 690

Ver. 683. *A pleasing vale* —] This fine description of the house of Sleep appears to be partly taken from Ovid and Statius, but varied with such circumstances as to make the picture in a manner Ariosto's own.

The

The creeping ivy on the front is seen,
And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.
Here drowsy Sleep has fix'd his noiseless throne,
Here Indolence reclines his limbs o'ergrown
Through sluggish ease; and Sloth, whose trembling
feet 695

Refuse their aid and sink beneath her weight.
Before the portal dull Oblivion goes,
He suffers none to pass, for none he knows.
Silence maintains the watch and walks the round
In shoes of felt, with fable garments bound; 700
And oft as any thither bend their pace,
He waves his hand, and warns them from the place.

The Angel gently whisper'd in his ear:
Heaven bids thee now (and Heaven's high mandate
hear!)

Conduct Rinaldo, with his social powers, 705
In aid of Charles, to Paris' lofty towers:
Be such their march, so wary and so still,
That not a sound the Pagan's ear may fill:
Till, ere loud Fame bespeak the Christians near,
Their force shall thunder on the hostile rear. 710

No answer Silence gave, but bow'd his head
In signal of the heavenly charge obey'd.

Together now they take their speedy flight,
And soon in fruitful Picardy alight.

There Michael urges on each fearless band, 715
(Wondrous to tell!) so swift from land to land;
Ere day declin'd, to Paris' walls he brought,
The numerous troops, yet not a human thought
Perceiv'd that Heaven the miracle had wrought. }

No less attentive, Silence to pursue 720
Th' important charge, around the legions threw
A darken'd veil to intercept the fight,
Though all the forces march'd in open light,
While the thick cloud forbade each Pagan ear,
The shrill-mouth'd trump or deep-ton'd horn to
hear. 725

While thus, by Silence and the Angel led,
His rapid march the bold Rinaldo sped;
So hush'd, that not a Saracen could know
From rumour's voice the near approaching foe;
King Agramant his numerous foot had plac'd 730
In suburbs near; where part encamping fac'd
The threaten'd walls, far stretch'd from tower to tower,
In that assault to prove his utmost power.
What countless myriads rang'd in deep array,
That hour combin'd against the Christian sway! 735

Who these can tell, may tell the plants that grow
 On fertile Appenine's o'er-shading brow ;
 May number, where the surgy ocean laves
 Old Atlas' feet, the Mauritanian waves ;
 Or count the stars, when Heaven with all its eyes, 740
 At midnight hour the lover's theft descries.

Frequent and deep the hallow'd bells around
 With dreadful echo give their warning sound.
 In every temple many a hand they rear,
 And breathe thro' many a lip the fervent prayer. 745
 Could blest immortals with desiring eyes
 Behold that wealth which men so highly prize,
 Each faint might hope in future to behold
 His votive statue fram'd of purest gold.
 The white-hair'd sire deplores his wretched state, 750
 Reserv'd to drain the bitterest dregs of fate ;
 He calls his lov'd forefathers doubly blest,
 Long clos'd in earth and laid for years at rest.

Ver. 740.—*when Heaven with all its eyes,—*] Catullus requesting to receive from Lesbia as many kisses as there are grains of sand on the sea shore, adds,

Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox
 Furtivos hominum videt amores.

And our Spenser :

More eath to number with how many eyes,
 High Heaven beholds sad lover's nightly thieveries.

While those whose younger breasts no fears appall,
Advance on every side to guard the wall: 755
There barons, paladins, and earls, and knights,
Kings, dukes, and lords, with all whom fame incites,
Soldiers from far, or natives of the land,
To die for CHRIST in arms undaunted stand:
All ardent urge the king each bridge to lower, 760
And on the Saracens their fury pour:
With joy he sees the warriors' noble fires,
But prudence checks what patriot zeal inspires.
Meantime he bids in various parts dispose
Their generous ranks against th' invading foes. 765
Where strong the wall, less thick the troops ascend,
But lines on lines each weaker pass defend.
Some watch the huge machines; and some prepare
With sulph'rous flame to meet the storm of war,
While wary Charles in no fix'd place abides, 770
But through the works for every chance provides.

Amidst a spacious plain fair Paris stands,
(The heart of France) and all the realm commands:
A river, that beneath the ramparts glides,
The city parts, but first with branching tides 775
An island forms, securing from the rest,
Of all the town the strongest and the best:

Each

Each other part (three parts the whole compose)
The fosse, without, and stream, within, enclose.
The city, stretch'd around, in circuit wide, 780
Might yield a place t' assault on every side ;
But Agramant against the western towers
Collects the force of all his threatening powers :
For hence, no realms or forts behind him lay
To distant Spain, but own'd his ample fway. 785
Far as the walls extend, so far the care
Of Charles is seen the bulwarks to repair.
On mouldering works he bids new works arise,
And every engine of defence supplies.
Where the stream enters, where the town it leaves,
He draws huge chains across the passing waves ; 791
With Argus' eyes the son of Pepin bends
His heedful watch, where Agramant intends
The great assault ; nor could the Pagan crew
Against the Christians their designs pursue : 795 }
But soon their foes' preventive care they knew.

Now fierce in arms Marsilius press'd the plain
With all his Squadron drawn from distant Spain.
There Serpentino and Ferrau were found,
Grandonio, Isolero, names renown'd. 800
There Balugantes shone with equal might,
And Falsirones, well approv'd in fight ;

There, on the left, beside the winding flood
 Of silver Seine, Sobrino, Pulion stood,
 With Dardinello, brave Almontes' son, 805
 Oran's huge king, for giant stature known!
 Why seems my pen more slow to speak their praise,
 Than these their weapons in the field to raise?
 There Sarza's king, impatient to engage,
 Blasphemes aloud, nor curbs his impious rage. 810

As eager flies in buzzing legions play,
 Midst the warm sunshine of a summer's day,
 Where rural vessels have allur'd their taste,
 Or the sweet relicks of a late repast;

Ver. 811. *As eager flies*—] Mr. Upton says these similes are after the cast of Homer; and indeed there can be little doubt but Ariosto had in view the simile in the second Iliad, to express the number of the Grecian troops that passed in review.

— thick as insects play,
 The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
 That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
 In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers:
 From pail to pail with busy murmur run,
 The gilded legions glitt'ring in the sun.

POPE, ver. 552.

Milton has the following,
 Or as a swarm of flies, in vintage-time,
 About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd.

PARAD. REG. B. iv.

As

As round the ripe'ning grapes of purple dye, 815
The plummy race in busy clusters fly :
So to the fierce assault the Moors repair,
While shouts and barbarous clamours rend the air.
The wary Christians from their rampart's height,
With javelins, darts, and swords, maintain the fight,
With stones and mingled fire ; unmov'd they stand, 821
And scorn the fury of the Pagan band :
And oft as this, now that ill-fated bleeds,
Another fearless to his place succeeds.
Back to the ditch the Saracens withdrew, 825
So thick the weapons of the faithful flew :
Huge massy fragments from the walls they rend,
And crumbling bulwarks on the foes descend.
From many a hand the boiling streams employ'd,
With dreadful heat the suffering Moors annoy'd ; 830
Resistless pour'd on each advancing crest,
Through the clos'd helmet pierc'd the liquid pest.
Not so the sword can waste—What tongue shall tell,
How from above the lime destructive fell
In dismal clouds ! how burning vessels pour'd 835
Pitch, sulphur, nitre ; all their flaming hoard ;
Whence hissing torrents sent in tides below,
With fearful ruin gall'd the Pagan foe !

Meantime the king of Sarza brought his powers
(The second band) beneath the Christian towers: 840
With these Buraldo and Ormida went;
That Garamanda, this Marmonda sent.
Beside him Soridon, Clarindo came,
Nor Setta's king declin'd the field of fame.
Morocco's king, and Casco's these pursue, 845
Resolv'd that all their noble deeds might view.
High on his banner, that with crimson glow'd,
The Sarzan Rodomont a lion show'd,
Whose savage mouth disdain'd not to receive
The curb a courtly damsel seem'd to give; 850
The beast bespeaks the knight; the beauteous dame
Whose gentle hands the lordly lion tame,
Bespeaks the charms of Stordilano's heir,
Granada's princess, Doralis the fair!
Her, whom so lately Mandricardo won 855
From all her guards (as well the verse has shown)
And her whom Rodomont had learnt to prize,
Dear as his kingdom, dearer than his eyes!

Ver. 839. *Meantime the king of Sarza —*] It has been already said, that the character of Rodomont is drawn closely after Boyardo; the device on his banner is likewise taken by Ariosto from his predecessor.

For whom he wrought such deeds of endless fame ;
Nor knew her yielded to a stranger's flame. 860

At once a thousand ladders rais'd in air,
With crowded steps the swarming soldiers bear :
A second urges him who foremost leads
The daring way, and him a third succeeds.
Through courage some, and some attack through fear ;
Though girt with dangers, none must tremble here,
For Rodomont o'erlooks the dreadful fray,
And wounds or kills who dares desert the day.
Thus on the town the thicke'ning legions fall,
Through flames and ruins rush to scale the wall. 870
But while the rest with wary search attend
Where least the foes each guarded pass defend,
The king of Algiers scorns his arms to wield
But where dire peril frowns upon the field :
In that dread hour, when others to the skies 875
Breathe fervent vows, he God's high power defies.
To fence his breast a serpent's jointed scale
Supply'd the corslet tough and plated mail ;

Ver. 876. — *he God's high power defies.*] See the behaviour
of Capaneus at the siege of Thebes, who was thunderstruck while
he blasphemed Jupiter.

STATIUS THEB. Book x.

L 4

These

These arms his grandfire won, whose impious might
 Would Heav'n invade with Babel's towery height :
 Who fought to drive th' Almighty from his throne,
 And make the empire of the stars his own !

For this intent th' accurs'd blasphemer made
 His shield, his helm, and strongly-temper'd blade.

Stern Rodomont a second Nimrod stood, 885
 Like him unconquerable, fierce, and proud :
 He little heeds what guards the passes keep,
 How strong the bulwarks, or the fosse how deep ;
 Headlong he plunges in—he wades—he flies—
 Above his breast the troubled waters rise. 890
 All drench'd and grim with ooze he makes his way,
 While round him arrows, flames, and engines play
 In rattling storms—As through the sedgy moor,
 Where spreads our Malean plain, the woodland boar
 Lifts his strong chest, around his tusks he throws, 895
 And breaks through all that would his course oppose :

Ver. 885. — *à second Nimrod* —] Boyardo makes Rodomont
 a descendant of Nimrod, who built the tower of Babel.

Ver. 893. — *As through the sedgy moor,*
Where spreads our Malean plain, —] A low marshy
 land in the districts of Ferrara, on the left of the Po, near the sea,
 abounding at that time with wild boars.

ZATTA.

So

So the fierce Pagan lifts his shield on high,
And scorns the towering walls, and threatens the sky.

Now from the fosse stern Rodomont attains
The firmer land, and now the summit gains, 900
Where the broad ramparts form a platform wide,
To range the Christian files on either side.

Where many a soldier, many a knight and lord
Now feel the edge of his resistless sword.

Head, arms, are lopt—while from the lofty towers
Down the steep fosse the sanguine torrent pours. 906

His buckler cast behind, he grasp'd his steel

With either hand, and on Arnolpho fell;

A duke, who came from where the Rhine, that laves
The neighb'ring meads, is lost in briny waves; 910

Not more the wretch devoted 'scapes his ire,

Than heaps of sulphur 'scape the wasting fire;

Swift thro' his neck the bloody falchion sped,

There heav'd the dying limbs, here roll'd the gasp-
ing head.

Now with a backward stroke the mortal wound 915

Oldrado, Prando, and Anfelmo found,

With Spineloccio—midst the thronging train,

And narrow space, no blow was aim'd in vain.

The Flemings first his dreadful fury feel:

The Normans next bestain his smoking steel. 920

Orghetto of Maganza sinks to rest :
Aim'd at his front the weapon through his breast
Divides his bleeding corse : Then from above
He Andropino and Moschino drove ;
Headlong they fell—the first was wont to shine 925
In priestly robes ; the last in draughts of wine
Steep'd all his hours : like bane or viper's blood
He shunn'd to taste the cooling limpid flood.
Lo ! here he dies, and more regrets his death,
In water's loathsome drench to yield his breath. 930
Sever'd in two provincial Lewis lies :
Through Arnold of Thoulouse the weapon flies.
Oberto, Claudio, Dionysius pour
Their souls, with Hugo, in a stream of gore.
Near these of Paris four to death succeed : 935
Ambaldo, Odo, and Gualtoro bleed,
With Satallones—heaps on heaps there fell !
Nor can the Muse their names and country tell.
Not less behind the swarming troops prevail ;
They fix the ladders, and the bulwarks scale : 940
But 'twixt the walls and second rampire steep,
Where sinks the fosse, all horrible and deep,
The Christians from th' interior works renew
A strong defence against the Pagan crew ;

With

With spears and darts they rain an iron cloud, 945
To check the numbers of th' advancing crowd ;
And soon had check'd, but that the dauntless might
Of Ulien's son * inspir'd and urg'd the fight.
He drives them on, and each though loath obeys,
With threatenings these incites, and those with praise :
Who turns a step to fly, his fate receives : 951
His breast he pierces, or his helm he cleaves ;
And down the steep he drives so huge a train,
That scarce the fosse their numbers can contain.

While thus compell'd the rude barbarians go, 955
Or tumble headlong to the depth below,
The king of Sarza every muscle strains,
And lo! (as if a strength of wing sustains
Each agile member) with a wondrous bound
Leaps o'er the fosse, and lights upon the ground 960
With all his armour's weight, though yawning wide,
Full thrice ten feet it stretch'd from side to side.
Swift as a greyhound o'er the space he flies,
Nor to his feet the silent earth replies,
So light he leapt—now round his blows he drives, 965
And the mail'd plate, like brittle substance, rives.
Not more the Sylvan bark a tree defends,
When on its trunk the sounding axe descends :

* RODOMONT.

Thick folds of steel can no defence afford,
Such his huge nerve, and such his sweepy sword. 970

Meantime our legions in the depth below
Have plac'd their snares to catch th' incautious foe.
Serewood and pitch beneath the banks they hide,
And many a vessel closely rang'd, supply'd
With nitre, oil, or sulphur, to conspire 975
In one vast blaze to spread the murderous fire.

And now prepar'd each wary soldier stands
To crush the folly of the Moorish bands,
Who blindly from the trench's depth assail,
And strive, with many a ladder rear'd, to scale 980
The town's last works—when at a signal given
From different parts, the bursting fires are driven
Amid the foe:—huge conflagration rolls
From side to side, and mounting to the poles
Might dry the vapoury moon, while dark as night 985
Thick smoke obscures the sun and blots the light:
And rumbling peals re-echo long and loud,
Like thunders breaking from a fearful cloud!

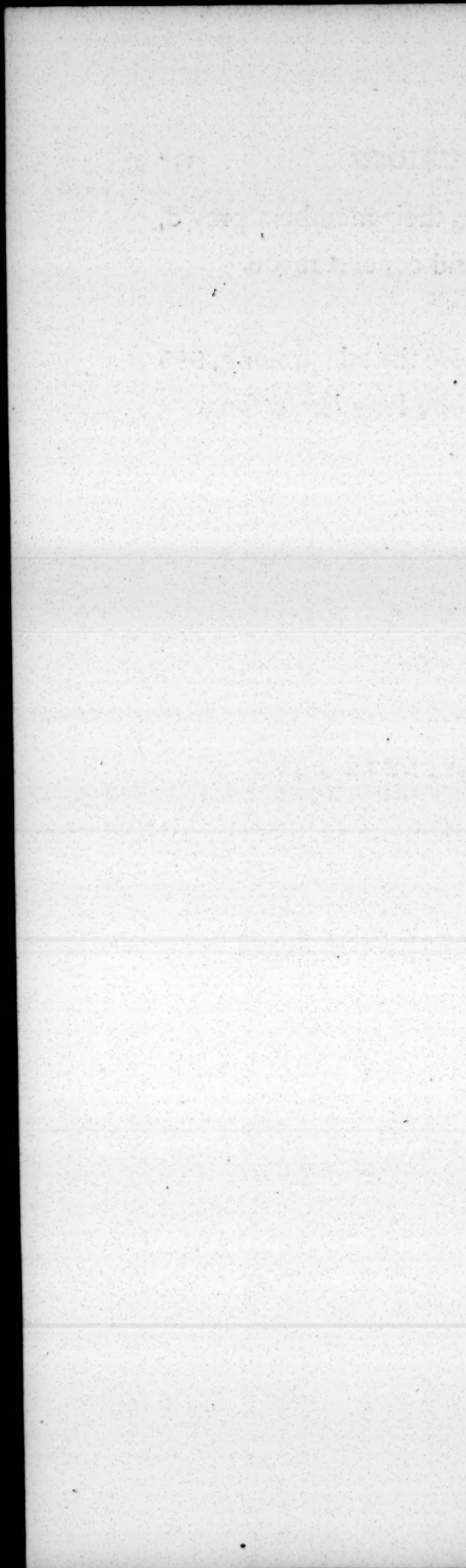
Now frantic sounds in mingled tumults rise,
Of dreadful howlings, groans, and dying cries; 990
As by their leader's cruel rashness slain,
One wretched fate involv'd the Pagan train,

While

While the flame crackling on their members prey'd,
And with their shrieks a horrid concert made.

But cease we here—nor more the tale prolong, 995
For my hoarse voice forbids the lengthen'd song.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.





4

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the siege of Paris. Astolpho is dismissed with presents from Logistilla, who sends Andronica and Sophrosyne to conduct him safely on his passage home. Their voyage described. Astolpho hears the future glory of Charles V. and many great men of his age. They reach the gulph of Persia, and Astolpho pursues his journey by land: He arrives in Egypt, and is warned by a hermit to shun the dwelling of Caligoran: his adventure with that giant. He finds the magician Orilo engaged in combat with Gryphon and Aquilant, who endeavour in vain to deprive him of life. Astolpho undertakes that adventure. Astolpho, Gryphon, and Aquilant, enter Jerusalem, where they are hospitably received by Sanfonetto, the Christian regent. Gryphon hears from a pilgrim unwelcome news of his mistress Origilla.

THE
FIFTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

GREAT honours every victor must obtain,
Let Fortune give success, or Conduct gain :
Yet oft a battle, won with blood, will yield
Less praise to him who boasts the conquer'd field.
But ever glorious is that leader's name, 5
And adds new laurels to his martial fame,
Who, while the forces of his foes o'erthrown
Proclaim his might, from loss preserves his own.
Such was the war by thee, my patron, wag'd,
When Leo on the waves had fiercely rag'd, 10
Had seiz'd each shore from where the Po descends,
And to the sea from Francolino bends.

Ver. 12. — *Francolino* —] A place forty miles from the
mouth of the Po.

VOL. II.

M

Though

Though from afar we seem'd his roar to hear,
When present thou, each breast forgot to fear:
Well didst thou teach us victory to gain: 15
By thee thy friends were sav'd, thy foes were slain.

Not so the Pagan chief who rashly bent
On Christian slaughter, down the deep descent
Compell'd unpitying his reluctant powers,
Where the dire flame the hapless band devours. 20
The fosse, though large, could scarce the throng receive,

But while the raging fires of life bereave
Each struggling wretch, on every limb they prey
Till shrunk to little space the mingled ashes lay.

Here thousands, as their chieftain's rashness led, 25
Midst flames and smoke are number'd with the dead:
Aloft in air their groaning spirits soar,
Their bodies, soon consum'd, are seen no more;
While he, from whom their dreadful sufferings rise,
Fierce Rodomont escapes, and as he flies 30
High bounding o'er the fosse that yawns below,
Lights on th' interior ramparts of the foe:
But had the trench the fearless chief receiv'd,
No more his arm had deeds of death atchiev'd!

Now when he turns to view th' infernal vale, 35
And sees on every side the flames assail

His social bands, and hears their shrieks and cries,
Impious he raves and loud blasphemes the skies.

While thousands here a strife unequal wag'd,
Where ruthless war with death and horror rag'd, 40
King Agramant before his army's head,

The fierce assault against a portal led,
Where less perchance he deem'd the Christian powers
Prepar'd in arms to guard their threaten'd towers.

With him in field king Bambirago shin'd, 45
And Baliverfo, basest of mankind!

With Chorineus, Prusio shares his toils,
The wealthy king who rules the happy isles.

Malabuferzo, who the region sways
Of Fez, for ever scorch'd with solar rays; 50

And many a chief, with others long inur'd
To fields of fight, and well in mail secur'd.

Though arm'd, yet numbers naked seek the field,
For not a thousand plates the coward shield.

But, all unthought, the king of Afric there 55
Found the strong sinews of the Christian war:

Ver. 48. — *who rules the happy isles.*] The Canary islands, formerly called the Fortunate islands, situated in the Atlantic ocean: these islands are subject to the Spaniards.

Imperial Charles, with him a generous train,
 King Salomone, and the noble* Dane :
 Each Angelino there his station took,
 With either Guido and Bavaria's duke †. 60
 There Ganelone, Berlinger appear ;
 Avino, Otho, and Avolio near :
 Unnumber'd more, of less reputed name,
 Who From the Fleming, Frank, and Lombard came :
 Alike prepar'd before their sovereign's fight, 65
 To show their valour with the first in fight.

Of these the tale shall speak some future time :
 Now to a noble duke I bend my rhyme ;
 The bold Astolpho, born on Albion's strand :
 Him late, far distant from his native land 70
 I left ; who now impatient seems to mourn
 His exil'd state, and languish to return,
 As promis'd oft by her, whose power had quell'd
 Alcina's navy and her flight compell'd ;
 Her's was the care to speed him on his way, 75
 To shield from danger and prevent delay.
 For this a galley had she launch'd, the best
 That ever plough'd the curling ocean's breast,

* UGERO.

† NAMUS.

Ver. 67. *Of these the tale shall speak* —] Continued, Book
 xvi. ver. 111.

And lest (for so her fears had oft divin'd)
 Alcina should impede his course design'd, 80
 She Andronica sends, with ships prepar'd,
 And fair Sophrosyne the knight to guard,
 Till in his fight th' Arabian sea appears,
 And through the Persic tide his vessel steers.
 She bids him rather coast the Scythian shore, 85
 And Nabatei and India's realms explore,
 With Persia's gulph, than tempt the seas where rave
 Eternal winds that swell the northern wave,
 And where, for many a month, no sun displays
 Above th' horizon his enlivening rays. 90

Thus all dispos'd, the dame with friendly heart
 Now grants the duke permission to depart,

Ver. 81, 82. — *Andronica — Sophrosyne* —] Fortitude and Temperance, as mentioned in notes to Book x. ver. 348.

Ver. 81. — *with ships prepar'd*] *Un grossa armata* — a powerful fleet. — There is some obscurity in this narrative, for it does not clearly appear what vessels went with Astolpho. It seems by the poet's words, when Astolpho leaves the port of India, that he had only one galley in which he sail'd with Andronica and Sophrosyne; nothing is said of any armed force throughout the voyage, till they come to the gulph of Persia, when the poet mentions ships in the plural number,

— pigliaro il porto, e fur conversi
 Con la poppa alla ripa i legni vaghi.

They seek the port, and resting on the strand,
 With poop to shore the painted vessels stand.

But first, on many a subject grave and sage,
 Instruction gives, too long to swell the page.
 And lest a hostile power should once again 95
 His senses fetter in some magic chain,
 She on the knight a wondrous book bestow'd,
 Which fair to see full many a secret show'd :
 This for her sake he took—a faithful guide,
 A guard against enchantments to provide. 100
 Here, while his eyes the learned leaves peruse,
 Each spelful mystery explain'd he views.
 Another gift she brought of magic power,
 (A gift so rare was never seen before)
 A sounding horn that scatters instant fear 105
 With horrid noise in every trembling ear.

Such

Ver. 97. *She on the knight —*] The fiction of the book is drawn from Boyardo. Orlando having delivered a young man from the power of a giant, receives from the father a present of a book that would resolve all doubts. Orlando ascends a mountain, the summit of which was inhabited by a Sphynx, of whom he enquires after Angelica: the monster proposes a riddle to him, but he being unable to answer it, kills her, and afterwards finds the riddle explained in this book. Flordelis has likewise a book by which she enters into a detail with Rinaldo of the several wonders of the garden of Falerina.

ORL. INNAM. B. i. C. v. xvii.

Ver. 105. *A sounding horn —*] This horn appears to have been in a great measure the invention of Ariosto, at least in the extent

Such was the din, where'er its echoes spread,
The boldest knight, appall'd with terror, fled.

Not

extent of the wonderful effects here ascribed to it: it is copied by Spenser. When Arthur is brought by Una to deliver the Red-cross knight from the giant Orgolio, his squire, on their arrival at the castle-gate, sounds a horn, which is thus described.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again;
No false enchantment, or deceitful train,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain;
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite and brast.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. i. C. viii.

Mr. Warton says, "It seems rather strange that Spenser should make so little use of this horn. He has not scrupled to introduce the shield, though as manifestly borrowed from Ariosto, upon various occasions."—Notes to FAIRY QUEEN.

"Turpin mentions a wonderful horn which belonged to Roland. Olaus Magnus relates, that this horn, which was called Olivant, was won together with the sword Durenda (Durindana, so celebrated in Ariosto) from the giant Jutmundus by Roland; that its miraculous effects were frequently sung by the old Islandic bards in their spirited odes, and that it might be heard at the distance of twenty miles. A horn was a common expedient for dissolving enchantments.

Not such the mingled roar when winds resound,
 When thunders roll, and earthquakes rock the
 ground !

110

Rich

chantments. Cervantes alludes to this incident of romance where the devil's horn is sounded as a prelude to the disenchanting of Dulcinea. Dante mentions the horn of Orlando thus : while they are wandering along the banks of Phlegethon as the twilight of evening approaches, Dante suddenly hears the sound of a horn more loud than thunder or the horn of Orlando.

Ma io sento sonare alto corno —

Non sono sì terribilmente Orlando —

“ Virgil's Alecto's horn is as high and extravagant as any thing of the kind in romance,

——— cornuque recurvo

Tartaream intendit vocem : qua protenus omne
 Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ :
 Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
 Sulphurea Nar albus aqua —

Æneid, Lib. vii. ver. 513.

——— to her crooked horn,

Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
 Adds all her breath ; the rocks and woods around
 And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound ;
 The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
 The Veline fountains and sulphureous Nar,
 Shook at the baleful blast, the signal of the war !

DRYDEN.

See WARTON's History of Poetry, vol. iii. p. 246.

“ I:

Rich in th' fairy's gifts, th' intrepid duke
 His last farewell with grateful feeling took :
 He leaves the port, the quiet bay he leaves,
 And in his poop the prosperous breeze receives.
 And now along the spicy shore he flies, 115
 Where India's rich and peopled towns arise.
 He sees a thousand isles on either hand
 Dispers'd—and now he views Tomaso's land :

And

“ It is said (in an old romance) that Alexander gave the signal to his whole army by a wonderful horn, of immense magnitude, which might be heard at the distance of sixty miles, and that it was blown or sounded by sixty men at once. This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jutmundus, and which, as Turpin and the Islandic bards report, was indued with magical power. Cervantes says, that it was bigger than a weaver's beam. Boyardo, Berni, and Ariosto have all such a horn, and the fiction is here traced to its original source.”

See WARTON'S History of Poetry, vol. i. p. 132.

Ver. 115. *And now along the spicy shore he flies,*] There can be little doubt but Tasso had an eye to this book when he described the voyage of Charles and Ubald to bring Rinaldo from the island of Armida. The whole passage, particularly the prophecy relating to the future discoveries in navigation, is exactly in the spirit of Ariosto.

Ver. 118. — *Tomaso's land:*] By the land of Tomaso is meant the province of Malabar, where St. Thomas the Apostle, after having preached the gospel to many nations, it is said, at last suffered martyrdom.

“ While

And here her course the wary pilot veers,
And bending to the north the vessel steers :

120

The

“ While Gama lay at anchor among the islands of St. George, near to Mazambie, there came three Ethiopians on board, (says Faria y Soufa) who seeing St. Gabriel painted on the poop, fell on their knees in token of their Christianity, which had been preached to them in the primitive times, now corrupted. It is reported that the Portuguese found two or three Abyssinian Christians in the city of Mombaze, who had an oratory in their house. In the south parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, by which Apostle their ancestors had been converted. For 1300 years they had been under the patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their archbishop. Francisco Rez, a Jesuit missionary, complained to the Portuguese archbishop of Goa, that when he shewed these people an image of our lady, they cried out : “ Away with that filthiness ! we are Christians, and do not adore idols or pagods.”

MICKLE’S note to the *iii*d *Lusiad* of Camoëns.

Camoëns at the conclusion of his poem has a particular passage relative to St. Thomas, in describing the religious state of the several provinces of India.

Here India’s angels weeping o’er the tomb
Where Thomas sleeps, implores the day to come ;
The day foretold —when India’s utmost shore
Again shall hear Messiah’s blissful lore.
By India’s banks the holy prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour God.

Where

The golden foil of Chersonesus past,
 She ploughs the billows of the wat'ry waste;
 And views, as near she coasts the fertile shores,
 Where Ganges to the sea his waters pours
 With whitening foam—the Taprobana views, 125
 And Coris next; and now her course pursues
 Where mariners th' advancing cliffs survey,
 That form, with seas confin'd, a narrow bay:

Where pale disease ere-while the cheek consum'd,
 Health, at his word, in ruddy fragrance bloom'd:
 The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
 And to the chearful day restor'd the dead:
 By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,
 And gain'd the nations by his life divine.

MICKLE'S Lusiad, B. x.

See the whole passage and the note annexed, for a full account of this matter.

It is observed by Mazzoni, in his Defence of Dante, that it was impossible from the Chersonesus for Astolpho to see the land of St. Thomas, being at a distance of four hundred miles on the coast of Malabar, neither could he, having past the Chersonesus, see the mouth of the Ganges, which he must have left some hundred miles behind him in doubling Cape Comorin. But Ariosto's Geography appears very erroneous; he speaks of Cochin as the last country which they left in India, whereas Cochin lay the furthest country to the east, and the course of Astolpho was westward to the Red Sea. Tasso is much more correct in his voyage of Rinaldo, Book xiv.

At length the realm of Cochin she perceives,
And thence the furthest bound of India leaves. 130

While thus Astolpho cuts the briny tide,
Safe in the conduct of a skilful guide,
He Andronica asks, if e'er 'twas known
That regions, titled from the setting sun,
Had sent a venturous bark with oars and sails, 135
To catch in eastern seas the driving gales;
Or vessels thence their constant track might keep
To France or Britain thro' th' unfathom'd deep?

Then Andronica thus—the earth embrac'd
With ocean's arms that circle round her waste, 140
On every part collected waters sees,
Where summers scorch them, or where winters freeze:
But since, where Æthiopia south extends,
Far tow'rd's the pole the savage land descends,
There are who say that Neptune's power withstood,
Here finds a barrier to th' indignant flood. 146

Ver. 133. *He Andronica asks, —*] Ubald, in Tasso, enquires nearly in the same manner of his pilot, if any navigators had gone the like voyage before.

Then Ubald thus began—Say thou, whose power
Gives us these endless waters to explore,
Did ever prow before these seas divide?

Tasso's Jerusalem, B. xv. v. 177.

Hence

Hence from our clime no vessel courts the breeze,
To spread her daring sail on Europe's seas :
Nor pilot yet, from distant Europe, braves
The lengthen'd tides to stem our eastern waves. 150
Far in the west, when years their course have roll'd,
I see new Argonauts their sails unfold ;
And many a Tiphys ocean's depths explore,
To open wondrous ways untry'd before.
Some coasting round the shelves of Afric, trace 155
Th' extended country of the fable race,
To pass the line whence blazing Phœbus burns,
And to your realms from Capricorn returns :
At length the Cape's extremest point they gain
That seems to part from our's the western main : 160
Each clime they view, and search, with ceaseless toils,
The Persian, Indian, and Arabian isles.
Some pass the pillars rais'd on either strand,
The well-known labour of Alcides' hand,
And like the circling sun, with sails unfurl'd, 165
Explore new lands in some remoter world.

Ver. 151. *Far in the west, —*

155. *Some coasting round the shelves of Afric, —*] The poet here alludes to the discoveries in navigation made by the Spaniards and Portuguese, the first directing their course to the west, and the second to the east.

Behold

Behold the sacred Cross uprais'd, behold
 On the green turf th' imperial staff unroll'd.
 Lo, some to guard their infant navy run,
 Some haste to seize the land their toils have won.
 A thousand chac'd by ten forsake the fields: 171
 To Aragon the furthest India yields.
 The chiefs of Charles (the fifth that bears the name)
 Where'er they pass, behold them crown'd with fame!
 Heaven wills these climes, to future sailors shown,
 Now rest, and shall for ages rest unknown, 176
 Till in due time a monarch great and wise,
 Shall like Augustus o'er the nations rise:
 From Aragonian and from Austrian blood
 I see beside the Rhine's far winding flood 180

This

Ver. 175. *Heaven wills these climes, —*] The poet, in the following passage, alludes to the discoveries of the new world by Christopher Columbus; of whom also Tasso.

'Tis thou, Columbus, to another pole
 Shall rear the mast and o'er the surges roll,
 While with a thousand wings and thousand eyes
 Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!

Book xv. ver. 234.

Ver. 179. *From Aragonian and from Austrian blood*] He celebrates the emperor Charles V. who was born at Ghent in Flanders, in the year 1510. His father, Philip the Handsome, archduke

This ruler born, whose valour shall excel
What pens before could write, or tongues could tell.
By him Astræa see recall'd to earth,
Or rather, dead, reviv'd to second birth ;
And every virtue by her hand replac'd, 185
Which wretched mortals from the world had chac'd.
For these deserts th' eternal will of Heaven,
Not only to his sovereign rule has given
The crown which Trajan and Augustus wore,
Which Marcus and Severus held before, 190
But bids his power to every realm extend,
Where suns by turns arise, by turns descend ;

archduke of Austria, was the son of the emperor Maximilian, and of Mary, the only child of Charles the Bald, the last prince of the house of Burgundy. His mother Joanna was the second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Aragon. A long train of fortunate events had opened the way for this young prince to the inheritance of more extensive dominions than any European monarch since Charlemain. He was contemporary with Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England.—See ROBERTSON'S History of Charles V.

Many of these predictions were inserted, or enlarged, in the latter editions of the poem, for the first edition was only fifteen years after the birth of Charles, and some of the events did not take place till after the first publication ; which observation will hold good in several other parts of the work.

And

And wills that under his auspicious sway
 One faithful flock one shepherd should obey.
 To work these ends th' Almighty shall decree 195
 For him unconquer'd chiefs by land and sea.
 Lo! Cortez who shall Cæsar's arms extend,
 And to his potent laws new cities bend;
 With kingdoms so remote, that yet their name
 From western regions ne'er to India came. 200
 Behold where Prospero Colonna stands:
 Pescara's marquis next my voice demands;

And,

Ver. 197. *Lo! Cortez* —] After the navigation to the new world by Christopher Columbus, who had been sent by the king and queen of Spain, the emperor Charles V. sent Herman Cortez, who made an entire conquest of the kingdom of Mexico.

Ver. 201. *Behold where Prospero Colonna stands* :] In the war of the Milanese 1521, the Imperial troops took the field under the command of Prospero Colonna, the most eminent of the Italian generals, whose extreme caution, the effect of long experience in the art of war, was opposed, with great propriety, to the impetuosity of the French. He afterwards drove the French out of Milan, having defeated them at the battle of Bicocca: He made himself master of Genoa. Colonna at the age of fourscore defended Milan against the French, who attacked it under the command of Bonnevill. —See ROBERTSON'S History of Charles V. vol. ii.

Ver. 202. *Pescara's marquis* —] "The marquis of Pescara was joined with Prospero Colonna in the war of the Milanese:

he

And, lo ! the third—a youth whose single praise
With Gallia's sons th' Italian name shall raise.

I see

he took Milan by assault : he is particularly applauded for his generous attention to the chevalier Bayard, at the death of that brave man. When Mezieres was besieged by the Imperialists, the French committed the defence of the place to chevalier Bayard, distinguished among his contemporaries by the appellation of *the knight without fear and without reproach*. The punctilious honour and formal gallantry of this man, bore a nearer resemblance than any thing recorded in history, to the character ascribed to the heroes of chivalry ; he possessed all the talents that form a great general. When the French were obliged to quit the Milanese, the chevalier received in an action a mortal wound, and being unable to continue any longer on horseback, he ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy ; then fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God ; and in this posture, which became his character, both as a soldier and as a Christian, he calmly waited the approach of death. Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy's troops, found him in this situation, and expressed regret and pity at the sight. " Pity not me," cried the high-spirited chevalier ; " I die as a man of honour ought, in the discharge of my duty : They indeed are objects of pity, who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The marquis de Pescara, passing soon after, manifested his admiration of Bayard's virtues, as well as his sorrow for his fate, with the generosity of a gallant enemy ; and finding that he could not be removed with safety from that spot, ordered a tent to be pitched there, and appointed proper persons to attend him. He died, notwithstanding their care, as his ancestors for several genera-

I see him now in glorious zeal prepare 205
 With these to strive, from these the wreath to bear.
 The generous courser thus with rapid pace
 Contends, and leaves his rivals of the race.
 Such is Alphonso, such his worth appears,
 So far above the promise of his years, 210
 Th' imperial monarch shall in him confide
 To lead his armies and his councils guide,
 Till by this chief, his warlike thunders hurl'd,
 Shall spread his banners o'er the subject world.
 Nor less his empire where the billows roar 215
 From Europe's bounds to Afric's burning shore:

tions had done, in the field of battle. Pescara ordered his body to be embalmed, and sent to his relations. Pescara died at the age of thirty six, and left behind him the reputation of being one of the greatest generals and ablest politicians of that century."

ROBERTSON'S History of Charles V. vol. ii.

Ver. 209. *Such is Alphonso*, —] Alphonso D'Avolo, marquis of Vasco, succeeded the marquis of Pescara. He was governor in Milan. He was remarkable for the beauty of his countenance. He was taken by Philippino Dorea, at the siege of Naples, and contracted an intimate friendship with Andrew Dorea. These three were captains of Charles V. in all his victories over Francis: He died the year before Francis.—EUGENICO, PORCACCHI.

There

There equal conquest shall his arms attend,
When gallant Dorea he secures his friend.
Lo! this the Dorea, who shall bravely free
From numerous pirates all your midland sea. 220

Ver. 219. *Lo! this the Dorea, —]* “ Andrew Dorea was the ablest sea-officer of his age : by his assistance, Lautrec, generalissimo of the French, made himself master of Genoa. At length, disgusted with the French, he revolted to the emperor : This gallant officer, the citizen of a republic, and trained up from his infancy in the sea-service, retained the spirit of independency natural to the former, together with the plain liberal manners peculiar to the latter. A perfect stranger to the arts of submission or flattery, necessary in courts ; but conscious at the same time of his own merit and importance, he always offered his service with freedom, and often preferred his complaints and remonstrances with boldness. Dorea, having left the French service, meditated the delivery of Genoa from the yoke it groaned under ; which he soon effected ; and it was then in his power to have rendered himself the sovereign of his country, but with a magnanimity, of which there are few examples, he sacrificed all thoughts of aggrandizing himself, to the virtuous satisfaction of establishing liberty in his country : By his wise conduct he put a stop to all faction, and lived to a great age, beloved, respected, and honoured : His memory is still revered by the Genoese, and he is distinguished in the public monuments, and celebrated in the works of their historians, by the most honourable of all appellations, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, AND THE RESTORER OF ITS LIBERTY.”

See ROBERTSON'S History of Charles V. vol. iii.

Not such was Pompey's praise, though waſting ſwarms
 Of corſairs he ſubdu'd with Roman arms ;
 For what was Dorea's, nam'd with Pompey's power,
 That bow'd each ſtate and ravag'd every ſhore ?
 Yet he by conduct wiſe and dauntleſs might 225
 Shall purge the ſeas—till from rude Calpè's height
 To ſevenfold Nile, whene'er his name they hear,
 I ſee the diſtant nations ſhake with fear.
 Behold conducted by this leader's hand
 Imperial Charles has reach'd Bologna's land. 230
 Lo ! to admit him wide the gates are thrown,
 His awful brows receive the ſacred crown.

Ver. 221. *Not ſuch was Pompey's praiſe, —]* Andrew, with twelve gallies, freed the ports and ſeas from corſairs : and the terror of his name was ſo great, that Barbaroſſa, the admiral of Tunis, many times ſhunned to engage him. Pompey the Great was deputed by the ſenate to clear the ſeas of pirates, which he effected in a ſhort time ; but as Pompey was ſupported by the whole force of the Roman empire, the poet here extols the valour and conduct of Dorea, who performed ſuch ſervice with ſo inconfiderable a force.

Ver. 229. *Behold conducted by this leader's hand
 Imperial Charles —]* The emperor Charles V. coming to Bologna to receive from Pope Clement the crown of the empire, embarked at Barcelona on board Dorea's gallies, who having driven the French from Genoa, received the emperor in that city, in order to conduct him thence to Bologna.

His

His country's freedom patriot Dorea gains,
 When others for themselves had forg'd her chains.
 Such generous zeal shall longer glory yield, 235
 Than Julius' battles in the sanguine field;
 Where Gallia, Spain, or Britain's distant shore,
 Afric or Thessaly confess'd his power.
 Not great Octavius; nor Antonius great,
 The mighty rival of Octavius' state, 240
 Such wreaths deserves—the' ambition that annoy'd
 Their nation's freedom every praise destroy'd!
 Let these, let all who strive their country's fame
 To sink in bondage, glow with guilty shame;
 Nor dare to lift their eyes, where'er they hear 245
 Great Dorea's honours breath'd in every ear.
 Behold where Charles (whose ampler bounty flows
 On virtuous Dorea's worth) on him bestows
 A fruitful soil, which gift in Puglia lays
 The first foundation of the Norman praise. 250
 Nor he alone, but all like him, who dare
 In Cæsar's cause the deathful combat share,
 Partake his smiles, and happier Cæsar's breast
 For lands and cities, through his grace possess

 Ver. 248.

— on him bestows

A fruitful soil, —] The emperor having created
 Dorea high admiral of the seas, gave him in Puglia the principality
 of Melfi.—PORCACCHI.

By those he loves, or those whose worth obtains 255
His bounty, than for all the realms he gains.

While Andronica thus each chief displays
Whose future deeds the name of Charles shall raise ;
Her fair companion to the eastern gales
Now shifts and now extends the bending sails : 260
Now this, now that she courts to speed their course,
And now decreases, now augments their force.
At length the Persian sea their vessel laves,
And round them flows a vast expanse of waves.
Few days were past, when to the gulph they came,
To which of old the Magi gave the name : 266
They seek the port, and resting on the sand
With poop to shore the painted vessels stand.
And now Astolpho from Alcina's power
Pursues his path in safety on the shore. 270
Where many a plain he travels, many a wood,
And many a desert vale and mountain rude.

Ver. 259. *Her fair companion* —] Fernari allegorizes the passage thus :—Andronica (Fortitude) speaks of high achievements and victories : Sophrosyne (Temperance) rules and represses the wind ; that is, governs and keeps in due bounds the passions and affections of the soul.

Ver. 266. *To which of old the Magi gave the name ;*] The Magi were an ancient sect of Persia, that for a long time usurped the kingdom. In the Persian gulph was a port called from them the port of the Magi.

There oft by day, and oft by midnight shade,
What murderous bands his lonely steps invade !
Lions and dragons fell his eyes survey, 275
With every beast that haunts the dreary way.
But when he to his lip the horn applies,
Each ruffian foe, each savage monster flies.

Arabia nam'd the happy, now he gains,
Incense and myrrh perfume her grateful plains : 280
The virgin Phœnix there in feats of rest,
Selects from all the world her balmy nest.
He saw, where once for Israel's chosen band,
Th' avenging waters, by divine command,
Proud Pharaoh with his numerous host o'erthrew ;
At length he near the land of heroes drew. 286
By Trajan's banks he spurs with winding course
His steed, unmatch'd in swiftness as in force ;
When o'er the field he leads the bounding race,
No eye his footstep in the dust can trace : 290
Soft snows and tender grass his hoofs sustain,
He sweeps unbath'd the billows of the main :

Ver. 286. *At length he near the land of heroes drew.*] By this must be understood the land celebrated for the heroes of ancient story.

Ver. 287. *By Trajan's banks* —] He means by this the cut made by Trajan, extending from the Nile to the Red Sea.

Argalia own'd him late—no mortal fire
He knew, conceiv'd of nimble wind and fire:
Not fill'd with earthly food, his purer frame 295
Was nurs'd with air, and Rabican his name.

Astolpho still his eager way pursu'd
To where the Nile receives the lesser flood.
But ere he reach'd the river's mouth, he spy'd
A bark that tow'rd's him swiftly stemm'd the tide.
An aged hermit in the stern appear'd, 301
Adown his bosom way'd his silver beard.
With frequent cries he call'd the knight to take
With him protection and the land forsake.
O! if thou prizest life, my son, (he said) 305
Nor seek'st this day to mingle with the dead,
Speed to the further shore without delay,
For yonder path to death will lead thy way.
Scarce shalt thou pass a few short miles, before
Thine eyes shall view the dwelling red with gore.
In this his life a dreadful giant leads, 311
Whose height, by many a foot, the height exceeds
Of human race—no traveller, or knight
Can hope t' escape alive by force or flight.

Ver. 296. *Rabican his name.*] The account of this horse is in
Boyardo. See Note to Book vii. ver. 481.

All cruelties his fiend-like arts contrive, 315
He slaughters some, and some devours alive.
To seize the wretch his glutton maw destroys,
With cruel sport he first a net employs
Of wondrous make, and near the cave with care
Hides in the yellow sands the fatal snare. 320
Who comes untutor'd in his subtle wiles,
Nor knows the danger, nor suspects the toils :
Then tow'rd the destin'd place with horrid cries,
He drives the stranger, who affrighted flies,
Till with loud laughter he beholds his net 325
With tangling meshes every limb beset.
No traveller he spares, nor knight, nor dame
Of high repute or undistinguish'd name :
He sucks the marrow and the blood he drains,
He chews the flesh : the bones bestrow the plains :
And dire with human skins on every side 331
He hangs his dwelling round in horrid pride.
Then hear, my son, consent yon path to take
That to the sea secure thy way will make.

Good father thanks, and deem not I despise 335
Thy proffer'd love (the fearless knight replies)
But danger light against my glory weighs,
Nor life I prize compar'd with endless praise,
Thou seek'st to shake my fix'd resolves in vain,
Behold I haste yon drear abode to gain. 340

With loss of honour safety might be won,
 Yet more than death such safety must I shun.
 If now I go, what can I suffer more
 Than what such numbers there have met before?
 But should Heaven's pow'r so far my arms sustain 345
 That he should yield, and victor I remain,
 Behold I make yon path secure for all:
 Slight harm may chance, but greater good befall,
 My single life expos'd in balance weigh
 Against the thousands I may save to-day. 350

Go then in peace, my son (the hermit cries)
 Heaven send his Angel Michael from the skies
 To guard thy person in the hour of fight!
 So spoke the simple fire, and bless'd the knight,
 Who, as by Nilus' banks the steed he guides, 355
 More in his horn than in his sword confides.

Between the rapid stream and fens there lay
 Amid the sands a narrow lonely way,
 That soon the champion to the dwelling drew,
 Whose ruthless host no tender pity knew. 360
 Of wretches thither led, around were strung
 Dissever'd heads, and naked limbs were hung;
 And

Ver. 361.

— around were strung

Dissever'd heads, —] The dwelling of this giant
 resembles the den of Cacus in Virgil,

———— semper.

And not a gate, or window there, but shew'd
Some horrid fragment dropping fable blood.

As in the Alpine heights or rustic town, 365

The hunter, long in sylvan perils known,
Aloft suspends the paws and shaggy spoils

Of savage boars, the trophies of his toils;

So the fierce giant would the mightiest tell

That in his power by cruel fortune fell. 370

The bones of others spread the country o'er,

And every ditch is fill'd with human gore.

Before the cave Caligorant appears,

(Such is the name the dreadful giant bears)

Who, for rich rooms with gold and tap'stry spread,

Adorns his horrid mansion with the dead. 376

He sees the duke at distance on the plain;

He sees, and scarcely can his joy contain:

For thrice the moon had chang'd, and not a knight

Had past that way to glut his longing sight. 380

——— *semperque recenti*

Cæde tenebat humus, foribus affixa superbis

Ora virum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.

ÆNEID. Lib. vii.

With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor;

Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,

Dreadful to view and dropp'd with crimson gore. }

PITT. ver. 257.

See likewise *POLYPHEME* in *Homer*.

Now

Now tow'rds the fen with eager pace he speeds,
(The fen o'er-grown with sedge and spiky reeds)
In hope to drive the champion in the bands
That close were spread beneath the treacherous
fands,

As oft before he many a wretch had caught, 385
Whom evil destiny had thither brought.

Soon as the Paladin the foe survey'd,
Awhile in deep suspense he cautious stay'd,
Left, as the hermit warn'd, his courser's feet
Should unawares th' entangling meshes meet. 390

But here his magic horn the warrior tries ;
His magic horn its wonted aid supplies.
The giant hears, and struck with sudden fright
Reprints his backward steps : the Christian knight
Repeats the blast : amaz'd in every sense 395

The giant flies, but knows not where nor whence :
Headlong he rushes on the toils, ensnar'd
In his own toils for others oft prepar'd.

The net extending drags him to the ground,
And clasps in twining links his body round. 400

Astolpho who th' enormous bulk survey'd
Low stretch'd on earth, at once with naked blade
Leap'd from his steed, for many a thousand dead
To take due vengeance on the murderer's head,

But

But now he fears, to kill his wretched thrall, 405
 Mankind would baseness more than courage call,
 While on the plain all motionless he lies
 Fast fetter'd with indissoluble ties.

This net of steel with more than mortal art
 Had Vulcan fram'd, to break whose smallest part 410
 No strength avail'd: with this of old were bound
 Venus and Mars in Love's embraces found.

The jealous God contriv'd the subtle toils
 To entrap the God of arms and queen of smiles.
 Hermes from Vulcan this by stealth remov'd 415
 To seize fair Chloris, long his best lov'd;
 Chloris, of bright Aurora's train, who flies
 Before the sun, and round the dappled skies
 From her full vest the silver lily strows
 The purple violet and blushing rose. 420

Her closely Hermes watch'd, till with the snare
 One day he caught the flying nymph in air.

Ver. 416. — *Chloris*, —] Chloris was a nymph of whom Zephyrus was enamoured, and having spoiled her of her virginity, he gave her the name of Flora. She was also called Zephyretta, from the name of the wind: Pope gives this last name to one of his Sylphids.

The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care.

RAPÉ of the Lock.

Then

Then was it known for ages to remain
Within Canopus at Anubis' fane.

Three thousand years elaps'd, at last arose 425
Caligorant, the worst of impious foes,
Who seiz'd with daring hand the net divine,
And fir'd the town and robb'd the holy shrine.

From this Astolpho takes a length to bind
The caitiff's arms; these pinion'd close behind 430
With band on band secur'd he firmly ties,
Then from the net he frees and bids him rise.
His fierceness tam'd submissive now he stands,
Mild as some damsel, to the knight's commands,
Who thinks to lead him thence, in triumph shown 435
Thro' many a city, fort, and peopled town:
With him resolv'd the wondrous net to take,
Whose like no mortal tool or hand could make.
Then on his captive's back he lays the weight,
And leads behind him, in victorious state, 440
The wretch, consigning to his servile care
The ponderous helm and maffy shield to bear;
And welcome joy imparts where'er he goes,
Since fear no more the pilgrim's bosom knows.

Thus

Ver. 444. *Since fear no more* —] “ Ariosto, by Caligorant
and his net, had an historical allusion to a famous sophist and heretick
of

Thus pass'd Astolpho, till he near espies 445
The well-known pyramids of Memphis rise ;
Memphis, that draws her greatest fame from these ;
Now crowded Cairo he before him sees.
The people flock to view with eager eye
The giant's towering height, and wondering cry : 450
Whence could yon pigmy knight such prowess show
To bind in captive chains so huge a foe ?
While each beholds him with enraptur'd gaze
And gives him every palm of knightly praise.

Not then such streets and domes could Cairo boast
As now suffice not half the' unnumber'd host 456
That there reside ; though great each mansion's height,
'Tis said that hundreds pass'd unhous'd the night.
There in a castle fair the Soldan dwells,
Whose spacious structure others far excels ; 460
And thrice five thousand, held in vassal awe,
All renegados from the Christian law,

of his own time, who entangled people in his sophistical net of false logic : this heretick and sophist became an orthodox and useful man afterwards, as Caligorant did, when foiled by his weapon and well instructed by Astolpho. Ariosto's poem, like Spenser's, is full of historical allusions, as well as moral allegories. Ariosto has imagined the giant and net of Caligorant from the giant Zambardo in Orlando Innamorato, Book i. c. vi."

UPTON'S Notes on Spenser.

With

With wives and steeds, and each domestic train,
Beneath one roof his ample walls contain.

Where Nile his stream to Damiata guides, 465
And where he rushes in the briny tides,
Aftolpho pass'd, yet none (so went the fame)
Escap'd alive or free that thither came.
There on the shore and near the mouth of Nile,
Lodg'd in a tower a robber liv'd by spoil 470
Of travellers and pilgrims thither led,
And even to Cairo's gates his rapine spread.
For though his limbs a thousand wounds receive,
Not one the caitif could of life bereave.
To prove if aught avail'd in bloody strife 475
To make the Sisters cut his thread of life,
Aftolpho now to Damiata came
And fought the wretch—Orilo was his name.

Arriving

Ver. 478. — *Orilo was his name.*] Here follows one of the most extravagant of Ariosto's fictions: it is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the story is thus told by Boyardo.

“ After the brothers Gryphon and Aquilant were delivered from the castle of the fairy, where Mandricardo had won the arms of Hector, they pursued their journey together till they met two ladies, attended by two dwarfs, one lady was clothed in white and the other in black vestments, the dwarfs were apparelled in like manner, and one lady rode a white and the other a black palfrey. These ladies, knowing

Arriving where the sea receives the Nile,
 He fees the castle on the sandy soil, 480
 Where dwelt th' enchanted soul, no son of earth,
 Who from an imp and fairy drew his birth.
 Already there the fight with dreadful rage
 He fees two warriors with Orilo wage.
 Alone Orilo stood, but such his might 485
 That scarce their skill suffic'd each noble knight
 Himself to guard; yet long for valour known,
 Their fame in arms o'er all the world was blown.
 These youths their birth from Olivero take,
 Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black. 490
 When first the field the necromancer fought,
 With great advantage on his side he fought:
 With him a monster came, to whom the earth
 Of Egypt gives its unpropitious birth.
 He basks on shore, or lives beneath the flood, 495
 And human bodies are his dreadful food,

knowing that the stars threatened the two knights with untimely death in France, in order to prevent their fate, engaged them to undertake the conquest of Orilo, who could not be killed by a mortal weapon. The knights had a dreadful battle with him, and slew a crocodile, which the necromancer brought with him, and the event continued undecided when a knight arrived, leading a giant in chains.

ORL. INNAM. B. i. C. ii. iii.

VOL II.

O

When

When thoughtless pilgrims by his rage are slain,
Or wretched mariners that plough the main.

The breathless monster stretch'd along the sand,
A victim lies to each brave brother's hand. 500

But not a wound can stern Orilo feel,
Though both the youths their blows united deal.

Full oft his limbs they lop, but lop in vain,
Nor though dismember'd can he yet be slain.

Depriv'd of hand or leg, his magic power 505
Returns it to the place it held before.

Now Gryphon to the teeth drives through his crest;
Now Aquilant divides him to the breast.

He laughs at all their blows in fell disdain,
They rave to find their blows bestow'd in vain. 510

So when we see the liquid metal fall,
Which chymists by the name of Hermes call,
Though here and there the parts dislever'd roll,
They soon again unite to form the whole.

His head lopt off, Orilo swift descends, 515
And eager in its search his arm extends;

Now by the nose he takes it, now the hairs,
And, fixing on the neck, the loss repairs.

Then vainly in the stream that near them flows,
Brave Gryphon's hand the sever'd visage throws: 520

Orilo dives, the bottom to explore,
And with his head returns unhurt to shore.

Two lovely dames, in comely garments drest,
 This clad in white, and that in fable vest,
 Who first to battle urg'd each gallant knight, 525
 Stood near beside to view th' unequal fight.
 These were the fairies, whose benignant care
 Had bred from earliest years the noble pair,
 When from two ravenous birds they snatch'd away
 The harmless babes that in their talons lay : 530
 Convey'd from weeping Sigismunda's hand,
 And borne far distant from their native land.
 But wherefore should I on this story dwell,
 A story all mankind have known so well?

Now from these climes withdraws the golden day,
 The happy isles receive the parting ray : 536

Ver. 527. *These were the fairies, —]* See the foregoing note. Boyardo lightly touches on the education and early adventures of these brothers, with the care taken of them by the two fairies, but seems, for particulars, to allude to some other story, which though it has escaped the translator's knowledge, might be familiar to the readers of Boyardo and Ariosto.

Ver. 535. *Now from these climes —]* All the following passage to the conclusion of the adventure with Orilo, is Ariosto's own, though engrafted on Boyardo's fiction.

Ver. 536. *The happy isles —]* The Canary islands.

Pale in the shade the misty objects gleam,
And the moon glimmers with a doubtful beam:
When fierce Orilo to his fort retir'd;
For now the white and fable dame requir'd 540
To stay the combat, 'till the roseate morn
In eastern skies should make her wish'd return.
Astolpho now, to whom before were known,
By each device, but more their valour shown,
Gryphon and Aquilant, with eager pace 545
Advanc'd and held them in a strict embrace.
Not less the brethren, when in him who drew
The giant chain'd, the English duke they knew,
With joy caress'd him, who to Gallia came
Known by the baron of the leopard's name. 550

The virgins led the warriors to repose,
Where near in view a stately palace rose;
Whence squires and damsels met them on the way,
With many a torch that cast a blazing ray.
Their courfers to th' attending grooms consign'd, 555
The knights unarm, and in a garden find,
Plac'd by a crystal fountain's murmuring tide,
A plenteous board with various cates supply'd.
Then with a massy ponderous chain they bind
The giant, on the grassy turf confin'd, 560

Ty'd

Ty'd to an oak's rough trunk, whose sturdy height
Had years defy'd; and lest the foe by night
Should seek to loose his bonds, and work them harm,
Ten soldiers round him watch'd to give th' alarm.

The costly wines that crown the sumptuous board,
With savoury viands, less delight afford, 566
Than the sweet converse of the social hour:
But chief Orilo and his magic power
Engross the talk; while still to every mind
It seems a dream, that head or arm disjoin'd, 570
And cast to earth, should thus again unite,
And he return more daring to the fight.

Already good Astolpho counsel took;
And soon he gathers, from his wondrous book,
No mortal hands Orilo's life can end, 575
Till from his head one fatal hair they rend,
That lost he dies—thus far the book can show,
But tells not how the fatal hair to know.
Nor less Astolpho conquest now enjoys,
Than if his arms had won the glorious prize; 580
And soon to each he makes his purpose known
To take th' adventure on himself alone,
To slay Orilo; would the brethren yield
To him the trial of the doubtful field.

These, well assur'd his courage vain to find, 585
Freely to him the arduous task resign'd.

Aurora through the skies her light extends,
When the fierce robber from his fort descends.
Astolpho and Orilo rush to fight :
One wields the mace, and one the falchion bright.
Astolpho long essays some well-aim'd blow 591
To chace the groaning spirit from his foe.
Now, with the mace lopt off, his better hand,
Now either arm falls bleeding on the sand :
With backward strokes he cuts him now in twain, 595
And with his members piecemeal strows the plain.
As oft Orilo bids the parts unite,
And wondrous stands with new-recover'd might.
Him in a hundred parts Astolpho hews ;
As oft his fever'd frame itself renews. 600
Amidst a thousand strokes, one happier sped
At length above the shoulders reach'd his head :
The head and helmet from the trunk it rends :
Sudden Astolpho from his seat descends :
Now in the matted locks with eager speed 605
His hand he fastens and remounts his steed :
Against the course of Nile he spurs, he flies,
And far from sad Orilo bears the prize.

Meantime

Meantime the wizzard hastens to explore
 (Unconscious what had past) the sandy shore. 610
 But when he finds the knight and courser fled,
 Had to the distant forest borne his head ;
 He takes his steed, and on his saddle light
 He leaps, and hastens to pursue the knight.
 He would have cry'd to bid the warrior stay, 615
 But the fierce duke had borne his tongue away.
 He spurs, he gives the rein ; but like the wind
 Soon Rabicano leaves him far behind.

And now Astolpho for the fatal hair
 Explor'd the head with unavailing care ; 620
 Eager to find, what found would end the strife,
 From which Orilo drew immortal life.
 Perplex'd he view'd the locks, alike in hue,
 Nor where to fix his doubtful choice he knew :
 At length—Let all be shorn (the warrior cries) 625
 And well his sword the place of shears supplies.
 The head his left, the sword his right-hand bears,
 With this he shaves around th' innumerable hairs.
 Among the rest the fatal hair he shears,
 Ghastly and pale at once the face appears : 630

The

Ver. 630. *Ghastly and pale* —] Whatever may be the extravagance of the fiction, yet the descriptive force of these lines must

The eyes roll inward, every symptom shows
That life at last has touch'd its wretched close :

be allowed to be admirable, and the instant change of the features, on cutting the fatal hair, exhibits a most striking picture. Metastasio has a fine passage of a similar kind, where the head of Holofernes is cut off by Judith, which she thus describes :

———— Ecco l'orribil capo
D'agli omeri diviso.
Guizza il tronco reciso
Sul sanguigno terren' : balzarmi sento
Il teschio semivivo
Sotto la man, che'l sostenea : quel volto
A un tratto scolorir ; mute parole,
Quel labro articular ; quegli occhi intorno
Cercar del sole i rai,
Morire, e minacciar, vidi e tremai.

BETULIA LIB. Part ii.

———— Behold the dreadful visage
Now sever'd from the trunk, the headless trunk
Sinks on th' infanguin'd earth—beneath my hand
That bore the weight, I felt the gasping head
Half living, move convulsive—from the face
All colour fled—the lips essay'd in vain
The uniform'd word—the ghastly rolling eyes
Yet sought the light, and threaten'd even in death.
I saw and trembled !

BETHULIA DELIVERED.

An Italian commentator says, that by Orilo the poet figures a noted Alchymist of his time, and by Astolpho, who deprives him of the means of rejoining his limbs, he denotes the person who cured him of his error.

The

The headless trunk that follow'd, sudden lies
Fall'n from its seat, no more again to rise.

Astolpho now the dames and warriors fought, 635
In his victorious grasp the head he brought,
With all the signs of late departed breath,
And show'd afar the carcase stretch'd in death.
'Twas doubtful, when the brother champions view'd
Orilo slain, what secret thoughts ensu'd 640

Ver. 635. *Astolpho now the dames—*] The story broken off by Boyardo is taken up by Ariosto, who brings Astolpho with Caligoris prisoner, to finish the adventure by the help of his book. The circumstances of the battle between the brothers and Orilo, are nearly the same in both poets.

“ The difficulty which prince Arthur finds in killing Maleger, seems to be copied by Spenser, from the encounter of Gryphon and Aquilant with Orilo, who, like Maleger, receives no injury from all the wounds that are given him; and the circumstances by which Maleger's death is effected, partake much of the fantastic extravagance of those by which Orilo is at last killed.”

WARTON'S Observations on Spenser.

He stroke at him so sternly, that he made
An open passage through his riven breast,
That half the steel behind his breast did rest ;
Which drawing forth he looked evermore,
When the heart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the floor,
But his dead corse upon the floor fell nathermore.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. xi. st. 37.

In

In either breast, perchance displeas'd to find
 Their hop'd-for wreaths another's temples bind.
 Nor yet more grateful than to either knight,
 Seem'd to each dame the issue of the fight,
 Who held them with Orilo there engag'd 645
 In fruitless toil, while thus the war they wag'd,
 To keep them both from France, where cruel strife
 Had menac'd soon to close their youthful life.

Soon as in Daniata's town declar'd,
 Orilo's death had reach'd the castle guard, 650
 The chief (as there the eastern nations use)
 Dismiss'd a dove to Cairo with the news.
 The message swift he bears; beneath his wing
 The letter fasten'd by a slender string.
 Another dove dismiss, the tidings spread 655
 O'er Egypt soon of fierce Orilo dead.

'Th' adventure finish'd thus, Astolpho warms
 The brother-knights to noble deeds of arms
 In aid of Charles—yet little each requires
 To fan the generous ardor that inspires 660

Ver. 652. *Dismiss'd a dove—*] This practice followed in Egypt
 of sending advices to distant parts, is described by Tasso.

These winged heralds thus the mandates bear
 Of eastern nations through the fields of air.

B. xviii. ver. 350.

His gallant breast to' assert the church's cause,
From insult to defend the Roman laws,
And midst their social bands to merit first applause. }

Thus Aquilant and Gryphon took their leave
Of either dame, who while they deeply grieve 665
At such resolve, yet could not here oppose
The glorious purpose which from virtue rose.
But ere the warriors bent to France their way,
They turn'd aside their pious rites to pay
In fainted regions, with the presence blest 670
Of God himself, in human flesh confest.

The right they follow'd, though the left hand show'd
A path more pleasing, where the winding road
Close by the sea in easy journey lay:
Lonely the right, and horrid was the way; 675
But sooner this, by many tedious days,
To Palestine the traveller conveys.
Here streams were found and herbage cloath'd the
plain

But every other good is fought in vain.
Hence, ere they parted, with foreseeing care 680
They due provisions for their use prepare,
And on the giant's shoulders place the freight,
Whose strength suffic'd to bear a castle's weight.

Soon

Soon as they reach'd the mountain's arduous height,
Lo ! sudden stretch'd before their raptur'd sight 635
That holy land, where never-ending Grace
Cleans'd with his blood the sins of human race.

When now the warriors near the city drew,
They met a noble youth, whom well they knew,
Of Mecca, Sanfonetto was his name, 690
His virtues great, and great his knightly fame :
In early prime of life, above his years
For prudence fam'd, and reverenc'd by his peers.
Orlando to our faith had brought the knight,
And with his hand bestow'd the Christian rite. 695
Him there employ'd in building forts they find,
Against th' Egyptian Calyph's bounds design'd ;
And now he frames the walls, to' enclose around
Mount Calvary, and fence the hallow'd ground.

From him such welcome every knight receives, 700
As the free soul to worth congenial gives.
He leads them to the gates with courteous grace,
And in his court assigns an honour'd place.
Those parts he rul'd ; and there vicegerent made
By royal Charles, the empire justly sway'd. 705

Ver. 690. *Sanfonetto*.—] The name of this knight does not appear in the *Innamorato*.

To him Astolpho gave his conquer'd prize,
 That captive giant of so huge a size,
 With whose strong nerves enormous weights to bear,
 Ten beasts of burthen scarcely could compare.
 With him Astolpho on the knight bestow'd 710
 The wondrous net to which he conquest ow'd.
 From Sanfonetto then the duke receiv'd
 A costly belt with rich embroidery weav'd;
 And two fair spurs, resplendent to behold,
 Gold were the buckles, and the rowels gold, 715
 Believ'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed
 The holy virgin from the dragon freed:

With

Ver. 716. *Believ'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed*

The holy virgin from the dragon freed:] St. George, the tribune of Cappadocia, according to the legendary fable, travelling through Lybia, delivered a virgin, a king's daughter, who was on the point of being devoured by a dragon: but Ariosto seems rather to allude to the mystic sense of the story, by which the virgin is made the type of Faith or Religion, and the dragon her ancient enemy (the old serpent) subdued by holy Fortitude. Tasso has a passage, where he describes the mother of Clorinda paying her secret devotions to a picture of this kind, which seems to give the whole an allegorical turn.

Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows,
 Where rich with life each mimic figure glows:
 There white as snow appears a lovely maid,
 And, near, a dragon's hideous form display'd:

A champion

With many a prize as rare were these obtain'd
By Sanfonetto, when he Zaffa gain'd.

Their sins absolv'd, amidst a faintly band 720
Of fathers held in reverence through the land
For pious works, they visit every shrine,
To meditate on mysteries divine:

These shrines, which now the sacrilegious Moor
Has wrested from the Christian's waining power. 725
O foul disgrace! To arms is Europe fir'd,
But wars not where her arms are most requir'd.

While these with rites of pure devotion pour'd
Their souls in prayer, and Heaven's high grace im-
plor'd,

A Grecian pilgrim came, who tidings brought 730
That deep distress in Gryphon's bosom wrought,
Absorb'd each calmer thought in black despair,
And scatter'd all his pious vows in air.

A champion through the beast a javelin sends,
And in his blood the monster's bulk extends:
Here oft the queen her secret faults confess'd—

Again—in her prayer—

Thou, heavenly Chief! whose arm the serpent brav'd, &c.

JERUSAL. DEL. B. ii. v. 173.

Ver. 728. *While these with rites of pure devotion—*] Sanfonetta
and Astolpho appear again, Book xviii. ver. 649.

Much

Much lov'd the knight, yet lov'd but to his shame,
 A damsel, Origilla was her name; 735
 With her but few could vie in charms of face,
 And few like her of mind deprav'd and base.
 Late, in the walls of Constantine behind
 He left the fair, by sharp disease confin'd:
 A fever's rage—and when return'd again 740
 He hop'd to find her from her bed of pain
 In charms restor'd, he heard the faithless dame
 Had, with a new-found object of her flame,

Ver. 735. *A damsel, Origilla was her name;*] Orlando going in search of Angelica, came one day to a bridge, guarded by a knight, where he found this Origilla hanging by the hair of her head on a tree, and was prevented from releasing her by the interposition of the knight, who told him a long story of her wickedness; but Origilla denying the charge, and Orlando pitying her condition, overthrew four knights, and carried her away with him: she deceived him by a wile, and stole his horse Brigliadoro, which he afterwards recovered. She then betrayed Orlando into the hands of the Pagan king Monodant, on condition that Gryphon, whom she loved, and who, with Aquilant, was prisoner to the king, should be given up to her. Gryphon and Aquilant, being both set at liberty, the two knights, with Origilla, between whom and Gryphon a close attachment had been formed, pursued their journey, till Origilla being taken sick, was left behind on the way, at which part Ariosto takes up her story. See ORL. INNAM. B. i. ii.

Ver. 738.—*the walls of Constantine—*] Byzantium, Constantinople.

To

To Antioch past,—perchance impatient grown
In prime of beauty's bloom to sleep alone. 745

From this sad moment Gryphon knows not rest,
By day, by night, sighs issue from his breast.
Let those that e'er have found Love's cruel smart,
Judge if he feels not now his keenest dart:
And more he suffers, doom'd the woes to feel, 750
Which conscious shame forbids him to reveal.

His brother Aquilant had oft reprov'd
His senseless passion; oft, with pity mov'd,
Strove from his heart to drive a worthless dame,
Who liv'd the scandal of the female name. 755

Yet, spite of truth, would Gryphon fain abuse
Himself unhappy, and her faults excuse.
At length he purpos'd to depart, unknown
Of Aquilant, and haste to Antioch's town;
And thence recover to his longing arms 760
The dame who first enslav'd him with her charms:
To drag his rival forth, and make him prove
His dreadful vengeance for insulted love.

How this he wrought, and what in course befel
His purpos'd search, th' ensuing book shall tell. 765

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO

VOL. II.

P

THE ARGUMENT.

THE meeting of Gryphon and his mistress Origilla. The siege of Paris continued. Rodomont, having leaped within the walls, makes a great slaughter. While Agramant, with his forces, is endeavouring to enter at a gate, Rinaldo, conducted by the Angel and Silence, comes to the assistance of the Christians. Speech of Rinaldo to his army. General attle described. Valour of Rinaldo. Zerbino signalizes himself. During the battle, Charles, who was engaged in a different quarter, in the defence of the city walls, hears the devastation made in the heart of the city by Rodomont, who was destroying all with fire and sword.

THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

OF woes in love unnumber'd hearts complain,
And I with these an equal share sustain:
If then with speech or pen I should declare
What pains oppress, and what are light to bear,
Confide in him, who from himself can tell 5
Those sufferings which he oft has known so well.
Though from her lover's sight the fair-one flies,
Frowns on his sorrows, and his suit denies;
Condemns him still unrecompens'd to waste
The tedious moments; if his heart is plac'd 10
On virtuous beauty, let him cease to mourn,
Nor deem his state of every hope forlorn:
But let him weep, him wretched must we call,
Whom lovely locks and sparkling eyes enthrall,
Where beauty serves but as a treacherous blind 15
To hide each vice that taints the female mind.

He seeks to fly, but like a wounded hart,
 Where'er he goes, he bears the fatal dart;
 He blushes for himself, he feels his shame,
 He knows no cure, nor dares avow his flame. 20
 Such was unhappy Gryphon's state, who views
 His fault too well, and still that fault pursues,
 He sees how ill his doting thoughts are plac'd
 On Origilla, faithless and unchaste:
 Yet Reason to controlling Love gives way, 25
 And Passion over Will usurps the sway.
 Her baseness, her ingratitude he knows,
 And still pursues her steps where'er she goes.

Now to resume the pleasing tale:—Unknown
 To all, he issu'd from the walls alone: 30
 Nor to his brother durst his purpose move,
 Whose better wisdom oft had check'd his love:
 But turning to the left, without delay,
 To distant Rome he takes the ready way.
 Six days elaps'd, Damascus strikes his eyes, 35
 And thence his course to Antioch's city lies:
 When near Damascus' walls the knight he met
 On whom his faithless dame had newly set

Her

Ver. 37. *When near Damascus' walls the knight he met
 On whom his faithless dame—*] This intrigue of Ori-
 gilla is not mentioned by Boyardo, but appears to be an incident
 naturally

Her changeful heart, and well the pair agreed
As with the fetid flower the noisome weed. 40
Both fickle, base, and vers'd in every wile,
With courteous show concealing mutual guile.
Thus, as I said, the base deceiver rode,
And, arm'd in pomp, a stately steed bestrode,
With Origilla, richly to behold 45
Array'd in azure garments fring'd with gold.
Two squires beside him pac'd along the field,
Who bore by turns his helmet and his shield.
For now he sought with every splendor shown,
To' attend a tilting in Damascus' town. 50
It chanc'd the Syrian monarch then declar'd,
By trumpet's sound, a sumptuous feast prepar'd;
Hence, from afar (as candidates for fame)
Adorn'd with every cost the warriors came.

Soon as the dame beheld her injur'd knight, 55
Brave Gryphon near, she trembled with affright.
She knew her lover's force too weak to wield
His arms against him in an equal field.
But vers'd in fraud, each feature soon she clears,
No voice, no gesture tells her inward fears : 60

naturally grafted on her story by Ariosto, and suitable to her character in the Orlando Innamorato.

Now with her partner she concerts the guile,
Then hastes to Gryphon with a treacherous smile:
In well-diffembled joy her arms she throws
Around his neck, and to his bosom grows:
With honey'd words, with every soothing art 65
Of dalliance fond she melts his easy heart.

Then weeping thus—Is this, my long-lost lord,
Is this, alas! my constant love's reward?
Twelve tedious months neglected and alone,
Gryphon nor hears my sighs, nor heeds my moan; 70
And had I stay'd his wish'd return to see,
That day perchance had ne'er been seen by me!
When with impatience from Nicofia's court,
(Where many a knight and damsel made resort)
I hop'd thy swift return to me bereft 75
Of every joy, by thee unkindly left;
When the fell fever prey'd upon my life,
And death stood threatening in the dubious strife;
I heard my Gryphon, (all his vows forgot)
Had Syria reach'd—How cruel then my lot! 80
Hopeless to follow—desperate thoughts suggest
With my own hand to pierce my wretched breast.
But favouring Fortune's better care supply'd
That succour, which thy cold neglect deny'd:

She,

She, in my brother sent a valu'd friend 85
From all mischance my honour to defend ;
And now, a bliss above each blessing dear,
Gives me to meet my lord, my Gryphon here !
Sure but for this my soul had wing'd her flight
In fond impatience for thy much-lov'd fight! 90

So spoke the damsel fraudulent of mind,
Mistress of art and basest of her kind ;
So well she knew her feign'd complaints to frame,
That all to Gryphon she transferr'd the blame ;
And made him with such eyes her minion view, 95
As if their birth they from one parent drew ;
And with such specious tales beguil'd the youth,
Not John nor Luke bore clearer marks of truth.
Thus she, as foul in heart as fair in look,
Disarm'd brave Gryphon of prepar'd rebuke : 100
Enough, that from himself he can remove
The heavy charge of her neglected love.

Th' impostor greeting now, with him he steer'd
His friendly way, and as they journey'd, heard
That Syria's wealthy king proclaim'd a court, 105
For splendid show, where knights of every fort,
Of Christian faith, or bred in Pagan laws,
Whom rumour to the festive meeting draws,

Without the walls, or in the town secure,
Remain, unquestion'd, while the jousts endure. 110

Yet think me not so eager still to dwell
On Origilla, and her story tell,
(Whose life each lover, that her smiles believ'd,
A thousand times with female guile deceiv'd)
That here my muse forgets again to turn 115
Where warring squadrons throng'd on squadrons burn
With martial fury, while in arms they make
Proud Paris tremble, and her bulwarks shake.
I left where Agramant assail'd a gate
He vainly deem'd in weak defenceless state, 120
But not a part more strongly could oppose,
With chosen troops, th' incursion of the foes.
There Charles himself, with leaders well prepar'd,
There Otho and Avolio kept the guard :
Two Guidos, either Angelino there, 125
Avino, Angelero, Berlinger.

Each Pagan warrior to new fame aspires,
Nor less each Christian glows with generous fires :
All anxious in their sovereign's fight to gain
The meed and praise which loyal deeds obtain. 130

Ver. 111. *Yet think me not* —] The story of Origilla and Gryphon is continued, Book xvii. ver. 118.

Nor

Nor yet the Moors with hardy feats of arms
 Efface the stain of late inflicted harms;
 While countless numbers, slaughter'd by the foe,
 A dire example to the living show.
 Thick from the walls, like hail, the arrows pour, 135
 And whelm th' assailants with an iron shower.
 From either host in deafening clamour rise
 Tumultuous shouts, and mingle in the skies.

But leave we Charles and Agramant awhile,
 And to the Mars of Afric turn our stile, 140
 The dreadful Rodomont, who uncontroul'd
 Rag'd thro' the city, who, as late we told,
 Left in the dreadful trench his hapless powers
 Where, dire to see! the flame each limb devours,
 While o'er the fosse that girt the city round, 145
 He safely lights within the hostile ground.

Soon was the fatal Saracen espy'd,
 Known by his foreign arms and scaly hide;

Ver. 147. *Soon was the fatal Saracen espy'd,—*] Thus Virgil describes Turnus when by chance shut within the walls of the enemy.

*Agnoscent faciem invisam atque inmania membra
 Turbati subito Æneadæ — Æn. ix. 735.*

—— his blazing buckler they descry,
 The sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
 His mighty members and his ample breast,
 His rattling armour and his crimson crest.

DRYDEN.

Where

Where weak old age and those unnerv'd with fear,
To catch each rumour lent a trembling ear. 150
'They ring their hands, loud cries and groans ascend,
And shrill laments the starry region rend.
To houses some, and some to temples run ;
Each seeks by flight his threaten'd death to shun.
But this to few the murderous falchion yields, 155
That whirling round the furious Pagan wilds.
Here, on the ground, dissever'd limbs are spread,
Far from the trunk, there falls the bounding head :
Through one, with backward stroke, the steel he
 guides,
And one, down cleft, from head to breast divides :
Of all he wounded, kill'd, or held in chace, 161
Not one would turn to meet him face to face.
As midst the harmless herds by Ganges' waves,
Or in th' Hircanian fields the tiger raves ;
Or where, o'erwhelm'd by rocks, Typhæus lies, 165
On goats and lambs the wolf resistless flies :
The savage Pagan thus unpitying flew
Not martial squadrons, but a heartless crew :
Meer vulgar souls that ne'er in arms could vie,
Souls only worthy to be born and die. 170
Thence to Saint Michael's bridge with eager haste
Fierce Rodomont the timorous people chac'd.

Alike

Alike with him the lord, the servant fares ;
 His ruthless hand nor faint nor sinner spares.
 Religion to the priest is no defence ; 175
 Nor to the babe avails its innocence.
 Nor dames nor virgins find relenting grace
 For lovely eyes or for a blooming face :
 Nor hoary age is safe—against the foes
 Not more the Pagan proofs of valour shows 180
 Than cruel thirst of blood—sex, rank, and age
 Fall undistinguish'd by his fiend-like rage.
 Nor this fell king, of impious kings the worst,
 On human lives exhausts his wrath accurs'd :
 Against the senseless domes his arm conspires, 185
 The sacred fane, the stately roof he fires.
 In Paris (fewel meet to feed the flame)
 Of timber then was rais'd each ample frame ;
 And now, in many a street, as travellers tell,
 Her citizens in wooden structures dwell. 190
 Unfated yet while thus his hate he fed,
 And round him wide the conflagration spread ;

Ver. 175. *Religion to the priest is no defence ;*] Thus Statius in the xth Book of his Thebaid.

— non ullius ætas,
 Non cultas, non forma movet, pugnantibus idem
 Supplicibusque furit.—

The

The strongest pillars in his grasp he took,
And from its base the nodding mansion shook!
Not Padua's engines, of the mightiest size, 195
Thou e'er hast seen, with force that could suffice,
To' o'erturn the piles which (terrible to view)
Dread Sarza's king in smoking ruins threw.

While thus the tyrant sword and fire employ'd,
And burnt the town and lives on lives destroy'd, 200
Had Agramant without alike prevail'd,
Paris had sunk and all her glory fail'd!
But this the Paladin forbade, who came
From distant Albion to the field of fame,
Beneath whose care the Scotch and English spread 205
Their bands, by Silence and the Angel led.
Heaven will'd when Rodomont at first engag'd
In blood and slaughter through the city rag'd,
That Clarmont's leader*, with auxiliar powers,
Should near advance to Paris suffering towers. 210
Above the town a bridge prepar'd he threw,
And to the left his winding forces drew,
That when he led them rang'd against the foes,
No crossing river might their march oppose.
Six thousand archers first, with banner spread, 215
He sent on foot, by gallant Edward led ;

* RINALDO.

With these two thousand horse, whose chosen bands,
All lightly arm'd, brave Arimon commands;
Who near Saint Martin and Saint Denis gate,
Might enter Paris and relieve her state. 220

He sends apart each car and loaded wain,
And every charge that might their speed detain;
While, higher up the Seine, with circling course,
Himself conducts the remnant of his force,
With barks and bridges fram'd to pass the tide, 225
Whose depth the eager troops to ford deny'd.

All safely past, and every bridge with care
Behind destroy'd, he forms in rank of war
His various powers, but first he summons all
The knights and barons: each obeys his call: 230
He mounts a height, whence every eye and ear
May view his gesture and his speeches hear.

Then thus—'Tis yours, O chiefs! to lift in praise
Your hands to Heaven, who now decrees to raise
Your favour'd names, one glorious labour o'er, 235
And give such wreaths as ne'er were given before.
Chace from yon sacred walls our impious foe,
Two princes shall to you their safety owe:

Your

Ver. 238. *Two princes shall to you their safety owe:*

Your sovereign first,—] He here addresses himself particularly

Your sovereign first, whose hopes on you depend
To guard his freedom and his life defend: 240
Then, royal Charles, whose virtues have excell'd
Whoe'er on earth has rule imperial held:
With these full many a king, and chief of fame,
Of various countries and of various name.
Thus while your arms preserve yon grateful town,
Not only Paris shall your succours own; 246
Paris, whose sons now stand a heartless train,
Less fearing for the woes themselves sustain,
Than for their helpless wives and children's sake,
Who equal danger with themselves partake; 250
And holy maids, whom cloister'd walls enclose,
This day perchance defrauded of their vows;
But every country far and near, whose laws
Submit to CHRIST and own his hallow'd cause:
For not a Christian town but fees expos'd 255
Some citizen in yonder gates enclos'd.
If once, by public voice, the ancients gave
A civic crown to him, whose arms might save
A single life — what honours must be yours,
Whose aid unnumber'd souls from death secures?

ticularly to the English: by their sovereign he means Otho king of England, father of Astolpho, then besieged in Paris with Charlemain and many others.

But

But if or fear or envy should impede 261
Th' atchievement of so great, so just a deed,
Should hostile force destroy yon sacred wall,
Soon Italy and Germany may fall,
With every realm that worships him who sign'd 265
With blood a ransom for redeem'd mankind.
Nor hope the Moors will from your lands abstain,
(Your lands encircled by the roaring main)
If these could once from Zibelterra's strand,
Or Gades' confines, rush with daring hand 270
To waste your isles—how must their power increase,
When Gallia's conquer'd states their sway confess.
But grant, nor honour nor advantage rise
To crown our toils in this day's enterprize,
Yet duty bids us with their arms unite, 275
Who for one cause, for one religion fight!
Soon shall I lead your victor-bands to throw
In disarray the legions of the foe,
That all unskill'd in labours of the plain,
Appear a weak, unarm'd and heartless train. 280
With words like these addrest Rinaldo fir'd
Th' attentive leaders, and his host inspir'd;
When, as the proverb speaks, was little need,
As with sharp spur to goad the willing steed.

His

His speech thus clos'd, his triple force he leads, 285
And up the stream with silent course proceeds,
Beneath their standards rang'd in fair array,
Nor drums, nor shouts, their wary march betray.
He gives Zerbino first the glorious post
T' attack with Scottish arms the Pagan host; 290
While bending round, far stretching o'er the plain,
He sends the warriors of Hibernia's train.
The duke of Lancaster his central bands,
Compos'd of English foot and horse, commands.
These orders given, the Paladin pursu'd 295
His eager course along the winding flood
Beyond Zerbino's troops—when now appear
Oran's huge king and king Sobrino near;
Who, first of Afric's sons, with dauntless air,
Their weapons to receive the foes prepare. 300

Soon as the Christian host, with banners spread,
By Silence and the heavenly Angel led,
Perceive the foe, no longer they suppress
That kindling warmth repeated shouts confess.
The skies re-echo to the trumpet's blast, 305
And every Pagan shrinks with fears aghast.
Rinaldo flies, with martial ardor prest,
His courser spurs, and bears his lance in rest:

No longer in the ranks remain'd confin'd,
 But leaves the Scots an arrow's flight behind. 310
 As when a whirlwind's rage resistless flies
 Before a tempest gathering in the skies:
 So, darting from the files, th' intrepid knight
 Impell'd Bayardo to the wish'd-for fight.

Soon as the Paladin was seen in arms, 315
 The conscious Moors preface approaching harms:
 See in each hand the fearful javelin shake,
 The trembling knee in every stirrup quake!
 Alone king Puliano knows not fear,
 Who little deem'd Rinaldo's arm so near; 320
 Nor thinking here t' oppose such matchless force,
 Incites his rapid steed to brave the course.
 Firm o'er his spear he bends, and aiming just,
 In all his strength collects him to the thrust:
 With either spur he gores his fiery steed,
 And all the reins abandons to his speed:

Ver. 317. *See in each hand the fearful javelin shake,
 The trembling knee in every stirrup quake!]* Tasso
 has the same idea in the speech of Godfrey to his army before the
 last general battle.

The swords now tremble, trembles every shield,
 Their fearful standards tremble on the field.

JER. DEL. B. XX. ver. 101.

VOL. II

Q

While

While he, whose blood in Amon's veins had run,
Whose deeds might speak him Mars' redoubted son,
Displays at full, what art or grace can yield
To crown the glory of the dreadful field. 330

Alike each chief his threatening spear address'd,
With skilful aim against the adverse crest,
But far unlike th' event!—one breathless lies,
Slain in the shock; one gains the victor's prize.

More proofs of valour must in arms appear 335
Than with a martial air to wield the spear;
But Fortune's partial smiles o'er all prevail,
Without whose aid even Valour's self will fail.

His trusty lance the knight in rest replac'd,
And next Oran's gigantic sovereign fac'd, 340
Whose dastard mien bespoke his trembling heart,
Though large his bones and strong each nervous part.
No buckler could the fatal wound prevent,
Deep in his belly's rim the weapon went,
And holding on its course without control, 345
From the vast body drove the little soul.

The steed inur'd long sultry hours to sweat
Beneath his giant lord's unwieldy weight,
To good Rinaldo seem'd his thanks to pay,
Who freed him from the burthen of the day. 350

His

His javelin broke, Rinaldo turns his steed
Swift as if wings impell'd his rapid speed,
And midst the thickest press with eager course,
He thunders on, resistless in his force.
With desperate sway Fusberta round he wields; 355
Before whose edge the brittle armour yields.
Not temper'd steel, nor scaly mail defends,
But to the quick the thirsty steel descends.
Shields lin'd with hides or fenc'd with plated wood,
Turbans and quilted vests distain'd with blood, 360
Confess his arm; where'er his stroke pursues,
Helm, cuirass, shield, he pierces, breaks, and hews,
Which such resistance to his sword oppose,
As grass against the scythe, or corn when Boreas
blows.

The foremost band was now dispers'd and fled, 365
When to the fight his van Zerbino led:
First of the throng, with spear in rest, he flew:
Beneath his standard all his troops pursue
With equal valour—not with greater rage
Lions and wolves with goats or sheep engage. 370
Each spurs his courser on the adverse host,
And soon the closing space between is lost.
They meet, they shock—but meet with chance unlike;
The Scots alone with conquering weapons strike.

The Pagans faintly strike, or breathless lie, 375
As if they fought the battle but to die.

A sudden chillness every Moor oppress'd ;
A sudden ardor swell'd each Scottish breast.

The troops of Afric, struck with panic fear,
In every Christian think Rinaldo near. 380

Sobrino now to combat moves, while all
His troops obey, nor wait the herald's call.

This squadron o'er the rest might honour claim
For arms, for valour, and its leader's fame.

His Dardinello led, but ill secur'd 385

In tatter'd arms, and worse to fight inur'd ;
While on his head a shining helm he plac'd,
And every limb in jointed armour cas'd.

The following squadron Ifolero led ;

Then Thrafo, duke of Mar, his banner spread. 390

Now Ariodantes, adding to his name

Albania's dukedom, with his warriors came,

Where Ifolero bravely he beheld

With forces of Navarre invade the field. 394

Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous sound
Join the hoarse drums : wheels clatter o'er the ground :

Huge

Ver. 395. *Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous sound*
Join the hoarse drums : —] This passage may be
adduced

Huge engines creak : stones rattle from the sling :
 From twanging bows unnumber'd arrows sing ;
 While louder clamours seem to rend the skies,
 Triumphant shouts, and groans, and dying cries: 400
 Such is the din where falling Nilus roars,
 And deafens, with his surge, the neighbouring shores !
 From either army storms of arrows fly,
 Whose dismal shadows intercept the sky ;
 While sultry vapours mix'd with dust ascend, 405
 And black as night in clouds condens'd extend.
 Now these, now those to fickle chance give way ;
 Lo ! this pursues, and that deserts the day.
 One breathless here is stretch'd, while near him slain
 His foe beneath him there has prest the plain. 410

adduced as an example of the fire of Ariosto's battles, the noise occasioned by the encounter of the two armies is nobly compared to the cataracts of the Nile. Petrarch has a similar allusion.

——— come il Nil d'alto cagendo
 Co'l gran suono i vicin d'intorno afforda.

Ver. 404. *Whose dismal shadows—*] Ariosto seems here to allude to the known answer made by Epaminondas, the Spartan general, to one who told him the arrows of the enemies were so numerous, that their flight would obscure the sun : “ Then (replied the Spartan) we shall fight in the shade.”

Q 3

When

When spent with toil one squadron seems to yield,
Another hastens to sustain the field.
Now here, now there, the throng of arms increas'd;
There thrust the foot, and here the horsemen press'd.
The earth on which they fought, impurpled grew, 415
And chang'd her green for robes of sanguine hue:
Where flowerets lately deck'd th' enamell'd way,
Now horse and man in mingled carnage lay.

First of the field Zerbino's might appears
Beyond the promise of his early years: 420
Fierce on the foes that near him thickening drew,
He rush'd, and round him wide destruction threw,
While to his band which newly here he sway'd,
Brave Ariodantes deeds of worth display'd;
Dispersing chilling fear and wonder far 425
Amidst the ranks of Castile and Navarre.
Two bastards, Mosco and Chelindo, bred
In Aragon of Calabruno dead;
And one, who late from Barcelona came,
Calamidorus, not unknown to fame, 430
To seek Zerbino's death, around him press'd,
And to his courser's flank their spears address'd:
Pierc'd by their spears he fell, with him to ground
Zerbino fell, but fell without a wound.

When

When soon recovering on his feet he rose, 435

T' avenge his courser on th' exulting foes.

Through Mosco first (who rashly hop'd to take

The knight dismounted, and his prisoner make)

He thrust his blade with unabated force,

And laid on earth a pale and lifeless corse. 440

When now Chelindo saw his brother slain,

He rag'd, and 'gainst Zerbino spurr'd amain

His trampling steed, but heedful to the shock

Zerbino, as he pass'd, the bridle took,

And sent the beast to earth, no more to rise, 445

No more to need from generous corn supplies.

Zerbino with such force the stroke impell'd,

At once the courser and his lord he fell'd.

Calamidorus, who beheld them slain,

Scar'd at the blow, turn'd round his horse's rein. 450

Stay, traitor, stay—(enrag'd Zerbino cries)

And aims a stroke behind him as he flies.

The sword fell short and miss'd the knight's intent,

Yet miss'd not far—behind the wretch it went,

A furious passage through the crupper found, 455

And brought the courser lifeless to the ground.

The rider quits his seat, in hopes to gain

On foot his safety, but he hopes in vain :

Duke Thrafo passing by (so will'd his fate)
O'erturn'd and crush'd him with his courser's weight.
Now Ariodantes with Lurcanio drew 461
Where fought Zerbino in the thickest crew;
With these came lords and knights of great account,
Who brought their aid Zerbino to remount.

His falchion Ariodantes whirl'd around, 365
Which Attalico and Margano found.
But chief the strokes his deathful weapon dealt,
Etearchus and Cassimirus felt.

The former couple wounded left the plain:
The last, more luckless, by his arm were slain. 470
Alike Lurcanio marks of prowess show'd,
Who round confusion, death, and terror strow'd.

Deem not that less in field the conflict rag'd,
Than where the squadrons near the stream engag'd:
Nor think the army lagg'd behind, which brought
By Clarence' noble duke the battle fought: 476
This fierce the banner'd powers of Spain defy'd,
While equal Fortune paus'd on either side,
Alike in both, foot, horse, and chieftains wield
Their skilful weapons to dispute the field. 480
Oldrado first and Pharamond appear:
The valiant dukes of York and Glo'ster near.

With

With these bold Richard earl of Warwick shines,
And Henry, duke of Clarence, guides the lines.
To these oppos'd (with each his martial band) 485
There Mattalifa, Follicones stand ;
With Baricondo—one Almeria sway'd,
Granada this, Majorca that obey'd.
Awhile with equal arms the battle rag'd,
Nor this, nor that with better chance engag'd. 490
By turns they chace, by turns are backward borne,
As to the breeze of May quick shifts the standing
corn ;

Or as the sea, whose waters ne'er repose,
Plays on the strand with ceaseless ebbs and flows ;
Till Fortune, that had held in equal scale 495
Each adverse host, bade Albion's arms prevail
Against the Moor—The duke of Glo'ster's force
Hurl'd Mattalifa headlong from his horse ;
While in his shoulder Pharamond a wound
Impress'd, and Follicones threw to ground : 500
Thus low on earth each hapless Pagan laid,
Was captive to the English camp convey'd ;
And Baricondo in the fatal strife,
To noble Clarence yields his forfeit life.
Such terrors now each Pagan foe oppress'd, 505
Such courage swell'd in every Christian breast,
That

That those no longer wield their arms in fight,
 But quit their ranks and turn their backs to flight:
 While these advancing as their foes withdrew,
 Press'd on their rear and unrelisted flew : 510

And had not succour reach'd the fainting host,
 That day had quell'd each Pagan's haughty boast.

Ferrau, who distant thence till now engag'd,
 On king Marfilius' side the battle wag'd,
 Soon as the flying standards he beheld, 515
 The slaughter'd troops and half his army quell'd,
 His foaming courser spurr'd, and instant flew
 Amidst the thickest of the warring crew ;
 Where first he saw fall headlong to the plain,
 Cleft through the head-piece, young Olympio slain :
 Once was he skill'd in sweetest lays to sing 521
 Soft notes responsive to the tuneful string ;
 And boasted with his harp and voice to move
 The sternest breast to blandishment and love,

Ver. 520.—*young Olympio slain :*]—There is a great resemblance between the following passage describing the death of Olympio and the behaviour of Ferrau upon the occasion, with that of Tasso, in the ninth book of the Jerusalem, where Solyman sees his favourite page killed by Argellino. The circumstances are beautiful in each poet, nor can Tasso be accused of taking much more than the hint from Ariosto.

Well

Well if contented with his humbler fame, 525
He ne'er had fought the warrior's dangerous name,
But loath'd the buckler, quiver, shield and lance,
That wrought his downfall in the fields of France.
When now Ferrau, who priz'd him dear, beheld
The stripling pale, and bleeding on the field, 530
For this his ruthless bosom sorrow'd more
Than all the thousands that were slain before.

Against the victor swift his rage he bent,
Sheer through his casque the steel resistless went,
Sever'd between the brows his gasping head, 535
Cleft to the breast, and hurl'd him with the dead.
Nor thus appeas'd, he whirl'd around his blade,
Through helm and mail its edge a passage made.
Through face or breast the speeding steel he thrust:
There drops an arm; here rolls a head in dust. 540
Where late th' ignoble vulgar, fill'd with dread,
Dispers'd and broken from the battle fled;
Now here, now there he hew'd his bloody way,
And sudden chang'd the fortune of the day.

Meanwhile king Agramant advancing, came 545
To prove his valour in the field of fame;
He Baliverfo, Ferrarantes brought;
With him king Prusio, Bambirago fought,

And

And Soridano—with a throng, whose blood
Might drench the meadows in an ample flood. 550
Their number such—'twere easier to explore
Th' autumnal leaves that strow the vallies o'er.
Now Agramant collects a chosen force
(Drawn from the walls) of mingled foot and horse;
These, guided by the king of Fez, he sent 555
To guard his camp that stretch'd in wide extent,
On which th' Hibernian chiefs their forces bent.

This task perform'd, the monarch summons all
The remnant powers ; they thicken at his call.
These to the charge with rapid haste he leads, 560
Where near the stream the fight his presence needs:
And whence a message in Sobrino's name,
But late arriv'd, his sudden aid to claim.
Beneath him rang'd a vast innumerable throng,
(His army's better half) now pours along : 565
So loud their march, the Scots suspended hear,
They leave their ranks and stain their fame with fear.
Alone Zerbino and Lurcanio stay,
With Ariodantes, in the dreadful day.
Zerbino still unhors'd perchance had dy'd, 570
But that Rinaldo timely aid supply'd.
The glorious Paladin had driven in flight
A hundred banners from the fatal fight,

When

When to his ear dispers'd by ready fame,
The tidings of Zerbino's danger came, 575
Whom single and on foot to death expos'd,
His troops had left by shouting Moors enclos'd.
He heard, and turn'd his steed with ire,
Where from the field he saw the Scots retire,
And thus aloud—Ah! whither would ye haste? 580
What shameful panic has your arms disgrac'd?
Shall this vile race your ancient honours scorn?
Behold the spoils that should your fanes adorn!
Great is your praise, from circling foes to run,
And leave unhors'd, alone, your monarch's son. 585
Then from his squire a mighty spear he took,
And Prusio king of Alvarecchia struck,
Who met the weapon on his breast, and left
His lofty steed, of feat and life bereft:
He Agricaltes flew, and, hurl'd to ground, 590
Stretch'd Bambirago with a mortal wound:
Brave Soridano next his spear had slain,
But with the stroke the weapon burst in twain.
His javelin broke, Fusberta next he drew,
And rushing fierce on Serpentino flew, 595
Who on his shield a star conspicuous bore,
And armour, forg'd by fatal magic, wore:

Yet fell the sword with such resistless sway,
That stunn'd and breathless on the plain he lay.

When the brave chief of Caledonia's band 600
Beheld the wish'd relief, his ready hand
A courser seiz'd from those that o'er the plains
Freed from their riders ran with loosen'd reins.
In happy time the vacant feat he gain'd,
For lo! with many a gallant troop sustain'd, 605
Young Dardinel and Agramant appear,
The king Sobrino and Balastro near.

But fearless, from his courser he survey'd
The thickening crowd, and, whirling round his blade,
Now this, now that dispatch'd to shades of hell, 610
The lives, which mortals led on earth, to tell.
Rinaldo, who, with generous ardor fir'd,
To vanquish those of highest name aspir'd,
On Agramant, who tow'r'd in arms above
A thousand chiefs, Bayardo swift he drove 615
With sidelong shock, and sent, with thundering force,
To earth at once the horseman and the horse.

While thus without the walls the hosts engag'd,
Where mutual hatred, death and horror rag'd,
In Paris Rodomont the people flew, 620
And fire amidst the domes and temples threw.

Imperial

Imperial Charles who thence at distance fought,
Nor saw, nor heard what woes the Pagan wrought ;
And now intent auxiliary force to gain,
Receiv'd within the gates the British train, 625
By Arimon and gallant Edward led :
When lo ! a squire, his visage pale with dread,
Appears, and oft in undistinguish'd cries
Exclaims, ere breath his further speech supplies.

This day behold the Roman empire lost ! 630
This day has CHRIST abjur'd the Christian host !
This day, some Demon 'scap'd from deepest hell,
Forbids us longer in these walls to dwell.
Satan (no less a fiend such rage can breathe)
Deforms the wretched town with woe and death. 635
Ah ! turn and see where blackening to the skies,
From crackling flames the smoky volumes rise !

He said, and while he spoke, th' Imperial chief
The mingled clamours heard that claim'd relief.
And saw the ruddy blaze—As one who hears 640
The sacred bells that tinkling in his ears,
Proclaim the fire, to others first reveal'd,
Though most his loss from him alone conceal'd :
So look'd the monarch when the truth he knew,
When the dire prospect rose before his view : 645

Around

Yet fell the sword with such resistless sway,
That stunn'd and breathless on the plain he lay.

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When the dire prospect rose before his view : 645

 Around

Around him he collects a chosen force,
And to the city's square with rapid course
His banner turns, for thence the tumult came,
There fierce the Pagan raves with sword and flame :
There Charles beholds with cruel carnage spread 650
Th' impurpled earth, the dying and the dead.

But here we pause—let those who would pursue
The tale, some future time the tale renew.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. II.

R

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and his Paladins go against Rodomont. Gryphon, Martano, and Origilla, arrive in the city of Damascus, where they are hospitably entertained by a knight, who relates to them the story of king Norandino and Lucina, and their adventure with the Orc : he declares that the king had instituted a tournament to be held in commemoration of the deliverance of himself and his queen. The knights agree to be present at this solemnity. The tournament described. Cowardice of Martano. Valour of Gryphon, who overcomes all opponents. Martano by fraud obtains the prize of the jousts, and Gryphon is openly put to shame.

THE
SEVENTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN, ripe for punishment, our sinful race
Have past the limits of supernal grace,
T' assert his justice on offending earth,
God gives to tyrants and to monsters birth;
Strengthens their power and rage t' afflict mankind: 5
Domitian, Scylla, Marius, hence design'd
The plagues of man, each Nero, Caius came,
And Antonine (the last that bore the name):
Hence, from the refuse of Plebeian clay,
He lifted Maximin to sovereign sway: 10

Ver. 6. *Domitian, Scylla, Marius, —]* The names of several Roman emperors and others, celebrated for acts of tyranny and cruelty.

Ver. 7. *— Caius —]* Caius Caligula.

Creon he sent the Theban throne to fill;
 Mezentius dire his people's blood to spill;
 And to the Huns, the Goths, and Lombards gave,
 In later times, Italia to enslave.
 How shall I speak of Attila? How dwell 15
 On Roman Ezzellino's crimes, or tell
 A thousand more, by God's high doom assign'd
 His fearful ministers to scourge mankind?
 This awful truth not ancient times alone
 Declare, but well the present age has shown; 20
 When us, his wandering and forsaken sheep,
 His anger gives to ravenous wolves to keep;
 Who

Ver. 12. *Mezentius* —] A king of Tuscany, whose cruelty is thus mentioned by Virgil.

Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
 Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora,
 (Tormenti genus!) et sanie taboque fluentes
 Complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.

ÆN. viii. ver. 485.

The living to the dead, at his command,
 Were coupled face to face and hand to hand;
 Till, choak'd with stench, in loath'd embraces ty'd,
 The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and dy'd.

DRYDEN, ver. 630.

Ver. 15, 16. — *Attila?* — *Ezzellino* —] See notes to Book iii.

Ver. 21. *When us, his wandering and forsaken sheep,*] After

Who not content to glut their cruel rage,
 And with their blood their horrid thirst assuage,
 Invite from foreign woods a fiercer breed 25
 Of Wolves more ravenous at their feast to feed.
 Th' unbury'd heaps that Thrasymene beheld,
 The blood that Cannæ's plain, or Trebbia swell'd,
 Are little to the slaughter that imbru'd
 Our fields, by many a passing river view'd. 30
 For sins long past, perchance has Heav'n decreed
 Our woes from them, whose crimes our own exceed:
 But justice once fulfill'd, our happier bands
 May turn hereafter on their hostile lands,
 When healing pardon to our prayer is given, 35
 And they in turn confess the wrath of Heaven.

What guilt must now the Christian cause debase,
 To draw such suffering on their wretched race!

ter the defeat at Ravenna, Pope Julius invited the Switzers and other nations into Italy, when many cities were taken, battles fought, and great slaughter made in different parts.

Ver. 27. *Th' unbury'd heaps that Thrasymene beheld,*

The blood that Cannæ's plain,—] Two memorable battles, in which the Romans were defeated by Hannibal. So great was the slaughter at Cannæ, that Hannibal is said to have sent to Carthage three bushels filled with rings taken from the dead Roman knights.

See in each part the Turk and Moor assail!
See pillage, insult, rape and death prevail! 40
But o'er the rest their complicated woes
From Rodomont's infernal fury rose.
And now imperial Charles, with grieving eye,
Beheld around his slaughter'd people lie;
His palace burning, and his fanes o'erthrown, 45
And desolation through the wretched town,
Spread wide and wider—Whither, heartless crew!
Is now your flight—does none his peril view?
What city else can save your trembling bands;
Should this be wrested from your dastard hands? 50
Say, shall one man, surrounded by his foes,
Whom, thus forbid to fly, your walls enclose;
Shall he, with single arm, your glory stain,
And 'scape unwounded while yourselves are slain?
So spoke indignant Charles, and nearer drew 55
To where the Saracen his subjects flew;
Where thronging crowds, by common danger brought,
Within the regal dome their safety sought;
That with strong walls secur'd, and well prepar'd
With needful stores, the bold assailant dar'd 60
To lengthen'd siege—Meantime, with fury swell'd,
Fierce Rodomont the square triumphant held,

And

And scorn'd the world in arms—one dreadful hand
 The falchion shook, one wav'd the blazing brand.
 Now furious on the palace gates he struck; 65
 The lofty gates refounded to the shock.
 From the high roof the Christians hurl'd below
 Huge broken fragments thundering on the foe.
 None costly piles of ancient splendor spar'd:
 Fair marble domes one common ruin shar'd; 70
 Pillars and beams o'erlaid with fretted gold,
 The stately works their fathers priz'd of old.
 Before the gate the king of Sarza press'd,
 In shining steel that arm'd his head and breast.

Ver. 67. *From the high roof—*] The following passages are imitated from Virgil, *Æn.* ii.

Aurataque tabes, veterum decora alta parentum
 Convellunt —

And gilded roofs came tumbling from on high,
 The marks of state and ancient royalty. DRYDEN.

Ver. 73. *Before the gate the king—*]

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primoque in limine Pyrrhus,
 Exultat telis, et luce corruscus athena.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus threatening loud,
 With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd.

DRYDEN.

Ver. 74. *In shining steel.—*] *In chiaro acciar—*Ariosto, in the warmth of classic imitation, seems here to forget the serpent's hide with which he has represented Rodomont to have been armed.

So when the serpent issuing from the brakes, 75
With spring return'd his squalid coat forfakes;
Proud of his new-gain'd spoils and youth renew'd,
He glides along with fresher strength indu'd;
Three tongues he darts, his eyes are red with fire,
And, where he moves, his fellow brutes retire. 80

Not beams, nor rafters, from the fabric rent,
Not stones, nor arrows on the Pagan sent,
Nor whirling slings, his dreadful arm can stay:
The crashing portal to his stroke gives way,
While, from within, the pale and haggard crew 85
Through many a breach their dire besieger view!
The court is fill'd with death; loud clamours rise;
The shrieking females join the soldier's cries;
They beat their breasts, they fly from place to place, }
The portals and the genial beds embrace; 90 }
Now threaten'd to receive a foreign race.

Such was their state, so near to ruin brought,
When, with his barons, Charles the palace fought,
And turning to the chiefs, whose might before
Had oft been seen in danger's direst hour: 95
Are ye not those, whose courage prov'd (he cry'd)
Once Agolant in Aspramont defy'd?
And say, shall aught that valour now repel
By which Troyano and Almontes fell,

With

With thousands more?—Will you, O dire disgrace!
Shrink from one man of that detested race? 101

No—let this infidel your prowess find,

This infidel who massacres mankind!

Be still yourselves—the brave can death despise,

And dies contented, if with fame he dies. 105

Your presence is my hope—whene'er you join

Your social arms, the victory is mine!

He said, and ceasing with his lance in rest,

Against the Saracen his courser press'd.

With him the Paladin Ugero came; 110

Namus and Olivero, chiefs of fame.

With these Avino and Avolio dar'd,

Otho and Berlinger the glory shar'd.

All these on Rodomont their spears unite;

Some on his breast, some on his helmet light. 115

But let us cease, my lord, the deathful strain

That sings of raging arms and warriors slain;

Enough of Rodomont—Now turn the stile

Where, near Damascus, Gryphon, left e'erwhile

With Origilla, seems the verse to claim, 120

And he who falsely bore a brother's name.

Ver. 118. *Enough of Rodomont—*] The poet returns to him
in the xviiiith book, ver. 55.

Ver. 119. *Where, near Damascus,—*] See book xvi. ver. 110.

Of wealthy cities on the eastern coast
Her numerous sons may proud Damascus boast:
A journey thence of seven succeeding days
The pilgrim to Jerusalem conveys. 125
On fruitful plains it stands in wholesome air,
Alike in winter as in summer fair:
Against the town a mountain's neighbouring height
Reflects the first faint blush of dawning light:
Two crystal rivers through the city glide, 130
And, branching, in a thousand rills divide;
That each its tribute to a garden pours,
To nourish odoriferous plants and flowers.
'Tis said the scented waters there might fill
A channell'd bed to speed th' industrious mill. 135
O'er all the midmost street resplendent lie
Rich vests and tapestry of various dye.
Herbs of all hues and scents their smell dispense,
Whence soft perfumes delight the gentle sense.
Each gate, each window charms the stranger's sight,
With costly stuffs reflecting mingled light; 141

Ver. 135. — *to speed th' industrious mill.*] Zatta tells us, that travellers at the time of Ariosto, made use of this hyperbolical expression, to give an idea of the great abundance of sweet or scented waters at Damascus, according to the vulgar phrase in use amongst us of the wind, "enough to turn a mill."

But

But chief, with many a fair and stately dame,
Whose garments gay with gold and jewels flame!
Here sprightly youths in tuneful measures lead
The various dance, there mount the manag'd steed.
Whate'er in India or Maremma shines, 146
(Their pearly stores, or treasure of their mines)
Damascus in refulgent pomp displays,
While lords, and knights, and squires with wonder
gaze.

As Gryphon and his train their way pursue, 150
Devouring all they saw with greedy view;
A knight accosts, and courteous from their steeds
The train invites, and to his dwelling leads;
There with refreshing baths their toil relieves,
And at his board, with welcome smiles, receives. 155
He tells them how the mighty king, who held
The Syrian rule, and in Damascus dwell'd,
Next day by trumpets bade the jousts proclaim,
Where native knights or knights of foreign name }
Might show their skill and right to knightly fame. }
There, did their mien their courage truly speak, 161
His guests might prove their worth, nor further trial
seek.

Though Gryphon came not thither with intent
Of tilts or combat, his high courage bent

On

On noble deeds, accepts the proffer'd field, 165
Nor shuns the palm that Fortune seems to yield.
He asks what cause the festival ordain'd,
If every year in solemn rite maintain'd,
Or by the king now first decreed to try
How far his knights in deeds of arms may vie. 170
To whom the host—Each third revolving light
Of monthly Luna must renew the fight;
In memory of our king's escape, who led
Four tedious moons half number'd with the dead.

Then hear the tale—Our king, who bears the name
Of Norandino, lov'd a beauteous dame, 176
Whose royal father rul'd the Cyprian land:
At length the monarch won the virgin's hand,
And, many a knight and lady in his train,
Steer'd with his bride for Syria's fair domain. 180
While distant from the port, with canvas swell'd,
Our vessel through Carpathian billows held
Her rapid way, so fierce around us spread
A gathering storm, the pilot shook with dread.
Three days and nights uncertain where we past, 185
Heartless and pale, by mountain surges cast,
Weary'd and drench'd at length we reach'd the
strand

Where riv'lets lav'd the hills and verdant land.

Our tents unshipp'd, we soon with gladsome cheer,
 Between the trees the spread pavilions rear: 190
 Some kindle fires, and some with busy care
 On carpets tables for the meal prepare.
 The Syrian king for Sylvan game explores
 The neighbouring vallies and the secret bowers;
 The browzing goat, the deer or stag to find; 195
 And two attendants bear his bow behind.

While joyful on the turf ourselves we place,
 To wait our lord returning from the chace,
 Along the shore we see, with looks aghast,
 The dreadful orc to our pavilion haste. 200
 Heaven guard you all from such a fearful fight,
 Nor let so dire a fiend your souls affright!
 'Tis better with the tale describ'd to quake,
 Than, at his view, with freezing horror shake!

Ver. 200. *The dreadful orc* —] The general idea of this story of the orc and Lucina is taken from Boyardo, but the particular incidents in both poets are evidently from the Polypheme of Homer, though it must be confessed that several circumstances introduced, are extremely puerile, in which I fear our poet will be found more liable to criticism and ridicule than in any part of his poem. This narrative will surely, more than once, recall to the reader's mind the extravagant tales of a garrulous old nurse for the amusement of children.

Such

Such was his form, no language can suffice 205
 To paint his bulk mishap'd and giant size.
 Instead of eyes, upon his dreadful face
 Two bones projecting fill'd each eyeless space.
 He spy'd, and chac'd our trembling steps before,
 And seem'd a mountain moving on the shore. 210
 Like some wild boar's his spreading tusks appear'd,
 Vast were his jaws, his hairy breast besmear'd
 With filth obscene, he trail'd upon the ground
 His nose, sagacious as the scenting hound.
 All, that behold him, think destruction nigh, 215
 Where'er our terror drives in heaps we fly.
 His blindness nought avail'd our fear to quell,
 His sense of smelling but supply'd too well
 The want of eyes; his course like Eurus light,
 That wings must be their aid who scape by flight. 220
 Of forty, whom he chac'd around the plain,
 Scarce ten by swimming could the bark regain.
 In clusters some beneath his arm he bore,
 Some at his bosom in his vest before :
 With some he fill'd a wallet deep and wide, 225
 That like a scrip hung dangling at his side.

Ver. 205. *Such was his form, —*] Not unlike this passage is
 the description in Spenser, where a monstrous savage carries off
 Amoret.—See FAIRY QUEEN.

The eyeless monster bears us to his cave,
Hewn in a rock, where near the dashing wave
On the bleak strand the lonely dwelling rose
Of purest marble white as falling snows. 230
With him a matron dwells, whose looks declare
Her anxious thoughts inur'd to grief and care ;
With her were dames and virgins kept confin'd,
Deform'd and fair, of every age and kind.
Beside his dwelling, in the cavern'd rock 235
A stall, no less in size, contain'd his flock :
A troop innumerable ; these his wont to keep
In every season, shepherd o'er his sheep.
By turns he folds them, or to pasture drives,
And pleasing solace from the charge derives. 240
But at each meal he makes his horrid food
Of human flesh—this soon, alas ! we view'd,
When, entering in the cave, with bloody hand
Three youths he takes of our devoted band :
These, while in vain beneath his grasp they strive,
The giant in his maw devours alive ! 246
And, lifting a huge stone, his woolly care,
He drives from covert, and secures us there.
Then to th' accustom'd meads his herd he tends,
And sounds a reed that from his neck depends. 250

Meantime

Meantime our prince returning mark'd around
The tents forsaken and deserted ground,
And knew his loss—where late his friends remain'd,
On every side a dreary silence reign'd.
What wrought the dire mischance he little knew, 255
But fill'd with terror to the shore he flew ;
He saw the mariners their anchor weigh,
And to the wind their parting sail display.
Soon as they view him pacing o'er the strand,
The skiff they send to bear him from the land. 260

When wretched Norandino heard too late,
The orc's dire fury and his comrades' fate :
Whate'er ensu'd, he vow'd in every strife,
For dear Lucina's sake to risk his life,
And perish or redeem his ravish'd wife. 265
Where in the sands the traces he beheld
Of steps imprest, he ran, as love impell'd ;
At length he reach'd the cavern where we lay
Half dead with fear, the orc's expected prey :
At every noise we think the monster near, 270
In every wind the direful glutton hear.
It chanc'd the king arriv'd, what time to roam
The prowling orc had left his wife at home :
Soon as she view'd a stranger—Fly (she cry'd)
Ah ! wretched thou, if by the orc espy'd. 275

Then

Then he—Let him espy, and save or slay—
 Such threats of danger never can dismay
 A soul resolv'd—by choice, not error led,
 I come to perish by my consort dead—
 If Heaven so wills!—He tidings then besought 280
 Of those whom near the shore the monster caught,
 But chief he ask'd of fair Lucina's fate;
 If slain, or kept in wretched captive state.

With courteous speech the matron comfort gives;
 And tells the prince his lov'd Lucina lives; 285
 She bids no needless fears distract his mind,
 The hungry orc ne'er preys on womankind.

To prove this truth, behold myself (she cry'd)
 And all these females that with me reside.
 To me, nor them, he shows no signs of ill, 290
 While here content we stay; but should our will
 Once adverse prove—should any seek to fly,
 On her his wrath would every torment try;
 Bind her in chains, with earth alive enclose,
 Or naked to the sun on burning sands expose. 295
 When in this cavern he thy friends confin'd,
 He drew not from the males the female kind,

Ver. 287. *The hungry orc ne'er preys—*] Amorico Vespucci relates of certain savages that feed upon human flesh, but says that they never eat the women.

But left them mingled here—his perfect smell,
 Without the help of sight, each sex can tell.
 The women scape unhurt: the men must die, 300
 And four or six each day his meal supply.
 To bear thy comfort hence can I devise
 No friendly means—let this alone suffice:
 No fear of death need here attend the fair,
 With us one common safety will she share— 305
 But hence, my son, O fly this fatal shore
 Ere yet surpris'd the orc thy life devour.
 Soon as he comes, each place he searches well,
 And not a cat escapes his piercing smell.
 The king reply'd, he ne'er would thence remove 310
 Till her he view'd—dear object of his love:
 Far rather would he by her side be slain,
 Than banish'd from Lucina's sight remain.
 When long the prudent dame had vainly try'd
 To make him lay his rash design aside, 315
 She to relieve his grief her thoughts apply'd.

Within the grotto many a carcase lay
 Of sheep, of lambs, and goats, which day by day

Ver. 309. *And not a cat escapes his piercing smell.*] An instance, among many, of the ludicrous vein of expression, so often indulged by our author, and which cannot admit of elevation in an English version.

Food for herself and all the household gave,
And various skins were hung around the cave. 320
She bids him from a goat's deep entrails take
The rancid fat, and hence an ointment make,
And to deceive the monster o'er him spread
The fetid unctuous grease from foot to head.
That done ; she wraps the hairy goats-skin round 325
The monarch's limbs—thence grovelling on the
ground

She leads him where a stone clos'd up the way,
And where confin'd his beauteous confort lay.

There Norandino near the entrance mourn'd,
Impatient till the goats and sheep return'd: 330
At evening tide he hears the sounding reed
At distance call them from the humid mead.
He sees the hairy goats and woolly train,
And close behind he sees the giant fwain.
Judge if his heart confess'd a moment's fear, 335
When to the cavern's mouth the orc drew near:
But though short doubts at first his breast assail'd,
Soon constant love o'er every fear prevail'd.
The orc remov'd the stone that clos'd the rock,
And Norandino enter'd with the flock. 340
Amidst our crew the dreadful orc descends,
But first the entrance with the stone defends:

Then, scenting round, he seizes two, decreed
With gory flesh his hungry maw to feed.
Still, still his tusks in my remembrance dwell, 345
Cold fear congeals me while the tale I tell.
The giant gone, the monarch cast aside
His goats-skin, and embrac'd his lovely bride :
While she, who shudders at his much-lov'd sight,
Now terror feels, where once she felt delight. 350
She sees him come self-offer'd there to fall,
Without the power to save herself from thrall.

Midst all my woes, my dearest lord ! (she said)
One thought alone my greatest comfort bred ;
That thou wert absent when that fatal day 355
Beheld us hither brought the monster's prey.
Howe'er condemn'd to this unhappy state,
Nature might tremble at approaching fate,
Yet should I but my single death bewail,
Nor tenfold fears for thee my breast assail. 360
For should'st thou perish here, thy death alone
Would claim my grief, forgetful of my own.

To her the king—I come in hopes to free,
From such dire hold, this wretched train and thee ;
Ah ! let me rather on destruction run, 365
Than let me live without thy light, my earthly fun !

The

The way I came consent with me to try ;
To you, to all, the same may open lie.
If, like myself, you scorn not now to wear
This unctuous skin unclean and shaggy hair. 370

He said ; and taught us what the dame before
Had taught, with skins our limbs to cover o'er.
We hear instructed and his voice obey :
In number, equal to ourselves, we slay
The rankest goats, and with the fat besmear 375
Our limbs, and in the hairy spoils appear.
Soon as the sun his golden couch forsakes,
And from the east with beamy splendor breaks ;
The giant, to his cave repairing, calls
With ready pipe the herd to quit the stalls. 380

But o'er the cavern's mouth his hand he holds,
Lest we, with these, should issue from the folds.
He felt us while we pass'd, and as he press'd
The hair and wool, dismiss'd us with the rest.
Thus males and females save their freedom gain'd,
And, save Lucina, none behind remain'd. 386
But whether, less than need requir'd, the dame
Smear'd the foul unction o'er her lovely frame :
Or whether flow she mov'd, or fill'd with dread
Could imitate but ill the bestial tread ; 390

Or whether, when he touch'd her as she pass'd,
Forgetful of her state she shriek'd aghast;
Or that her loosen'd hair dishevell'd fell:
He knew and dragg'd her backward to his cell.

Of this sad chance we nothing yet beheld, 395
Though of ourselves all other thoughts expell'd,
'Till turning at her cries, we saw the fair
Stripp'd from her rugged vest of goat-skin hair.
Meantime myself and all that left the rock,
Safe in our covering, mingled with the flock, 400
Pass'd on securely as the shepherd led,
Where clos'd with hills a smiling meadow spread.
When now beneath the wood's embowering shade,
We see the giant-orc in slumber laid,
One seeks the shore; one climbs the mountain's height;
But Norandino joins not in our flight: 406
Once more affection urg'd him midst the train
Of sheep and goats to seek the cave again.
Nor ever more the dire abode forsake,
Unless his love from cruel bonds can take 410
His dear Lucina: when he late survey'd
His faithful wife again a captive made,
Despair impell'd him first himself to throw
A willing victim to his glutton-foe:

But

But hope soon bade him lurk amidst the fold, 415
 Hope still to bear her from her cruel hold.

When to their stall at night the monster led
 His following herds, and found his prisoners fled :
 Robb'd of his meal on poor Lucina falls
 His vengeful wrath, and her the cause he calls ; 420
 Then dooms her, fetter'd in a galling chain,
 High on a rock for ever to remain.

The king beholds her suffer for his sake,
 And raving begs in vain of Heaven to take
 His wretched life : each morn and night he hears 425
 Her groans and plaints resounding in his ears ;
 When with the flock at eve the cave he gains,
 And when at morn he seeks with them the plains :
 While she by every power that rules the sky,
 With looks and voice implores him thence to fly ;
 Nor longer his all-valu'd life expose, 431
 When nothing human can relieve her woes.

With her no less the prudent matron tries
 To shake his purpose, but the king denies
 To leave the place where all his treasure lies. 435 }

At length it fortun'd Agricanes' heir*,
 And king Gradasso to the coast repair,

Where,

* MANDRICARDO.

Ver. 436. *At length it fortun'd Agricanes' heir,
 And king Gradasso to the coast repair, —]* Ariosto

S 4

passes

Where, such their valorous arm and prudent aid,
They fair Lucina from the rock convey'd,

passes lightly over the account of Lucina's deliverance from the orc, that having been fully related by Boyardo with the following particulars.

After the adventure of the castle of the fairy, and the conquest of Hector's arms, Mandricardo and Gradasso travelled together till they came to a rock by the sea-shore, on the summit of which they perceived a lady in great affliction bound with a chain: she acquainted the knights that she was in the power of a cruel monster, called an orc, and warned them by flight to avoid the certain death that must attend their falling into his hands. The knights, upon hearing this, resolved to attempt her deliverance, and engaged in battle with the orc, when Gradasso was worsted and made prisoner in the cavern. Mandricardo continued the combat with the monster, but, having no sword, he threw at him huge pieces of the rock, though without effect: at last, the orc, pursuing Mandricardo from rock to rock, chanced to fall down a precipice, and Mandricardo availing himself of this circumstance, ran to the cavern and released Gradasso, when both, taking off Lucina's chain, escaped with her safe to a vessel, on board which was her father the king of Cyprus. In the mean time the orc having recovered from his fall, pursued the fugitives, and hurled a vast fragment of a rock after them into the sea; but the vessel being cleared from the land, continued her voyage till she was overtaken by a terrible storm: at length the crew landed safely on the coast of Acquamort, and found themselves among the forces of Agramant and Charles.

ORL. INNAM. B. iii. C. iii. iv.

And

And safely bore her to the distant wave, 440

Where to her fire, at early dawn, they gave
His long-lost child ; while yet within the rock
King Norandino stay'd amidst the flock.

But when the morn arose in beamy light,
He from the matron heard Lucina's flight. 445

His grateful thanks he paid to Heaven, that freed
The blooming dame from thralldom, or decreed
Her fate with those, whence arms, or wealth, or power,
Might to his love his soul's dear hope restore.

Then fill'd with joy, he issu'd with the train 450

Of sheep and goats returning to the plain ;
There lurk'd secure till, on the grass repos'd,
The orc in sleep his heavy eyelids clos'd ;

Then all the day and livelong night he went,
Till safe at distance from the monster's scent, 455

He reach'd a ship, and now three moons have wain'd
Since from Satalia's coast the Syrian realm he gain'd.

Through Rhodes, and Cyprus, every town and tower
In Asia, Turkey, and on Egypt's shore,

The king of fair Lucina tidings sought ; 460

When yester's sun the welcome tidings brought,

That in Nicofia's court his niece receiv'd

The wand'ring fair from dangers great repriev'd,

When

When on th' unstable sea improsperous gales
 Had many days oppos'd her lingering sails. 465
 Hence, fill'd with joy, our king prepares the feast
 In memory of himself and queen releas'd.
 And every fourth returning month shall view
 'The jousts resum'd: four moons he saw renew
 Their waining horns, while with the herds he lay 470
 In hairy vestments, till the joyful day,
 (Joyful as that to-morrow's sun may prove)
 Had given him back to liberty and love.
 Part what myself so late beheld I tell,
 Or speak from those who witness'd what befel 475
 Our suffering king—then credit what ye hear,
 Nor let another's tale deceive your ear.

Thus spoke the host—and thus to Gryphon told
 The weighty cause for which the feast they hold:
 In talk they waste the hours, and all approve 480
 The monarch's truth and unexampled love:
 Now, rising from the board to seek repose,
 Their courteous host the downy couch bestows:
 They sunk to rest, till with the morn they wake
 When cheerful shouts their quiet slumbers break. 485

Ver. 464.——*improsperous gales*] Alluding to the storm mention-
 ed in the foregoing note.

Timbrels

Timbrels and trumpets rouze to festive arms,
 With eager crouds the wide piazza fwarms :
 The mingled founds of cars and coursers rise,
 And the streets echo with redoubled cries.
 Now Gryphon o'er his limbs his armour wears, 490
 (Such armour scarce another warrior bears)
 Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid
 Temper'd impassive to the hostile blade.
 With him, the seeming candidate for fame,
 The stain of manhood, who from Antioch came, 495
 Arms for the list. Their careful host supplies
 Large store of spears the tilting to suffice ;
 And from his household brings a goodly train
 His guests to honour and the pomp maintain :
 Himself attends ; and many a squire he leads ; 500
 Some march on foot, some rein the prancing steeds.

Now, at the lists arriv'd, apart they stand
 Awhile spectators of the martial band :
 With heedful gaze they mark each hardy feat,
 Where two, or four, or six in jousting meet. 505
 One to his dame with quaint devices shows
 Such colours as his grief or joy disclose ;

Ver. 492. *Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid
 Temper'd impassive to the hostile blade.*] This circum-
 stance is borrowed from Boyardo.

One by his crest, or painted shield, declares
If Love rejects his suit, or crowns his cares.

The valiant Syrians thus in days of yore, 510
Their ready arms in jousts and triumphs bore ;
Perchance

Ver. 510. *The valiant Syrians thus in days of yore,*

Their ready arms in jousts—] The poet here alludes to the custom observed by the Saracens at that time to exercise themselves in arms on account of the vicinity of the Franks, then in possession of Jerusalem. In his complaint of the degeneracy of the Christians in neglecting to rescue the sepulchre of CHRIST from the hands of the Turks, he seems to follow Petrarch in his *Triumph of Fame*.

Poi venia solo il buon duce Geffredo,
Che fe l'impresa fanta, e i passi giusti.
Questo, di ch'io mi sdegno, e 'ndarno grido,
Fece in Gierusalem', con le sue mani
Il qual guardato, e già negletto nido:
Ile superbi, e miseri Christiani
Consumando l'un l'altro, è non vi caglia
Ch'el sepulchro di Christo è in man de' Cani.

Trionf. de Fam. Cap. ii.

Next Godfrey came, whose righteous footstep trod
The hallow'd precincts of the Saviour God.
The chief, whose glorious warfare urg'd in vain
Enflames my breast and points th' indignant strain:
In fair Jerusalem the feat he gain'd,
Neglected long and now no more maintain'd:
Go, wretched Christians, to your race a shame,
With mutual slaughter wound the Christian name,

And

Perchance against the neighbouring Franks prepar'd
 That o'er those realms divided empire shar'd,
 The hallow'd realms that once on earth survey'd
 The Lord of life in human flesh array'd. 515

Behold, by Christians left, the sacred lands
 Resign'd a prey to faithless Pagan bands:
 While those that, in the pure religion bred,
 Should couch the lance our holy faith to spread,
 With mutual wounds their brethren's bosoms gore,
 And kill the faithful few that truth adore! 521

Ye men of Spain! and ye of France! give ear;
 And you, ye Switzers and ye Germans hear.
 O! hither turn to gain a nobler spoil;
 Here CHRIST's own kingdom shall reward your toil.
 If you the title of Most Christian claim; 526
 And you of Catholic deserve the name;

And leave the tomb of CHRIST in impious hands;
 Resign'd to Mahomet's detested bands!

After the conquest of Godfrey, Jerusalem remained eighty-two years in the hands of the Christians, till the time of the Soldan of Egypt anno 1136, who took it from Guido Lusignan, since which it has continued in the power of the Turks.

For an account of the Crusades, see Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. i. and Mr. Mickle's Preface to his translation of the Lusiad.

Why

Why do you thus the chosen race annoy,
Their substance pillage and their lives destroy?
Why do you not Jerusalem restore 530
By Renegados ravish'd from your power?
And why, so proudly o'er the world's domain,
Does the stern Turk in impious splendor reign?
See'st thou not, Spain! insulting Afric near,
Whose wasting pirates should thy vengeance fear? 535
And yet thou leav'st that righteous war, to make
The sons of Italy with terror shake.

O Italy! thou sink of vice and shame!
Thou sleep'st forgetful of thy blasted fame,
By turns to these, by turns to those a prey; 540
That once were wont to tremble at thy sway.
If fear of famine in thy cavern'd lands
Drives thee, O Swifs! to seek from foreign hands
Thy needful food, or in some bloody strife
To end at once thy wretchedness and life: 545
Lo! where the Turk displays his neighbouring store—
Chace him from Europe or the Grecian shore;
So shalt thou every want at full supply,
Or in some nobler field with glory die.
Not less than thee, O Swifs! the muse incites 550
Thy German neighbours, where the wealth invites

Which

Which once from Rome with every treasure fraught,
 Great Constantine selecting thither brought.
 Pactolus, Hermus, rich with golden sands,
 Mygdonia, Lydia, and the fertile lands, 555
 In whose full praise such numerous poets vie,
 Not far remov'd to crown your labours lie.
 Thou, mighty Leo! to whose hand is given
 The glorious charge to bear the keys of Heaven,

Ver. 552.——— *where the wealth invites*

Which once from Rome—] After the emperor Constantine the great had been baptized by Silvester, and had defeated Maxentius near Rome, he gave his palace of San Giovanni Laterano to the pope; he built many churches with large endowments, and then made war upon Licinius his kinsman, a great persecutor of the Christians. He afterwards removed the imperial seat from Rome to Byzantium, which city he rebuilt and called after his name Constantinople. Hence the poet says, that in Constantinople were centered the riches which Constantine carried from Rome: all the rest he gave to the Roman church: of him Dante speaks in this remarkable manner.

Ahi, Constantin! di quanta mal fu madre

Non la conversion, ma quella dote

Che da te prese il primo ricco padre.

Ah! Constantine! from thee what ills we draw,

Not that thy foul abjur'd the Pagan law;

But for that gift the Christian world has griev'd,

Which our first wealthy sire from thee receiv'd.

Ver. 558. *Thou, mighty Leo!—*] This address is made to Pope Leo X.

If

If thine the trust our Italy to keep, 560
Let her not perish in lethargic sleep:
Thou art her shepherd; God on thee bestows
The sacred crook, and Leo, thee he chose,
That thy loud roar might terror round extend,
And thy strong arm thy sheep from wolves defend.
But whither has my wandering genius led 566
Far from the path I first prepar'd to tread?
Yet not so far my muse has learnt to stray,
But well I trust she can resume her way.

In fair Damascus thus the list appears 570
All bright with breast-plates, helms and bristled spears.
Soft blooming damsels on the champions shower
From roofs and windows every vernal flower;
Each knightly rival to the trumpet's sound
His courser spurs with many a spritely bound, 575
All prove their best—some merit gifts and praise,
And some loud peals of scorn and laughter raise.

A suit of armour doom'd the victor's prize,
For that day's jousts the Syrian king supplies:
Who late receiv'd it at a merchant's hand, 580
A merchant journeying from Armenia's land:
To this the monarch adds a scarf emboss'd
With numerous pearls, and gems of rarest cost.

Of finest web the stuff with gold inwrought,
No vulgar price th' invalu'd treasure bought. 585
Had Norandino (well before advis'd)

This armour known, above all other priz'd
He this had held, nor had his generous mind
Such armour for the victor's meed assign'd.
'Twere long to tell who left it on the way; 590
For him that pass'd, a far too costly prey.

But let us now (this tale awhile dismiss'd)
To Gryphon turn, who, when he reach'd the list,
Already found the manly jousts begun,
Spears broke, and falchions flashing in the fun. 595
Eight youthful knights by Norandino held
Near to his person, who in arms excell'd,
In friendly league 'gainst all opponents stood,
Noble themselves, and sprung of noble blood :
These in the martial square that day had run 600
With all the listed warriors, one by one :
With lance, with sword or mace they wag'd the fight,
While the king view'd, and view'd them with delight.
Oft through the cuirass, in th' unpleasant strife,
The weapon pass'd endangering either's life : 605
Like foes they fought, but that the king could stay
At will their rage and bid surcease the fray.

Now he of Antioch, who with Gryphon came,
(Martano was the coward's hateful name)
Stept in, and with his looks the combat dar'd, 610
As if with Gryphon he in valour shar'd;
Then stood awhile beside, and earnest view'd
A dreadful fight that 'twixt two knights ensu'd.
Seleucia's lord, among the youthful train
Who came the general challenge to maintain, 615
In single conflict with Ombruno strove:
At length his falchion through his face he drove
And reach'd his life: all mourn'd him as he fell,
Whose fame in arms could many a knight excel:
Nor could, thro' all the realm, a name be found 620
For courtesy and goodness more renown'd.
This seen, Martano trembled with affright,
Lest equal fortune on himself should light:
Nature prevailing, how he thence may fly
He meditates, but him with heedful eye 625
Brave Gryphon marks, and urging onward drives
Against a knight that in the list arrives.
Thus, when th' exerting voice of village-swains
A mungrel cur against the wolf constrains,
By turns he stops, and barking views his foe, 630
Whose teeth with anger gnash, whose eyes with fury
glow.

Where

Where princes fate the deeds of arms to see,
 With ladies, knights, and lords of high degree,
 Martano fearing in the list to run,
 His courser turn'd aside the shock to shun. 635
 Yet those who friendly wish'd to veil his shame
 Might to his erring steed ascribe the blame.
 But with his falchion next so ill he fought,
 Demosthenes himself in vain had fought
 To plead his cause: so much each stroke he fear'd, 640
 His arms of brittle frame not forg'd of steel appear'd.
 At length he fled, disturbing in his flight
 The martial ranks: behind the recreant knight,
 From scornful crowds loud peals of laughter rise,
 Shouts, clamours, hisses, mingling in the skies. 645
 Thus like th' insidious wolf by shepherds chac'd,
 Martano from the list retires disgrac'd;
 While Gryphon stays, but thinks his better name
 Defil'd, dishonour'd by his fellow's shame:
 Rage swell'd his heart, his face with crimson glow'd
 As his the guilt: meanwhile from him the crowd 651

Ver. 634. *Martano fearing in the list to run,*

His courser turn'd aside the shock to shun.] Martano is undoubtedly the original of Spenser's Braggadocio. See the Fairy Queen, where the cowardice and the villany of the latter are painted exactly in the same colours: he steals away Sir Guyon's horse, and is disgraced at the tournament made by Satyrane.

Like deeds expect, and to the knight foretel
 The same disgrace that on his comrade fell.
 Behoves him now to strain each nerve, and raise
 His wonted worth to shine with brighter blaze: 655
 Each slip to those whose minds prejudge the cause,
 Each venial fault the heaviest censure draws.

Now Gryphon on his thigh the spear address'd
 (Who seldom held in vain his spear in rest)
 And to the charge his foaming courser press'd. 660
 The baron of Sidonia chanc'd to meet
 The dreadful shock, which hurl'd him from his seat;
 All gaze with wonder who his fall behold,
 Far other chance than what they late foretold.
 Again his spear unbroken Gryphon held, 665
 And full on Lodicea's lord impell'd:
 The weapon shiver'd on the bossy shield:
 The champion, near extended on the field,
 Fell backward on his steed; but soon anew
 Recovering, with his sword at Gryphon flew. 670
 Gryphon, who sees him still his feat maintain,
 With such a dreadful shock assail'd in vain,
 Thus to himself—Though here the spear might fail,
 The sword, with aim repeated, shall prevail.
 Then on his temples fell the furious steel: 675
 He seem'd from Heaven the thundering force to feel.

Stroke following stroke was dealt with sweepy sway,
Till senseless on the ground the warrior lay.

Two brethren, Thyrsis and Corymbus nam'd,
Long o'er the rest for skill in tilting fam'd, 680

Their skill forgotten, headlong press'd the sand
Beneath the son of Olivero's hand:

This, from his steed the spear's first onset threw,
And that, the falchion from his saddle drew:

While with united voice the lists declare, 685
The stranger's arm that day the prize would bear.

Among the rest that to the tilting came,
Was Salenterno of redoubted name,
Who o'er the realm with rule despotic reign'd,
And first in jousts the gallant strife maintain'd. 690

He, fir'd to anger that a stranger's might
Should win the palm from every Syrian knight,

A lance arresting, loud to Gryphon cries,
And, proudly threatening, to the course defies.
Brave Gryphon answers with his spear in rest, 695

(A spear from ten selected for the best)

Full on the shield the well-aim'd point arrives,
Thro' shield, thro' cuirass, and thro' bosom drives;

And passing on, its cruel passage tears,
And at his back a palm behind appears. 700

All, save the king, with joy beheld his fate,
For all th' oppressive Salentino hate.

Two of Damascus next his prowess own,
Carmondo and Ermophilus o'erthrown.

One o'er the monarch's martial host presides, 705

And one, high-admiral, his navy guides.

This at the onset from his feat behold

Cast headlong; that, beneath his courser roll'd,

Lies o'erwhelm'd, nor could his courser stand

Against the shock of Gryphon's powerful hand. 710

Seleucia's lord, who still his place maintain'd,

The bravest champion of the eight remain'd;

Nor only brave: a steed the warrior bore

Of generous race, and arms of proof he wore.

Now rushing furious each his spear oppos'd 715

To where against the fight the vizor clos'd:

But Gryphon with such force the Pagan shook,

His left foot straight the stirrup's hold forsook.

Their broken lances now aside they threw,

And wheeling round their beaming falchions drew.

From Gryphon first a stroke the Pagan feels 721

That from his thundering arm the Christian deals;

Sheer through the shield's tough plate and bone it goes,

Which from a thousand shields the warrior chose;

His

His thigh had next receiv'd the biting blade, 725

But double folds of steel the fury stay'd.

Seleucia's lord at Gryphon's vizor drove

The weapon's edge, which falling from above

Had pierc'd through all, but that the warrior's arms

By potent spell secur'd each limb from harms; 730

While happier Gryphon, at each furious stroke

Cleft the tough mail and jointed armour broke.

All present now Seleucia's lord beheld

By noble Gryphon in the field excell'd;

And had not Norandino stay'd the fight, 735

That day had sunk him to eternal night!

But to his guards the king a signal made

To part the combatants: the guards obey'd:

All view'd with joy the dreadful conflict cease,

And prais'd their gracious king who gave the peace.

Those gallant eight, who challeng'd all the list, 741

Too weak a single warrior to resist,

Were vanquish'd one by one; the rest who came

To meet their challenge found their hope of fame

In Gryphon lost, who thus unmatch'd had run, 745

And from the eight an easy conquest won.

Behold in one short hour the tilting ceas'd!

But Norandino, to prolong the feast

Till close of day, descends and gives command

To clear the square, then of the knightly band 750

Two troops he forms, where each by birth or deed
He mates in pairs, and bids the jousts proceed.

Meantime brave Gryphon to his home returns,
While indignation in his bosom burns,
Still more deprest with vile Martano's shame 755
Than joyful at his own well-purchas'd fame.

Martano every art industrious tries
His shame to palliate with unmanly lies;
While the foul partner of his guilt and wile
Each falsehood seconds, adding guile to guile. 760
Howe'er the youthful knight their tales believ'd,
He heard in silence and th' excuse receiv'd,
But deem'd it best to part in secret thence,
Left, seen again, Martano should incense
The people's rage—Thus by a private way 765
They reach'd the gate through which their journey
lay.

Then, whether Gryphon's courser needed rest,
Or heavy toil the champion's eyes oppress'd,
The nearest dwelling for repose he sought,
Two miles the warrior to a dwelling brought: 770
His helm he loos'd, his limbs from armour freed,
And from the reins and bit releas'd his steed,

Ver 754—to *his home returns*,] The poet must mean where he
was first entertained at his arrival, though the passage seems rather
obscure.

Then, in a room retir'd, the door he clos'd,
And on the couch in slumber deep repos'd.

Now Origilla and Martano, bent 775
On foulest treason, to the garden went,
And there the most unheard-of scheme design'd
That craft e'er whisper'd to the basest mind.
Martano means to seize the arms and vest
By Gryphon worn, the steed which late he press'd,
And thus before the king in borrow'd spoils, 781
Usurp the honour of another's toils.

Soon as resolv'd, he takes the warrior's weed,
The dazzling armour and the milk-white steed:
He grasps his buckler, and his crest he rears, 785
And a new Gryphon to the fight appears.

Then with the dame and squires he turn'd to where
The busy throng still fill'd the public square,
And came what time the martial rivals ceas'd
To wield the sword and place the lance in rest. 790

The monarch gives command to seek the knight
Whose lofty crest was deck'd with plumage white;
His courser white, and white the vest he wore,
Though yet unknown the name the warrior bore.
He, who from looks assum'd, deriv'd his pride 795
Like the vile ass beneath the lion's hide

The

The summons heard and with unblushing face
To Norandino went in Gryphon's place.
Soon as the king the seeming knight espy'd,
He rose, embrac'd, and plac'd him at his side, 800
Nor deem'd enough, himself such praise to yield,
But will'd his worth to blazon o'er the field;
He bids the heralds to the lists around
Him glorious victor of the day resound.
With trumpets' sprightly notes, in loud acclaim 805
Wide spreads from tongue to tongue his worthless
name;
And when the monarch to his palace rode,
He kept him near, and every honour show'd,
Such honours, as transcending mortal praise,
The deeds of Mars or Hercules might raise. 810
He gave him fair and stately rooms prepar'd
Within the court, where Origilla shar'd
An equal grace, on whom in royal state
A train of noble knights and damsels wait.

But let us now to Gryphon change the stile, 815
Who, little conscious of his comrade's guile,
Still unsuspecting lock'd in slumber lay,
Nor wak'd till low declin'd the light of day.

His

His sleep dispell'd, and blushing thus to waste
The fleeting hours, he quits his bed in haste, 820
And seeks (as yet unknowing of his shame)
The lying kinsman and deceitful dame
Whom late he left with all th' attendant train:
When these he finds no more, and seeks in vain
His arms and vesture, new suspicions rise, 825
Increasing when his comrade's arms he spies.
The host slept forth, and all the truth display'd,
That he, whom now he fought, erewhile array'd
In armour white, had with the dame and train
Of followers, to the list return'd again. 830

By slow degrees to Gryphon now reveal'd,
That truth appear'd which love had long conceal'd,
Soon to his grief he found a brother's name
But veil'd the partner of her lawless flame:
He now repents that e'er his mind was wrought 835
To flight the tidings by the pilgrim brought,
And lend an ear to her whose tears or smiles
Had oft betray'd him in her treacherous wiles.
What should he do? Impell'd by present need,
He takes the base Martano's arms and steed, 840
But better had he gone unarm'd, than wear
The cuirass such a breast was wont to bear;

That

That hateful buckler on his arm embrace,
And on his head that scornful helmet place.
Yet eager to pursue the' adulterous pair, 845
His soul was lost to every other care :
The city now he reach'd, what time the day
Departing, Phœbus shone with evening ray.

Built near the gate to which the champion drew
High on the left a castle rose to view ; 850
Not only strong in war to check the foe,
But rich in cost and pomp of peaceful show :
The king, assembling here a courtly band,
Lords, dames, and knights, the first of Syria's land,
Above the walls a splendid feast prepar'd, 855
And with his guests the social banquet shar'd ;
Whence, from afar, beneath their wide survey,
The distant fields and open country lay.

As tow'ards the gate advancing Gryphon came,
Clad in the vestments of opprobrious shame ; 860
Ill chance for him ! the king and festive train
Beheld him pacing o'er the verdant plain.
Esteem'd the same he look'd by outward port,
He mov'd the dames and knights to scornful sport ;
Where next the king, amid the nobles plac'd, 865
Martano fate with highest favour grac'd ;

And

And near, the worthy partner of his guile :
Of these the king enquir'd, with gracious smile,
What wretch was that who lately to his cost
Essay'd the jousts, who every honour lost, 870
Could thus return—"Tis wondrous strange (he cry'd)
That you, a knight so brave in combat try'd,
Should join with one, to knighthood such disgrace,
That all our east scarce knows a name so base ;
Unless you seek perchance to' exalt your praise, 875
And with his deeds compar'd your glory raise.
But, by yon Heaven ! and all its powers, I swear,
Did not your worth my warmest friendship share,
Such public penance should the dastard find,
Such as my hatred to his coward kind 880
Might tell to all—and if he 'scape the shame,
He owes his thanks to you with whom he came.

Then he, the sink of every vice, reply'd :
Great king ! the man whose acts his mien bely'd,
Near Antioch's town but late (nor can I tell 885
His name or birth) with me in converse fell :
I deem'd him worthy by his martial air
With me the trial of the lists to share,
But ne'er beheld him in the field display
His craven arms till that disgraceful day ; 890
When

When far incens'd to see so deep a stain
On knighthood cast, I scarcely could refrain
That hour to teach him such a fatal dance,
He never more should wield the sword or lance.
But due respect for such a noble band, 895
And reverence to your presence held my hand.
Yet let not those short days with me he pass'd,
O'er his demerits now oblivion cast,
Since from those days recall'd methinks I find,
And ever shall, disgrace oppresses my mind, 900
If, to their shame who bear the name of knight,
He goes dismiss'd unquestion'd from your sight.
Far rather let me view, with well-pleas'd eye,
The wretch suspended quivering in the sky :
A sentence that may future warning give 905
To all such dastards that unpunish'd live.

Martano thus ; when Origilla took
The word, to second what her minion spoke.

To whom the king—Not so his deeds I view,
Or think that death to such a crime is due : 910
But we in judgment for his great offence,
Will to the crowd another feast dispense.

He said ; and to a baron gave in charge
His royal will : instructed now at large,

The

The baron with a trusty guard, descends, 915
 And silent near the city walls attends
 In secret ambush, Gryphon there to wait :
 Him, 'twixt two bridges, entering at the gate,
 He seizes unawares, and, bound in chains,
 Clos'd in a gloomy cell till morn detains. 920

Now had the sun above the watery bed
 Of hoary Tethys rais'd his golden head,
 From Alpine plains began to chace the night,
 And shed on Alpine hills his trembling light ;
 When vile Martano fearing Gryphon bold 925
 Might to the king at length the truth unfold,
 And on himself revenge the treason, took
 A hasty farewell, and the town forfook :
 Excuse he pleaded that th' unfinish'd feast
 He left, and seem'd to slight the king's request, 930
 Who urg'd his stay, and gifts bestow'd to crown
 The glorious deeds of knighthood not his own,
 But let him go, and trust, some future time
 Shall give such punishment as fits his crime.

Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came, 935
 By guards conducted to the place of shame :

They

Ver. 933. *But let him go--*] He returns to Martano and Origgilla, Book xviii. ver. 520.

Ver. 935. *Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came,*]
 " Cowards

They stript him of his arms and plummy crest,
 And left dishonour'd in an humble vest,
 Then led him thus amidst the shouting train
 High plac'd to view upon a rolling wain, 940
 Which with flow step two lagging oxen drew,
 By hunger lean and of ill-favour'd hue.
 Around th' ignoble car a mingled throng,
 Dotards and shameless women pour'd along :
 Now this, now that supply'd the driver's place, 945
 And all with vulgar rage the knight disgrace.
 Above the rest the childish route prevail'd,
 Who not alone his name with taunts assail'd,
 But, that the wiser could their hands restrain,
 With stones in boyish rage the knight had slain, 950
 Those arms to which his evil chance he ow'd,
 Those arms, whose make misled th' ill-judging crowd,
 Trail'd at the car behind, along the ground
 In sordid filth their rightful penance found.
 The wheels now stay'd before the judgment feat,
 And there he heard the herald's voice repeat 956

" Cowards in the lists were proclaimed false and perjured, their armour was taken from them, beginning from the heel upwards, and then ignominiously flung piece by piece over the barriers : they were likewise dragged out of the lists, and punished as the judges decreed.

See UPTON'S Notes on Spenser.
 Another's

Another's deeds, and with Martano's shame
By trumpet's sound his own great deeds defame.
Thus through the streets, to all a public fight,
By houses, temples, shops, they led the knight, 960
Where not a name that insult e'er apply'd,
Was then unheard; at length the car they guide
Without the walls, and thence, in foul disgrace
They mean with blows to drive him from the place;
But scarce they from his feet the gyves unbound, 965
And loos'd the chains that clasp'd his arms around,
When, lo! he drew the sword and seiz'd the shield
That late were useless dragg'd along the field:
While near him press'd unarm'd th' ignoble crew,
Whose hands nor held the spear, nor falchion drew.

Th' ensuing book, my lord, the sequel shows, 971
For time requires the story here to close.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

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 And left dishonour'd in an humble vest,
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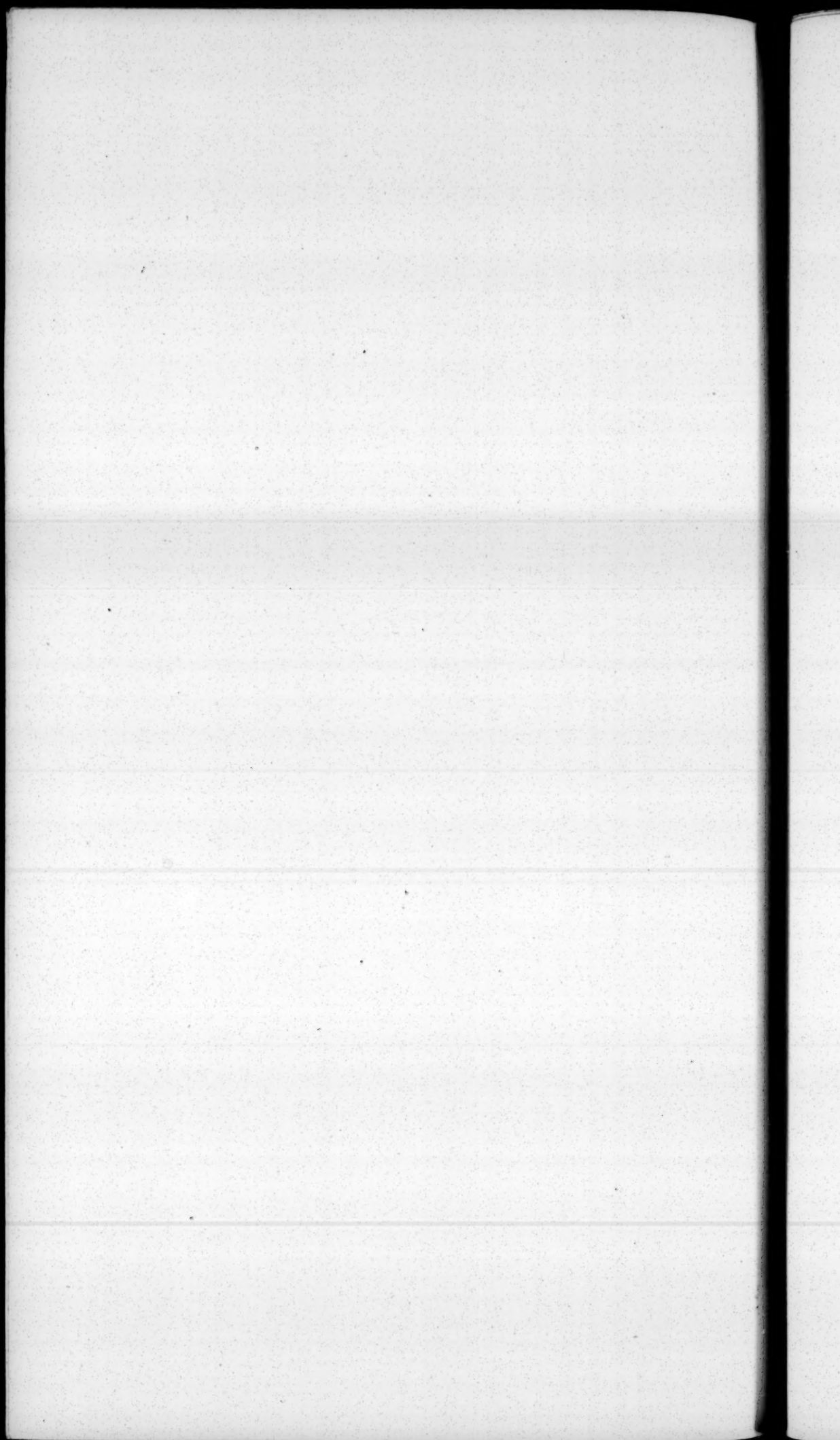
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END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.



THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and his Paladins attack Rodomont, and at last compel him to leave the city. He repasses the Seine, and hears that Doralis is carried off by Mandricardo. Rodomont being gone, Charles returns to the field. General battle renewed with great slaughter on both sides. Ferrau and Dardinello signalize themselves. Lurcanio killed by Dardinello. Gryphon being set at liberty, to revenge the shame he had suffered makes a great slaughter among the people of Damascus. Norandino appeases him. Aquilant meets with Martano and Origilla, seizes and carries them to Damascus: end of that adventure. Norandino institutes another tournament in honour of Gryphon. Arrival of Sanfonetto, Aftolpho, and Marphisa, at Damascus. Confusion on account of a suit of armour offered by the king as the prize of the victor. Marphisa, Aftolpho, and Sanfonetto, overthrow all opposers. Gryphon and Aquilant unhorsed. At last the four knights are known to each other, and peace is restored. Aftolpho, Sanfonetto, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa, depart for France: they embark on board a ship; arrive at Cyprus; are overtaken by a dreadful storm. Account of the general battle resumed. Dardinello is slain by Rinaldo. The Pagans begin to give ground; at last the rout becomes universal, and the Pagans retire to their entrenchments. Medoro and Cloridano, two Moorish youths, leave their posts in the middle of the night, and venture into the enemy's camp in order to seek out, and give burial to the body of their dead master, Dardinello.

THE
EIGHTEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

STILL, generous prince! my loyal muse displays

Your high deserts, and ever seeks to praise:

But much I fear too weak to' exalt your name,

She but defrauds you of a nobler fame.

Amidst your virtues, one above the rest 5

My tongue, my bosom ever has confess'd:

While open audience all from you receive,

None find you ever ready to believe

Each light report—your goodness will befriend

Th' accus'd when absent, oft attention lend 10

To each fair plea, and keep a gracious ear

When present, from himself his tale to hear;

And rather months and years the cause defer,

Than to another's wrong in hasty sentence err.

Had Norandino well his conduct weigh'd, 15
His lips might ne'er on Gryphon's head have laid
The doom unjust: while honour crowns your name,
He, unadvis'd, has stain'd his future fame.
Through him his people breathless on the plain,
Fall by the raging hand of Gryphon slain; 20
Who thrusts or whirls, by turns, the mortal steel,
And thirty near the car his fury feel.
Swift fly the rest, as terror bids them stray;
One seeks the field, and one the beaten way:
One hopes again to enter in the wall; 25
Where each on each in mingled heaps they fall.
Without a word or menace Gryphon glows
With silent wrath, no soft compassion knows,
But drives his sword amidst the trembling throngs,
And takes dire vengeance for his former wrongs. 30
Of those, who first dispersing o'er the plain,
With nimble feet the city walls can gain,
Impetuous some, as sense of danger sways,
Forgetful of their friends the drawbridge raise.
Some fly with ghastly looks in pale affright, 35
Nor cast a look behind them in their flight:
While wide in every distant quarter rise
The shouting clamours and distressful cries.

Fierce

Fierce Gryphon, as aloft the bridge they drew,
(Ill chance for them) two luckless wretches flew. 40
Of these, one dash'd against the stony plain
Pour'd from his batter'd skull the smoking brain :
One, wounded in the breast, fell headlong down,
As up the walls he climb'd to reach the town :
The trembling crowds, with terror chill'd, behold 45
The breathless carcass from the ramparts roll'd.
Great is the fear that many a mind appalls,
Left furious Gryphon should o'erleap the walls :
Not deeper tumults could around prevail,
Should the stern Soldan with his host assail 50
Damascus' gates—arms flash, loud shouts ascend ;
Now here, now there the thronging people bend :
Timbrels and trumpets mingled pour around
The deafening noise and to the skies resound.

But let us for awhile forbear to tell 55
What fortune next the gallant knight beset :
Now must the verse the deeds of Charles recite,
Who bent on Rodomont his fearless might,
And in his train seven daring warriors led,
'T' avenge his subjects by the Pagan dead. 60

Ver. 55. *But let us for awhile forbear to tell*] The story of
Gryphon is continued in this book, ver, 395.

The foe defended with his scaly hide
 Of proof resistlefs, every arm defy'd :
 Eight fpears at once from eight fuch warriors fent,
 He felt, yet fcarcely to the tempeft bent :
 But as the veffel, yielding to the gale, 65
 Swift riles as the pilot fhifts the fail
 To catch the wind : fo Rodomont arofe,
 Though fcarce a mountain could have borne the
 blows.

To join the warlike eight whom late I told,
 Full many a chief, whose actions Fame enroll'd, 70
 Enclos'd the foe : with thefe the treacherous name
 Of Gannelon, with thefe good Turpin came ;
 And Arimon, and Englifh Edward, late
 Receiv'd by Charles in Paris' regal gate.

As built on Alpine rocks, with ftately pride, 75
 A caftle that has every force defy'd,

Ver. 71. ——— *with thefe the treacherous name*

Of Gannelon, —] An inveterate enemy to the houfes
 of Rinaldo and Orlando, and as fuch recorded by Pulci, Boyardo,
 and other romance writers. Gannelon or Gano is frequently men-
 tioned in Don Quixote.

Ver. 72. ——— *good Turpin —]* Turpin, archbifhop of Rheims,
 reputed author of the fabulous hiftory of Charlemain and his twelve
 peers : the authority of this prelate is frequently brought forth by
 Ariofto in evidence of many actions recorded in this poem, to which
 he is faid to have been an eye-witnefs.

Unfhaken

Unshaken stands, when whirlwinds fweeping round,
Tear oaks and beeches from the groaning ground ;
Firm in himself the haughty Pagan stood,
Inflam'd with fury, and athirst for blood. 80

As roaring storms the coming bolt presage:
So vengeance follows his destructive rage.

At him, that nearest press'd, the stroke he dealt :
Hapless Ughetto of Dordona felt

The rushing blade : cleft to the teeth he dy'd, 85
Nor ought avail'd his helm of temper try'd.

On every limb by turns the Pagan found
Some weapon light, but light without a wound.

Secur'd from harm, the dragon's jointed scale
Impervious, made each sword and javelin fail. 90

And now, attending at their sovereign's call,
Each quits the gate and well-defended wall ;

And hastes to battle, where his prince's fight
Swells every breast and strings each nerve for fight.

As when, amid the circus' bound enclos'd, 95
Stands a fierce lioness, for sport expos'd,

If chance a lordly bull is loos'd to wage
The public combat with her threat'ning rage,
Her tawny cubs behold (unseen before)

The stately beast and hear his dreadful roar: 100

They

They view his ample horns with strange amaze,
And while they view, with doubtful terror gaze;
But if their dam with savage teeth invade
The bull's strong chest, they haste their dam to aid:
Now at his back, now at his paunch they fly, 105
And thirst in blood their tender paws to dye.
Against the Pagan thus the Christians drew:
From roofs and windows some their weapons threw:
Some closer press'd, while, all around him rain'd,
His head a ponderous shower of arms sustain'd. 110
Still more and more they throng (a mingled train)
The space can hardly horse and foot contain.
From every part, like clustering bees, they pour;
Though most, unarm'd, no warlike weapons bore,
And came but to be slain—the Pagan's rage 115
Could scarce suffice their numbers to engage.
Still grows his toil—still crowds to crowds succeed,
Though hundreds by his fatal prowess bleed.
His breath in shorter pantings comes and goes;
He fees, unless his arm can stem the foes, 120
While yet unhurt his strength and limbs remain,
Hereafter must he hope t' escape in vain.

Now here, now there he turns his baleful eyes,
And every pass with numbers clos'd espies.

Around

Around him now his murderous sword he threw ; 125

And swift, as fury urg'd, resistless flew

On Britain's late rais'd bands his force to shed,

The bands by Arimon and Edward led.

Whoe'er has from the throng'd piazza view'd

The giddy populace in heaps pursu'd 130

By some wild bull, that all the day has met

With goads and wounds, by men and dogs beset:

He foams, he snorts, he drives them round and
round,

And this, now that he tosses from the ground :

Such may he deem, but far more dreadful shows 135

The cruel African amidst his foes !

Full twenty with his sword he cleaves in twain,

As many headless from his stroke remain,

He mows down lives ; as by the pruner's hand

Young vines and fallows lopt bestrow the land. 140

Thus dreadful Rodomont the carnage spread

Where'er he pass'd : at length o'er piles of dead

He turn'd his steps to quit the hostile town,

But 'midst his flight no marks of fear were shown ;

Retreating now the nearer Seine he views 145

That from the ramparts to the plain pursues

Its silent course—the throngs around him press,

Urge him behind, nor let him part in peace.

As in Nomadia's or Maffilia's shade,
 The generous beast whom hunters bold invade, 150
 Even while he flies with noble fury burns,
 And, threatening, slowly to his woods returns:
 So Rodomont, in whose high soul appears
 No abject thought, hemm'd in with swords and spears,
 With darts and javelins like a bristled wood, 155
 Slow drags his lingering steps to reach the flood.
 Again he turns, again with brandish'd blade
 A hundred sent to tread the Stygian shade.
 At length, compell'd, he gives, to numbers, way,
 Submits to fortune and resigns the day: 160
 With all his arms he plunges in the tide;
 His nervous limbs the flashing waves divide.
 Afric ne'er bred his like; though Afric's earth
 Gave Hannibal and great Antæus birth.
 Soon as he reach'd the shore, his ruthless mind 165
 Again repented that he left behind
 The town unfack'd; again his thoughts aspire
 Her sons to slay and wrap her walls in fire.
 While thus he paus'd, one drawing near he view'd,
 That soon with other cares his wrath subdu'd: 170
 But who this envoy, fits not here to tell;
 First learn what chance in other parts befel.

Ver. 172. *First learn* —] The story is continued in this book,
 ver. 200.

When Discord had receiv'd the high command
 To kindle strife amidst the Pagan band,
 She Fraud commissions in her stead to keep 175
 The convent's cells, nor let Contention sleep
 Till her return; then calls her sister Pride,
 Who in one dome accustom'd to reside
 Consents to go, but midst the holy train
 Bids, in her place, Hypocrisy remain. 180
 Now Pride and Discord on their baleful way
 To where encamp'd the Christian army lay
 Urge all their speed, when to their sight appears
 Afflicted Jealousy with jaundice fears :
 With her a dwarf, from Doralis the fair 185
 Dispatch'd to Rodomont the news to bear
 How late in Mandricardo's hand she fell ;
 Nor need the muse again th' adventure tell.

It chanc'd that Jealousy the dwarf had found,
 His message soon she learnt and whither bound ; 190
 Then join'd with him an enterprize to share
 That seem'd to claim her own peculiar care.
 Well pleas'd was Discord Jealousy to view,
 But more her cause of coming when she knew
 From whom such hope of powerful aid she drew. 195

Ver. 185. *With her a dwarf—*] Dwarfs and damsels were common messengers in the days of chivalry, and as such often mentioned in Don Quixote.

Lo! hence the seeds to mix in mortal war
 Stern Rodomont and Agricanes' heir :
 For other chiefs she other plans may frame,
 But this suffices here to spread the flame.

Now with the dwarf arriving where the hand 200
 Of Rodomont destroy'd each Christian band ;
 They reach'd the Seine what time his silver tide
 The Turk had cross'd, who when the dwarf he spy'd,
 His wrath he smooth'd, his low'ring brow he clear'd,
 And sudden gladness in his looks appear'd : 205
 All unprepar'd for what he soon must find,
 An insult which his soul had ne'er divin'd.
 The dwarf he met, and with a smiling face :
 How fares our dame, and whither bends thy pace?

Then he—Nor mine nor yours I call the dame 210
 To whom another now asserts his claim :
 But yester's sun, as in her tent she lay,
 A single warrior hew'd his bloody way
 Through all her guards, and thence, by force convey'd,

The royal fair his weeping captive made. 215

He said ; when Jealousy stept forth and prefs'd
 (Cold as an asp) the warrior to her breast.

Now

Ver. 216.—*Jealousy stept forth and prefs'd*

(*Cold as an asp*) the warrior to her breast.] Without danger

Now Discord strikes her flint the fire to raise,
While Pride beneath the ready fewel lays:
Quick bursts the flame, through all the Pagan flies
The raging pest and flashes from his eyes: 221
He sighs, he groans, full horribly he roars,
Blaspheming Heaven and Heaven's immortal powers.
As when the tigress to her empty den
Too late returning snuffs the track of men, 225
And finds her darling young ones borne away,
Nor hills, nor streams, her raging course delay:
Thus the dread Saracen with fury burns,
Lead on!—he cries as to the dwarf he turns:
He seeks no steed, nor car, but like the wind 230
Flies o'er the plain and leaves the war behind:
No courser will he wait, resolv'd to take
The first that Fortune's gift his own shall make.
Then Discord, who his inmost soul survey'd,
Turn'd to her sister Pride, and smiling said: 235
His footsteps shall we guide to find a steed
That other contests, other woes will breed?

danger of incurring the censure of blind partiality, often so justly charged on translators, I may surely venture to point out this passage to the reader, and indeed the whole description of the jealousy of Redomont, as a fine allegorical picture.

The

The care be mine, where'er he roves the land,
No horse but one shall meet his daring hand.

To Charles we turn, who now, the Pagan fled, 240
Forbade the flames extinguish'd more to spread:
His troops he marshall'd: some with ardor fir'd
To guard the posts that chief their aid requir'd:
The rest he sent against the Pagan train
To meet their strongest force in open plain; 245
And through each pass a numerous army pours,
From Saint Germano and Saint Victor's towers;
Then near Marcellus' gate bids every band,
Together join'd in rank of battle stand,
Inciting all their faithless foes to quell 250
With deeds that every future time might tell:
Their banners rang'd, he points their noble rage;
And gives the trumpet's signal to engage.

King Agramant had try'd, nor try'd in vain,
Though hemm'd with foes, his courser to regain: 255
Remounted now, against the knight* who lov'd
Fair Isabella, single fight he prov'd.
With king Sobrino bold Lurcanio clos'd:
Rinaldo stood against a troop oppos'd,

* ZERBINO.

Ver. 240. *To Charles we turn—*] The poet follows Rodomont,
Book xxiii. ver. 237.

Whom

Whom (Fortune smiling on his dauntless might) 260
He flew, dispers'd, o'erturn'd, and chac'd in flight.
So far'd the war—when Charles his legions brought
To charge the rear where king Marsilius fought :
Beneath whose standards crowd the flower of Spain,
His foot the midst compose, his horse the wings sus-
tain. 265

The monarch leads th' assault—the hills around,
The vales return the drum's and trumpet's sound,
Already now the Pagans seem'd to yield,
And soon, with broken files, had left the field,
But Falsirones came, and at his side 370

Grandonio, both in greater dangers try'd ;
With Balugantes, Serpentino slain'd,
And bold Ferrau who thus aloud exclaim'd:

O friends belov'd ! O ! once of martial might !
O ! brethren ! yet maintain this arduous fight ! 275
Give what to fame we owe—yon hostile train
Shall weave, like spiders' nets, their toils in vain !
Think what rewards, what honours must attend,
Should Fortune on this day our arms befriend :
Think what our loss and never-ending shame, 280
If basely driven from such a field of fame.

A ponderous spear he wielded as he spoke,
And aim'd at Berlinger the forceful stroke ;

(Whose arm so well with Argaliffa sped,
He burst the fencing helmet from his head) 285
Now Berlinger o'erthrown, his fatal blade
Eight hapless warriors near him prostrate laid.
In other parts what warlike numbers fell
Before Rinaldo, scarce the muse can tell:
Thou might'st have seen, amidst th' embattled field
The flying squadrons to his fury yield. 291
No less Zerbino and Lurcanio, fir'd
With martial heat, the tongue of praise inspir'd;
That, with a speeding thrust Balestro flew,
This, Finaduro's helmet cleft in two: 295
The first the forces of Alzerbè sway'd,
That late before Tardocco's rule obey'd:
The second held beneath his high command,
Zamora, Saffa, and Morocco's band.
Was there (methinks you cry) with sword and shield
No knight of Afric to dispute the field? 301
Awhile attend—nor deem one worthy name
Shall pass defrauded of his rightful fame.
Nor shall Zumara's king be left unsung,
Brave Dardinello from Almontes sprung, 305
Whose lance, in rest against the Christians set,
Dulphino of the mount, and Elius met;

Hubert

Hubert of Mirford, Claudio of the grove :
On Pinamontes then his sword he drove,
On good Anfelmo of Stanforma's powers ; 310
And Raymond sent from London's stately towers.
These seven, renown'd in arms, to earth he threw,
Two senseless, one he wounded, four he flew.
But all his worth avail'd not to restrain
His people's panic, and their ranks detain 315
To meet our troops, who, less in number, fought
With nobler warmth, and to the combat brought
Whate'er exalts the warrior in the field,
The skill to rest the lance, or lift the shield.
The Moors in Setta and Zumara bred, 320
Those of Morocco and Canara fled :
But with the foremost fled Alzerbè's train,
Whose flight the noble youth* oppos'd in vain.
At length, with threats and prayers by turns address'd,
He rous'd the flame in every generous breast. 325
If in your memory worthy yet to dwell
Almontes lives—this present hour shall tell :
This hour shall show, if midst his foes enclos'd,
You leave in me his son to death expos'd.
Stay ! I conjure you—by my tender age 330
From which your hopes could future fame presage !

* DARDINELLO.

Shall each brave chief by hostile fwords be flain,
And none revisit Afric's lov'd domain?
Surrounded here, all safety else deny'd,
Our firm knit bands alone can cleave the tide. 335
What fosse, what ramparts our return oppose,
What mountains rise between, what ocean flows!
Here let us rather die, than sink so low
To wait the mercy of a Christian foe.
O! then be firm—in this, my friends, remain 340
Our dearest hopes, all other hopes are vain!
Like us the foes have but two hands to wield,
One soul to fire them, and one life to yield.

So spoke the generous youth, and speaking gave
The earl of Athol to the greedy grave. 345
The dear remembrance of Almontes ran
Through Afric's host, and spread from man to man:
Each deem'd it nobler now with glorious arms
To guard their lives, than fly impending harms.
William of Burnick, tall of stature, tow'r'd 350
Above his peers, but Dardinello's sword
Levell'd him with the rest—and near him rest
His life from Arimon and headless left:
(A Cornish champion)—as he press'd the plain
His brother hasten'd to his aid in vain. 355

Betwixt

Betwixt his shoulders Dardinello sent
The reeking steel, that through his bosom went.
Through Bogio's belly next he thrust the blade,
And freed him from his promise lately made :
Vainly he promis'd to his weeping wife, 360
Six moons should bring him back with fame and
life.

Brave Dardinello near Lurcanio 'spy'd,
By whom, but then o'erthrown, Dochino dy'd,
Pierc'd through the throat ; by whom, with gory head,
Cleft to the teeth, lay bleeding Gardo dead. 365
He saw Alæus, dearer than his life,
Attempt too late to fly the bloody strife.
Full at his nape the stroke Lurcanio aim'd,
And stretch'd him dead : Almontes' son inflam'd
With thirst of vengeance, grasp'd his ready spear, 370
And vow'd to Macon (did his Macon hear)
Should slay Lurcanio that day's triumph grace,
His empty arms within the mosque to place.
Then through the ranks with rapid speed he flies,
And to his side so well the lance applies, 375
Pierc'd through and through he hurls him to the
plain,
And instant bids his followers strip the slain.

To where the Gryphon left, whose arm o'erthrew,
 With vengeful rage, Damascus' trembling crew.
 King Norandino, whom the din alarms,
 The city leaves with all his court in arms: 400
 A thousand men his faithful guard supply,
 And round he sees the timorous people fly.
 Meantime, the vulgar crowd dispers'd and fled,
 Those luckless arms, that late his shame had bred,
 (Such arms as fortune then vouchsaf'd to lend) 405
 Brave Gryphon seiz'd his person to defend;
 And near a temple, with strong walls immur'd,
 Whose scite a deep enclosing fosse secur'd,
 Upon a narrow bridge his station chose
 To guard him safely from surrounding foes. 410
 Behold where from the portal near him drew,
 With many a shout and threat, the warrior crew.
 Yet Gryphon still, unmov'd, his place maintain'd,
 As if his fearless soul their force disdain'd;
 Onward he sprung: he grasp'd his glittering blade,
 And many a gasping warrior breathless laid; 416
 Then, to the bridge again retreating, lay
 Safe from attack, and held his foes at bay.
 Again he issu'd, and again withdrew,
 And dy'd each time the ground to crimson hue, 420
 While horse and foot by turns to earth he threw.

Still more and more the troops uniting swarm,
The deepening battle wears a direr form,
When Gryphon pausing views with anxious eyes
The hostile files that all around him rise: 425
Fast from his wounded thigh and shoulder trail'd
The purple streams; his breath and vigour fail'd:
But Virtue, watchful o'er her sons, inclin'd
To peace and pardon Norandino's mind:
While from the walls he led his martial train, 430
He view'd around the ghastly heaps of slain;
The gaping wounds, that seem'd by Hector given,
With cruel steel through temper'd armour driven,
And saw how far his late decree had wrong'd
A knight to whom all worth and praise belong'd. 435

When near him now the gallant youth he view'd
(Whose single arm such numbers had subdu'd,
That dy'd the watery fosse to fearful red,
Entrench'd behind a ghastly pile of dead)
Like stern Horatius, that on Tyber's tide 440
With nervous strength the Tuscan power defy'd,
Heart struck with grief and shame, he bade sur-
cease

The cruel strife, and to confirm the peace
From further fight recall'd each willing band,
And stretch'd, in sign of peace, his naked hand. 445

Then

Then thus to Gryphon—How shall I proclaim
My sense of sorrow and repenting shame?
Another's crime, with deep-concerted guile,
Has led my erring judgment in the toil:
What to the worst I deem'd was justly due, 450
By me has wrong'd the best of knights in you.
If late repentance can amends dispense,
To heal the folly of my past offence,
Behold me ready to repair the shame
That lately sullied your illustrious name: 455
Ask what thou wilt to crown thy high desert,
Gold, cities, lands—my kingdom's better part,
With these the tribute of a faithful heart. }
All, all is thine—but stretch thy hand to prove
The lasting pledge of amity and love. 460

He said, and ceasing, from his steed descends,
And to the knight his better hand extends.
Gryphon, who sees the king with eager pace
Advance to meet him in a friend's embrace,
At once his anger and his sword resigns, 465
And low at Norandino's feet inclines
To clasp his knees: the king beholds him bleed
With late-got wounds, and summons at his need
A skilful leech, then bids with gentlest care
Th' wounded warrior to his palace bear. 470
But

But him we leave, of Aquilant to speak,
 And bold Astolpho, left behind to seek
 Unhappy Gryphon, whom the powerful call
 Of love had drawn from Salem's hallow'd wall.
 For many a day they fought, but fought in vain, 475
 Nor find their comrade lost, nor tidings gain.
 At length the pilgrim, who to Gryphon came,
 They met, and learnt that Gryphon's faithless dame,
 Won by another's love, had left in haste
 The Syrian confines and to Antioch pass'd. 480
 This when he heard, the fable warrior knew
 That love had led his brother to pursue
 His search from Judah's land, to win the charms
 Of Origilla from a rival's arms.
 But Aquilant who, with fraternal love 485
 Could ill support that he alone should prove
 Adventurous deeds, resolves with him to bear
 His social arms, and every danger share.
 But first he prays Astolpho to delay
 (Till back from Antioch he resum'd his way) 490
 His purpos'd journey to the Gallic strand,
 Or pleasing voyage to his native land.
 To Zaffa then he hastes a bark to take;
 By sea he deems his better speed to make.

Ver. 471. *But him we leave, —*] He returns to him in this book, ver. 608.

He mounts the deck ; a south-east wind prevails, 495

Curls the green wave and fills the favour'd sails.

So swift their course, before the prosperous breeze,

Next day he Surro and Saffeto sees ;

Then Zibelletto and Barutti leaves,

And distant Cyprus on the left perceives ; 500

From Tripoli to reach Tortosa speeds,

To Lizzo and Laiazzo's gulph proceeds.

Thence, veering to the east, the pilot guides

The rapid vessel through the dashing tides.

He comes where to the sea Orontes drives, 505

And safely at the river's mouth arrives.

Here Aquilant impatient, gives command

To cast the bridge, and issues on the land.

Arm'd on his steed his eager course he steers

Along the stream, till Antioch's town appears. 510

Nor Origilla nor Martano there

The warrior finds, but hears the faithless pair }

To rich Damascus went the regal jousts to share. }

Full sure he deem'd that Gryphon would pursue

His perjur'd dame, and hence in haste withdrew 515

Ver. 508. *To cast the bridge*, —] The poet by this means a broad plank laid from the sides of the vessel to the shore for the horses to land.

From Antioch's walls, resolv'd without delay
To pass by land, nor risk the watery way ;
When GOD, to prove he oft allots below
Good to the virtuous, to the wicked, woe ;
So guides his search, that on a certain day 520
He met the vile Martano on the way :
Who bore before him, in proud triumph shown,
The prize of tilting by another won.

When Aquilant Martano first survey'd
In arms and vest of snow-white hue array'd, 525
He deem'd his brother near, and eager flew
To clasp his neck, but when advanc'd he knew
His fond mistake, he chang'd his first address,
And as he joy'd before, now fears no less.
He fears some fraud, by Origilla wrought, 530
Had to his end unhappy Gryphon brought.
Tell me (he cry'd) thou, whom thy looks proclaim
A thief and traitor, whence that armour came ;
Whence is that garb, and why dost thou bestride
The generous steed that Gryphon wont to guide ? 535
Say—lives my brother yet, or breathless lies ?
How hast thou made his horse and arms thy prize ?

Struck with his angry threats and dreadful sight,
Pale Origilla turns her steed for flight ;

But

But fudden Aquilant has seiz'd the reins, 540

And in her own despite the dame retains.

Confus'd and mute, as leaves to zephyrs shake,

Martano seems in every limb to quake.

Still Aquilant in thundering accent raves,

While at his head the naked sword he waves, 545

And vows unless his lips the truth display,

The dame and he their forfeit lives shall pay.

Martano pondering long how best to hide
His crime with specious art, at length reply'd.

Lo! there my sister, mighty Sir, who came 550

From virtuous parents; of unfully'd name;

Till Gryphon long, regardless of her race,

Detain'd her in a life of foul disgrace:

Much have I sorrow'd for her hapless fate;

But since too weak from such a knight to take 555

The helpless penitent, we fought t' obtain

By art what force could never hope to gain.

She, while he slept, from Gryphon's power with-
drew;

And lest he waking should our flight pursue,

We thence convey'd his vesture, arms, and steed, 560

And now in safety on our way proceed.

So hop'd th' impostor with a sister's name

To veil the lawless partner of his shame;

But

But Aquilant, who heard her story spread
Through Antioch's town, and knew the life she led,
Enflam'd anew to wrath, indignant spoke: 566
False slave! thou ly'st—then aim'd a ponderous stroke
With lifted arm and mailed gauntlet bent,
And down his throat two bleeding teeth he sent:
Then with strong cords he pinion'd close behind 570
His caitiff-arms, and with like bonds confin'd
His foul associate, while she strove t' assuage
With fruitless plea the warrior's generous rage,
Who bade the squires and all th' attending train,
With gifts enrich'd, Damascus' walls regain, 575
Thus journeying on through many a town, he
brought

The shameless pair; then in Damascus' fought
His brother lost, whose justice might dispense
The punishment for such unheard offence.
Arriv'd, he found that Gryphon's glorious fame 580
Was far diffus'd on rapid wings of fame.
Already old and young the tale could tell,
That this was he who ran at tilt so well;
And he, from whom his partner's impious wiles
Had won the meed of arms and knightly toils. 585
The populace, enrag'd, Martano view,
And point him out, and with loud threats pursue.
Behold

Behold (they cry) the wretch, who seeks to raise
On other's actions his dissembled praise;
Who fullies, with his own opprobrious shame, 590
The man who guards not well his better fame.
Yon woman see, with every vice indu'd,
Who aids the wicked, and betrays the good.
Some thus exclaim—How well the pair agree!
Not he more treacherous than deceitful she! 595
With railing these, with curses those pursue
Their hateful way; while, eager for a view,
Through streets and squares th' impatient vulgar
throng,

Prefs on each other's steps and pour along.

With joy the king these tidings entertain'd, 600
With greater joy than for a kingdom gain'd;
And with his few attendants eager prefs'd
To meet brave Aquilant, his welcome guest,
And pay such honors as to him belong'd
Whose valour had aveng'd his Gryphon wrong'd.
Now Norandino with the knight's consent, 606
Within a gloomy cell his captives pent.
But Aquilant he led, where (since the day
He bled in combat) wounded Gryphon lay;
Who, when he view'd his brother, glow'd with shame
As conscious that he knew his fully'd fame, 611

With

With all that chanc'd : when Aquilant awhile
 His love had rally'd with a friendly smile ;
 They held debate what penance to impose
 On them from whom such foul deceit arose. 615
 Severe the king and Aquilant decreed
 Their pains ; but Gryphon wish'd for her to plead :
 Yet, since he blush'd to urge her cause alone,
 He begg'd his pleading might for both atone.
 At length 'twas doom'd (to end the friendly strife) 620
 To scourge Martano, but to spare his life.
 Next day they gave him to the hangman's hands,
 Who bound his limbs, but not in flowery bands,
 Then on the culprit many a lash bestow'd,
 From street to street, amidst the gaping crowd. 625
 But Origilla still they kept to mourn
 In bonds till fair Lucina should return,
 Whose sage decree (for so these lords ordain)
 Her doom must lighten or enforce her pain.
 Here Aquilant remain'd, till Gryphon heal'd 630
 Of every wound his arms again could wield.

Ver. 623.—*not in flowery bands,*] This may possibly allude to
 the verses of Petrarch, where, speaking of Julius Cæsar, he says,
 that Cleopatra bound him with flowery wreaths.

FORNARI.

From errors past the king more prudent grown,
Believes he never can enough atone
For such misdeed, by which he brought to shame
A knight whose worth might every tribute claim.
Each day, each hour, he bent his care to chace 636
From Gryphon's mind the thoughts of late disgrace.
And soon he purpos'd in the public view,
With every honour to his merits due,
To give him to redeem his ravish'd spoils, 640
Where once he suffer'd by his comrade's wiles.

Now through the realms the regal mandate pass'd,
To form a joust more splendid than the last;
Within a month he bade the lists prepare
In all the pomp that fits a monarch's care. 645
Soon ready Fame her rapid wings expands,
And spreads the tidings through the Syrian lands;
Phœnicia, Palestine, the rumour hear,
Which reach'd at length to good Astolpho's ear;
Who, with the noble regent *, now inclin'd 650
To see the lists by Syria's prince design'd.
Great was the praise of Sanfonetto's name,
Great was his strength in arms and knightly fame;
Whom, made a Christian by Orlando's hand,
Charles gave in charge to rule the holy land. 655

* SANFONETTO.

These valiant sons of chivalry, to meet
 The knights at Norandino's regal feat,
 From town to town pursu'd their easy way
 To reach the tilting on th' appointed day
 With vigour unimpair'd, and chanc'd to light
 (Where two paths join'd) on one who seem'd a knight;
 But one, whose outward vest and looks conceal'd
 A virgin glorious in the martial field.
 Marphisa was her name, of generous strain,
 Who oft was known the combat to maintain 665
 With Brava's* mighty lord, and oft had clos'd
 With Mount Albano's †, sword to sword oppos'd.
 By day, by night, in shining arms array'd,
 Through woods and dales, o'er hills and plains she
 stray'd
 T' encounter wandering knights, and nobly raise 670
 Victorious trophies of immortal praise.

* ORLANDO,

† RINALDO.

Ver. 664. *Marphisa*—] The character is continued from the Orlando Innamorato, where she makes a principal figure. Boyardo tells us that Galaphron, the father of Angelica, brought with him a numerous force to raise the siege of Albracca, among which was Marphisa, a female warrior of dauntless courage, and who had made a vow never to disarm herself till she had taken three kings prisoners in battle, Gradasso, Agrican, and Charlemain.

See ORL. INNAM. B. i. c. xvi.

As

As Sanfonetto and Aftolpho came
 In plate and mail before the fearless dame,
 She deem'd them warriors well in battle known,
 For both were large of limb and strong of bone. 675
 Then eager in the field their force to try,
 She wheel'd her steed the strangers to defy,
 But to her mind recall'd, as near she drew,
 The Paladin whom in Cathay she knew,
 Where oft she mark'd, in council and in fight, 680
 The gallant bearing of the English knight.
 This seen, the gauntlet from her hand she took,
 Call'd him by name, and with a gracious look
 Her beaver rais'd, nor, though the first in pride,
 To meet the duke with fair salute deny'd; 685
 While the brave Paladin as gladly paid
 His cordial greeting to the wondrous maid.

Now each began t' enquire the other's way;
 Aftolpho first reply'd—his journey lay
 To reach Damascus, where the Syrian king 690
 Sought in his lists from various climes to bring
 The bravest knights—Permit (Marphisa cry'd)
 My arms with yours the glory to divide.
 She said, and gladly to her wish they yield,
 O'erjoy'd at such a partner in the field. 695

Ver. 679. — *whom in Cathay she knew,*] Alluding to Boy-
 ardo's action.

At length the day before the festive rite,
 They see Damascus rising to their fight,
 And here, without the walls, awhile they stay
 Till fair Aurora with her early ray
 Shall gild the morn; but when with ruddy blaze 700
 The sun began to shed his orient rays,
 The dame and knights their limbs in armour cas'd,
 And to the lists an envoy sent in haste,
 To give the signal when the jousts began,
 When spear with spear, and man engag'd with man.

Now to the place king Norandino came, 706
 The place he destin'd for the dangerous game;
 While the brave virgin*, and the knightly pair†,
 Press through the city to the crowded square,
 Where, waiting for the sign, on either hand 710
 The knights of noble strain impatient stand.
 The prizes doom'd that day for those who won,
 A glittering poll-ax, and a sword that shone
 With costly gems; with these the king bestow'd
 A steed, whose make and stately trappings show'd 715
 A royal gift—The king who surely held
 That he, who first had all opponents quell'd,
 Would win the second jousts, and bear away
 The meed and praise of each victorious day,

* MARTHISA.

† SANSONETTO, and ASTOLPHO.

To give him all that honour could demand, 720
 Those arms, which late by fraud Martano gain'd,
 Aloft he hung; the sword of temper try'd
 To these he join'd; and at the courser's side
 The poll-ax plac'd, all destin'd to requite
 Brave Gryphon, from his garb furnam'd the white.
 But she, who lately to the list of fame, 726
 With Sanfonetto and Astolpho came,
 Soon chang'd the scene—for when before her view
 These arms appear'd, full well the arms she knew,
 Which, once her own, the virgin treasur'd high, 730
 Their value such, no vulgar price could buy.
 These once impatient from her limbs she drew
 And cast aside, impetuous to pursue
 Brunello, vers'd in every art of theft,
 Who from her side the trusty sword had rest. 735
 Nor need I longer on the story dwell,
 Suffice how here she found her arms to tell.

Ver. 732. *These once impatient from her limbs she drew*

And cast aside,—] This story is told by Boyardo, who says that she pursued Brunello fifteen days, that on the sixth day her horse falling dead through weariness, she continued the pursuit on foot, till Brunello getting to the sea-side made his escape in a vessel, and arrived safe at Biserta with the spoils he had made.

ORL. INNAM. B. ii. c. xvii.

Now when the maid, by certain tokens known,
Again in these with joy confess'd her own,
So dearly priz'd—No more in doubt she stay'd, 740
But, swift advancing, on the cuirass laid
That hand, which ne'er was wont in field to fail,
And here she seiz'd, and there she strow'd the mail
With headlong haste. The king incens'd beheld,
And with a look his ready train impell'd 745
T'avenge the deed: at once the train obey'd:
The spear they rested and unsheath'd the blade,
Mindless of what they found so late requite
Their insult offer'd to a wandering knight.
Not more, when Spring unlocks his genial stores 750
The playful child delights in gaudy flowers:
Not more the blooming maid, with vestments gay,
In the swift dance or music's spritely lay;
Than she, whose valour every thought exceeds,
Joys in the clang of arms and neigh of steeds; 755
The rattling quiver, and the crashing spear,
Where streaming blood and ghastly death appear.
Her courser spurr'd against the thoughtless crew,
Her lance in rest with headlong speed she flew;
Some through the neck, some through the breast she
thrust, 760
Some with a shock she tumbled on the dust.

Then

Then, with drawn sword, her furious strokes addrefs'd,
She lopp'd the head or broke the brittle crest;
There pierc'd the side, and here the skull she cleft,
The right arm now she cropt, and now the left. 765

Brave Sanfonetto and Astolpho bold
Who with Marphisa came the lists to hold,
Not mix in serious combat, when they saw
The Syrian troops in rank of battle draw,
At once their lances couch'd, their vizors clos'd, 770
And pierc'd th' ignoble herd, where few oppos'd
Their dreadful course: meantime the knights who
came

From various realms, the candidates for fame,
Their sportive weapons turn'd to slaughter view'd,
And promis'd jousts to deeper scenes of blood; 775
Yet knew not why the Syrian people fought
Their mad revenge, or what offence had wrought
The king's resentment; hence, on either hand,
In deep amaze and speechless doubt they stand.

Some forward rush the people's cause to join, 780
But soon repent; and some, whose minds incline
On either part, to these as those unknown,
Prepare, without delay, to quit the town:
While wiser some, still hold the courser's rein,
And, silent, anxious for th' event remain. 786

But Aquilant and Gryphon flew where swarms
 Of people pour'd to claim their sovereign's arms
 So proudly seiz'd. When now the brethren view'd
 The king, whose fiery eyes, suffus'd with blood,
 Bespoke his wrath; when now at full they knew 790
 The cause from which such dread contention grew;
 And Gryphon deem'd such insult borne must shame
 Not less his own, than Norandino's name;
 Each bids his spear be brought with eager speed,
 And flies to vengeance on his thundering steed. 795
 On t'other part Astolpho swift impell'd
 His Rabicano, while in hand he held
 The lance of gold, that with enchanted force
 Dismounts each warrior in the list'd course.
 With this on earth two noble knights he leaves: 800
 First Gryphon falls, then Aquilant receives
 The weapon's point, that glancing on the shield,
 The generous youth extended on the field.
 Bold Sanfonetto from their seats remov'd
 The bravest knights, in many a conflict prov'd: 805
 Swift from the barriers throng'd th' affrighted crow'd:
 The king, inflam'd with anger, storm'd aloud.

Ver. 798. *The lance of gold,—*] This lance, formerly the property of Argalia, after his death came to Astolpho.

See General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

Meantime Marphisa, who had driven away
Whate'er oppos'd her (victor of the day)
The late contested arms in triumph took, 810
And with her prize the fatal lifts forsook.
Nor Sanfonetto, nor Astolpho stay'd,
But to the gate pursu'd the martial maid,
While Aquilant and Gryphon mourn'd the chance
That both o'erthrew with one resistless lance. 815
O'erwhelm'd with shame they curse the stranger's
hand,

Nor dare in Norandino's presence stand.
They seize their courfers, and their seats regain
To chace the foe—with numbers in his train
The king pursues—All equal fury breathe, 820
Resolv'd on vengeance or resolv'd on death.
The vulgar throngs applauding clamours send,
But gaze at distance and th' event attend.

Now Gryphon came to where the three had gain'd
The bridge, and undismay'd the post maintain'd: 825
Arriv'd, he soon Astolpho knew, who wore
The same device and vests he view'd before;
The same his armour and the same his steed,
As on the day he made Orilo bleed.

When Gryphon late engag'd the English knight,
The well-known marks at first escap'd his sight, 831
But

But now he knows him, greets him now with hands
Conjoin'd, and of his comrades' weal demands;
And why, regardless of the reverence due
To Syria's king, those arms to earth they threw. 835
To Gryphon then good Otho's son* reveal'd
His comrades' names, and nought beside conceal'd
Of what had chanc'd, though little could he tell
How from those arms such sudden discord fell;
But since himself and Sanfonetto brought 840
Marphisa there, in her defence they fought.

While friendly thus they commun'd, nearer drew
Good Aquilant, and soon Astolpho knew:
His wrath subsides; and numbers now appear,
But dare not yet approach the warriors near: 845
They view each gesture well and stand intent
To mark their words and what their parley meant:
When one, who found that this was she so fam'd
In glorious fields of fight, Marphisa nam'd,
His courser turn'd and Norandino warn'd, 850
(Unless he wish'd to see his honours scorn'd)
Ere all were slain, to save his remnant bands
From dire Tisiphonè and Death's remorseless hands;
For she, who thus had seiz'd the costly arms,
Was fierce Marphisa, bred amidst th' alarms 855

* ASTOLPHO

Of horrid war. When Norandino heard
That dreadful name through all the east so fear'd,
Unless his care prevent, full well he knew
The mischief, now predicted, must ensue.
For this he bids his troops from combat cease, 860
Whose fury lessens as their fears increase.

Meanwhile the sons of Olivero there,
With Sanfonetto and with Otho's heir,
By mild entreaty in Marphisa's breast
Assuag'd the flame: she stay'd, at their request 865
Her deathful hand, then with a haughty look
Approaching Norandino thus she spoke.

I know not why your victor should receive
These arms, O king! which are not yours to give.
These once were mine, and midst the public way
That from Armenia leads, one fateful day 871
I left behind, with better speed to chace
A wretch from whom I suffer'd foul disgrace:
Behold this token on the mail imprest,
The certain proof of what my lips attest. 875

Then

Ver. 874. *Behold this token on the mail imprest,*] Boyardo relates that Marphisa bore for the device on her shield a crown cleft in three parts, and for her crest a dragon vomiting flames.

Nel

Then on the cuirafs, which ſhe claim'd her own,
Cleft in three parts ſhe ſhew'd a regal crown.

Four

Nel ſcudo azurro avea per devifa
Una corona in tre parti ſpezzata:
La cotta d'arme a quella guiſa
E la coperta tutto lavorato,
E per cimier nel piu ſublime loco,
Un drago verde che gettava foco,
Ed era il foco acconcia di maniera,
Che dal impeto accesa arde del vento,
E quando in mezza alla battaglia ell'era,
Un lampeggiar facea pien di ſpavento.

BERNI ORL. INN. B. I. C. X.

She, for device, upon her azure ſhield,
Cleft in three parts a regal crown reveal'd;
The like impreſs her mailed cuirafs bore,
And all her ſurcoat rich embroider'd o'er:
High on her helm, in figur'd terror grac'd,
A verdant dragon fiery ſparkles caſt;
The towering creſt, by wondrous art deſign'd,
With motion glow'd and kindled in the wind:
And while amidſt the mingled fight ſhe turn'd,
With dreaded blaze the fire encreaſing burn'd!

Taſſo paints the creſt of the Soldan of Egypt in the ſame manner.

A dragon on his creſt the Soldan wore,
That, ſtretching, bends his arching neck before,
High on his feet he ſtands, with ſpreading wings,
And wreaths his forky tail in ſpiry rings:
Three brandiſh'd tongues the ſculptur'd monſter ſhows,
He ſeems to kindle as the combat glows:

His

Four days are past, since from th' Armenian land
 (The king reply'd) a merchant to my hand
 This armour brought, and would'st thou this obtain,
 Think not thy tongue shall ask the gift in vain; 881
 Nor think, whate'er thy claim, the prize ordain'd
 For Gryphon's virtues, thus by him detain'd,
 But freely would his noble mind resign
 The victor's meed to make thy friendship mine. 885
 No signs I ask to prove this armour yours,
 Your word, your valour, my belief secures.

His gaping jaws appear to hiss with ire,
 And vomit mingled smoke and ruddy fire.

JERUSAL. DEL. B. ix. ver. 193.

Both these descriptions originate in the following fine picture
 of Virgil.

————— Turnus

Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice supra est,
 Quod triplici crinita juba galea alta Chimæram
 Sustinet, Ætnæos efflantem faucibus ignes.
 Tam magis illa fremens, ac tristibus effera flammis,
 Quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnæ.

ÆN. lib. vii. ver. 783.

————— Turnus rode

A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
 On which with belching flames Chimera burn'd;
 The more the kindled combat rises higher,
 The more with fury burns the blazing fire.

DRYDEN, ver. 1071.

Now

Now take thy own—here all contention leave,
And Gryphon shall from me a richer gift receive.

Gryphon, who little had these arms desir'd, 890

But still in all to please the king aspir'd,

Thus made reply—For me it shall suffice,

That aught you wish my glad consent supplies.

Marphisa, who beheld the part they took

To save her honour, with benignant look 895

To Gryphon begg'd these arms her gift to make,

Which Gryphon at her hand vouchsaf'd to take.

Now to the city all again pursu'd

Their cheerful way, in peace and love renew'd;

Where at the festive tilt in splendor run, 900

The prize and glory Sanfonetto won.

Astolpho and the brethren fam'd in war,

But chief Marphisa, brave beyond compare,

With friendly purpose from the list abstain,

That Sanfonetto all the praise might gain. 905

With Norandino thus the knights employ

The happy days in sports and social joy,

Till now the state of France by foes oppress'd,

Awakes new thoughts in every knightly breast:

Their leave they take: with these, by glory fir'd, 910

Marphisa went, for long her soul aspir'd

To meet the Paladins in fields of fame,
And prove if each deserv'd so great a name.

Another Sanfonetto leaves, whose sway
For his might blest Jerufalem obey :
Then in one friendly band together join'd,
These five, whose equals scarce the world can find,
Dismiss'd by Norandino seek the land
Of Tripoli, where on the neighbouring strand
The billows break, and where a bark they find 920
With wealthy freight for western climes design'd.
An aged pilot there (the terms agreed)
Receives aboard each warrior and his steed.

With cloudless beam serenely shone the day,
The flattering promise of a prosperous way. 925
The shore forsaking, with a favouring gale
They plough the deep with wide extended sail.
The isle, devoted to the queen of love,
Receives them first, within whose port they prove
Malignant steams of pestilential breath 930
That soften steel and taint the air with death.
Sent from a stagnant pool—and thus unkind
To Famagosta, Nature has assign'd

Ver. 930. *Malignant steams*—] The lake of Constanza is so near Famagosta, that it was said to render the air pestilential: but the further effects attributed to it by the poet are probably exaggerated.

Her place so near Constanzo's noxious soil,
Yet blest in other parts the Cyprian isle. 935
The poisonous fumes forbid the ship to stay;
Around the coast they wing their rapid way,
And steering to the right, at Paphos moor:
The sailors issue on the flowery shore,
For traffick some, and some the land to view, 940
Where Love resides with pleasures ever new.
Six miles ascending gently from the flood,
Stands on a beauteous hill a verdant wood,
Where cedars, myrtles, bays, and orange grow,
With various plants that grateful scent bestow. 945
Wild thyme, the lily, crocus, and the rose
Perfume the air, while every wind that blows
Fresh from the land, far o'er the surgy main
Wafts the sweet gale to greet the sailor-train.
Clear from a spring a murmuring riv'let pours 950
Its winding tribute to the meads and flowers.
Well may this spot be nam'd the favourite soil
Of lovely Venus, where with roseate smile,
Each dame, each virgin shines in bloomy pride
Of charms unequall'd through the world beside, 955
While the soft goddess youth and age inspires,
And even in life's last stage maintains her amorous
fires.

Here

Here was the tale confirm'd, reveal'd but late
Of fair Lucina, whom in doleful state
The orc detain'd; and soon the news they heard, 960
That, freed at length from bonds, the princess steer'd
Her happy journey from Nicosia's seat,
In Syria's realm her long-lost lord to meet.

The pilot now his voyage to pursue,
While o'er the wave the favouring breezes blew, 965
Turn'd to the sea his prow, his anchor weigh'd,
And every canvas to the gale display'd.
Now distant from the port the vessel stood,
And plough'd with happy speed the briny flood,
Long as the sun above th' horizon shin'd; 970
But, when black evening rose, the changing wind
Howl'd thro' the shrouds, and from the lowest deep
With warring waves assail'd the reeling ship.
Wide yawns the firmament from pole to pole,
Quick flash the lightnings, loud the thunders roll;
Thick clouds in darkness veil th' ethereal light, 976
Nor sun by day, nor star appears by night.

Ver. 962.—*Nicosia*—] Nicosia was a city almost in the middle of the island of Cyprus.

Ver. 963.—*her long-lost lord to meet.*] Here concludes the story of Norandino and Lucina, who appear no more in the course of this work:

South, east, and west in rattling whirlwinds blow;
Heaven groans above and ocean roars below.

Huge cataracts descend of hail and rain; 980
The wretched failors every woe sustain,
And horror broods upon the angry main.

All ply their several tasks to prove how well
Each in his office can the rest excel.

One with his whistle's found the want of speech 985
Supplies, and gives the needful charge to each:
This, at the anchor toils; that, strikes the sails;
This strains or loosens, as the storm prevails,
The creaking cordage; that, the deck ascends:
The rudder this, and that, the mast defends. 990

All night the storm redoubled rage display'd,
With thicker gloom than hell's tremendous shade.
Through deepest seas th' affrighted pilot steer'd,
Where through the waves no dangerous shelves appear'd,

Not hopeless yet but with returning day 995

Relentless Fortune might her wrath allay;
In vain his hopes—for nought her wrath assuag'd,
By day with fiercer strength the tempest rag'd:
If that were day, which not returning light,
But lapse of hours distinguish'd from the night. 1000
Now pale, despairing, to his fate resign'd,
The pilot leaves his vessel to the wind;

He

He lets her drive where'er the storm prevails,
And ploughs th' unpitying sea with humble sails.

While Fortune these upon the deep distress'd, 1005
Not more she suffers those at land to rest,
Where on the plains of France, with deathful rage,
The Christian and the Pagan powers engage.
Rinaldo there assails, breaks, scatters round
The foes, and hurls their standards to the ground:
And now he spurs Bayardo through the fight, 1011
To prove the noble Dardinello's might.

Rinaldo on his shield the sign survey'd,
Which young Almontes' son with pride display'd,
And deem'd him brave whose venturous arm could
bear 1015

The same device the earl * was seen to wear;
And found him brave, when round the ghastly plain
He saw the heaps his conquering hand had slain.
Then to himself—This noxious weed demands,
(Ere yet it further spreads) my pruning hands. 1020
Thus spoke the knight, and where he turns his face,
The ranks recede, and every chief gives place:
Christians and Pagans to his passage yield,
Such awe his looks, such dread his sword impell'd.

* ORLANDO.

Ver. 1005. *While Fortune these—*] He resumes this narrative in
Book xix. ver. 306.

Z. 2

But

But hapless Dardinello sole defies 1025

Albano's chief; to whom Rinaldo cries.

Poor boy! in evil hour to risk thy life,
That shield was left, thy pledge of future strife:
I come to prove how well with me in fight,
Thy hand defends that ensign red and white: 1030
If here thou fail'st, thy force can ill contend
Those arms against Orlando to defend.

Then Dardinello thus—Hear one who dares
Protect those honours which in field he bears:
I trust these colours, red and white, proclaim 1035
Less pledge of strife than pledge of future fame:
Think not, though young, to make me fly the field,
Or e'er to thee this glorious trophy yield.
My death alone on thee my arms bestows:
But Heaven th' event far other may dispose; 1040
And never, never shall my deeds disgrace
The lineal praise of my illustrious race.

He said; and as he spoke, with brandish'd sword
Intrepid rush'd on Mount Albano's lord:
A chilling fear each Pagan foe oppress'd, 1045
And froze the blood in every panting breast;

Ver. 1045. *A chilling fear—*] So Virgil when Pallas attacks
Turnus, *ÆNEID* x.

Frigidus Arcadibus coit in præcordia sanguis.
The blood congeal'd in each Arcadian heart.

When

When stern Rinaldo, eager for the fight,
 Resistless flew t' engage the blooming knight.
 A lion thus (that in the pasture views
 A bull that ne'er the heifer yet pursues) 1050
 Springs on his prey—first aim'd the Pagan foe
 Against Mambrino's helm the fruitless blow.
 Now learn (with smile severe Rinaldo cry'd)
 If this right hand can best the weapon guide.
 At once he spurr'd, and to the fiery horse 1055
 Gave up the reins, when driv'n with matchless force
 Through his white breast the sword a passage found,
 Till at his back appear'd the grizzly wound.
 The steel drawn forth, drew forth the vital breath,
 And cold and pale the body sunk in death: 1060
 Like some fair flower, whose vivid lustre fades,
 If chance the ploughman's share its stalk invades;
 Or heavy poppies, charg'd with dews or rain,
 That hang their heads low drooping on the plain:

Ver. 1061. *Like some fair flower—*] Thus Virgil, *Æneid ix.*
 ver. 435.

Purpureus veluti cum flos succifus aratro
 Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo,
 Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.

As a gay flower, with blooming beauties crown'd,
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;
 Or some tall poppy that o'er-charg'd with rain,
 Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain:

PITT, 585.
 So

So from his face the rosy colour flies, 1065
 So Dardinello sinks, and sinking dies:
 He dies, and instant with their chief is fled
 The strength, the courage of the host he led.
 As where huge works of human art restrain
 The floods that else would deluge all the plain, 1070
 Whene'er the mounds are burst, the rushing tide
 With roaring noise escapes on every side.
 The powers of Afric thus, who scorn'd to yield,
 While Dardinello's name inspir'd the field;
 Soon as they found the leader breathless lie, 1075
 Dispers'd and broken o'er the plains they fly,
 Who seeks to fly, Rinaldo leaves in flight,
 But those assails who bravely meet the fight.
 What numbers fell where Ariodantes fought,
 Who next Rinaldo deeds of prowess wrought! 1080
 These Lionetto; those Zerbino quell'd;
 All seem'd to strive who most in arms excell'd.
 Charles, mindful of his fame, the battle wag'd:
 There Olivero, Turpin, Guido rag'd;
 There Salamone fought, Ugero there engag'd. }
 That day so fatal to each Moorish band, 1086
 Had left not one to see his native land;

Ver. 1084. — *Guido.*—] Two Guidos are mentioned by the poet, distinct from one of that name called Guido Savage.

But

But sage Marfilius, with foreseeing care,
Preserv'd th' unhappy remnants of the war;
And better deem'd these wretched bands to save,
Than suffer all to fill a foreign grave. 1091

He sends his standards to the camp, dispos'd
Against assaults, by fencing works enclos'd:
Here Stordilano came, Granada's king;
Andalusia's, Lusus' leaders bring 1095

Their suffering powers: meantime Marfilius sends
To Afric's monarch; and with speed commends
To quit the field, and thank the favouring power
Which sav'd his life in that destroying hour.

The king, who saw that nothing could restore
The day, nor hop'd to see Biserta more, 1101
The fate he could not shun resign'd to meet,
His standards turn'd and bade to sound retreat.

Such was the panic of the routed host,
That flying numbers in the scene were lost. 1105

King Agramant and sage Sobrino try'd
The rest in order from the field to guide:
But here nor king, nor sage, nor chief prevail'd
With prayer or threat, such fear each breast assail'd:
While scarce a third the standards would pursue,
That ill attended from the fight withdrew. 1111

For one that heard his chief or trumpet's call,
Lo! two were seen to fly, or two to fall.
Soon to their camp retir'd, in dire dismay,
The wretched Pagans in their trenches lay: 1115
When Charles, who meant not Fortune should be lost,
Pursu'd the flying foe with all his host,
But rising night his glorious ardor stay'd,
And wrapt the warring world in friendly shade;
Perchance by Heaven more swiftly sent, to give 1120
The creatures of his hand to breathe and live.

The hostile blood in purple torrents flow'd,
And drench'd the soil with dreadful carnage strow'd;
Where fourscore thousand on the fatal plain
Lay breathless by the murderous weapon slain, 1125
Whose bodies thieves and wolves at midnight hour
Rush'd from their haunts to pillage and devour.

No more imperial Charles to Paris turn'd,
But pitch'd his tents without, where kindled burn'd
The frequent fires: the foes besieg'd, with care 1130
Sink deep the trenches and the works repair,
O'erwatch the whole, bid every guard awake,
Nor all the live-long night their arms forsake.

The Saracens whom chilling fears oppress,
Along their mournful lines in deep distress, 1135

Lament

Lament and weep, while half conceal'd and low,
 The sighs break forth and hush'd the sorrows flow.
 Some for their slaughter'd friends or kindred groan,
 Some, others' sufferings; some bewail their own;
 And some, more wretched, with foreboding mind
 Revolve still greater evils yet behind. 1141

Two Moorish youths there were of humble race,
 In Ptolomita was their native place:

Whose

Ver. 1142. *Two Moorish youths—*] This beautiful episode of Cloridano and Medoro, though evidently a copy of Nisus and Euryalus in the ninth *Æneid*, must be allowed to be improved by the motive which the poet ascribes for this midnight excursion of the two friends, the desire of recovering the body of their slaughtered master. It may be observed too, that in Virgil the attempt of exploring the enemy's camp is first suggested by Nisus, and that the young Euryalus takes fire at the proposal; but in Ariosto the youth is the first mover, instigated by love and gratitude to his dead prince; which circumstance greatly elevates his character, and adds to the pathos of the story. Ariosto has not only imitated Virgil, but probably had his eye upon Statius, who in the tenth book of this *Thebaid*, represents two of his heroes, Hopleus, and Damas, making a search by night for the dead bodies of their kings Tydeus and Parthenopæus. The episode of Argantes and Clorinda in the twelfth book of the *Jerusalem* may be derived from the Latin: but both Ariosto and Tasso have so varied the circumstances, and improved the hints they have taken, and in particular have given so different a turn to the conclusion of their adventure, that their separate fictions may nearly claim

Whose story told to every ear may prove
 A rare example of unblemish'd love. 1145
 These, Cloridano and Medoro call'd,
 Firm in good times, in evil unappall'd,
 To Dardinello loyal friendship bore,
 And late with him had cross from Afric's shore.
 A hunter's life bold Cloridano led, 1150
 His limbs robust to strength and swiftness bred;
 Medoro's opening youth but scarce began
 To shade the rose with down and promise man.

claim the merit of invention. At least in both poets, the imitations are the imitations of a master. I shall leave the reader to compare the passages which our poet has borrowed from Virgil.

I am happy to add here the observation of an elegant and candid critic on this passage of Ariosto. "The beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends Medoro and Cloridano, in the eighteenth Canto of the Orlando Furioso, is indeed an artful and exact copy of the Nisus and Euryalus of Virgil; yet the author hath added some original beauties to it, and in particular hath assigned a more interesting motive for this midnight excursion, than what we find in Virgil; for Medoro and Cloridano venture into the field of battle to find out among the heaps of slain, the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the most excellent passages in this wild and romantic author, who yet abounds in various beauties, the merit of which ought not to be tried by the established rules of classical criticism."

See Postscript to Dr. WARTON's Edition of Virgil.

Of

Of all that join'd the Pagan's threatening arms,
Not one excell'd his mien and blooming charms :
Black were his eyes, his locks like golden wire ; 1156
So seems some angel of the heavenly choir !
These two, with numbers more, by chance ordain'd
To guard the fences, now the watch maintain'd,
What time the drowfy night, with winking eyes, 1160
View'd from her middle throne the spangled skies.

Medoro still (while tears his cheeks suffuse)
The dear remembrance of his lord renews :
Almontes' son, brave Dardinello slain,
Expos'd unburied on the naked plain : 1165
When, turning to his friend, he thus express'd
The generous feelings of a loyal breast.

Shall he, O Cloridano, to the brood
Of wolves and ravens yield too precious food ?
He, whose past goodness ever must awake 1170
My grateful love, till life this frame forsake ?
And, ah ! should life for him in tribute flow,
Not all could pay the mighty debt I owe !
Then to yon heaps of carnage let me fly,
Where cold on earth his limbs dishonour'd lie. 1175
Who knows but Heaven may guide my daring tread
To where the silent camp of Charles is spread ?

Remain

Remain thou here, that if resistless fate
Decrees my death, thou may'st that death relate:
And should not Heaven my pious vows succeed,
At least posterity will praise the deed. 1181

With speechless wonder Cloridano hears
Such faith and courage in such early years;
And (for he held him dear) he strives to make
The dauntless youth his rash design forsake. 1185
But grief, like his, no comfort can control;
Nor reason change the purpose of his soul,
A grave on Dardinello to bestow,
Or in the great attempt his life forego.

When Cloridano long in vain had try'd 1190
Each friendly plea—Yet let me share (he cry'd)
The pious task—I too aspire to raise
From such a death the meed of endless praise.
Should I, depriv'd of thee, Medoro, live,
What future joy can wretched being give? 1195
Ah! let me meet with thee a foldier's fate,
Nor drag behind life's wretched lingering state.

This said; they point supplies their place to take,
Then leave the trenches and the camp forsake;
And soon arrive where, sunk in heavy sleep, 1200
Our careless bands the watch no longer keep:

Their

Their fires extinct, each senseless at his post,
But little fears the Pagan's neighbouring host :
Midst arms, and cars, and courfers stretch'd supine
In slumber lock'd and drench'd in fumes of wine.
His steps awhile here Cloridano stay'd : 1206
Shall I not seize the present hour (he said)
Now, now, Medoro, on yon hostile train
To wreak some vengeance for my patron slain ?
Here listen thou ! and watch with heedful eye, 1210
Lest unawares some waking foe descry
Our bold attempt, while here my wrath I flake,
And through the camp our bloody passage make.

He said ; and ceasing, o'er the trenches slept,
And first he came where learned Alpheus slept : 1215
But late th' imperial court of Charles he fought,
In magic, herbs, and arts prophetic taught :
Here fail'd his skill, that skill so oft believ'd ;
While to himself, the witless seer deceiv'd,
Long years of life had promis'd, safe from harms,
And death at last in his lov'd consort's arms. 1221
Deep in his throat the wily Pagan sent
His weapon's point ; and next his fury bent
On four that speechless dy'd, whose names unknown
No Turpin to our age delivers down. 1225

Then

Then Palidon of Moncaliri bleeds,
 Who slept secure between the harness'd steeds.
 At length he came to where, supinely spread,
 An empty vase supported Grillo's head:
 Himself had swill'd the wine, and now he lay 1230
 In peaceful rest to doze the fumes away:
 Large measures had he quaff'd, and still extends
 In dreams the draught which Cloridano ends.
 A Greek and Belgian perish'd near his side,
 Who long by night the dice and goblet ply'd. 1235
 Thrice happy! had they ply'd till reddening morn
 From silver Indus made her wish'd return.
 But Fate would lose on earth his sovereign power
 Could man with prescience read the future hour.

As the gaunt lion, at the savage call 1240
 Of hunger, overleaps the nightly stall;
 Then kills, and rends the sheep with cruel paws,
 To glut with bloody food his ravenous jaws:
 The Pagan thus, amidst our senseless crew
 Immers'd in slumber, helpless wretches flew: 1245
 Nor yet he rag'd with bold Medoro's steel,
 Who scorn'd that vulgar lives his force should feel.

Ver. 1237.—[*silver Indus*—] A principal river in the East Indies, which gives name to the whole country of India.

He came where duke Labretto lay enclos'd
 By his lov'd confort's arms, in sleep repos'd :
 No air could glide between, so close they lay, 1250
 Medoro's falchion lopt their heads away :
 O envy'd death ! for sure their souls conjoin'd
 In like embrace, one happy stroke confign'd
 To those blest regions to receive above
 The meed of joy and never-dying love ! 1255
 Malindo next he flew : and at his side,
 Brave Ardelico and his brother dy'd,
 The sons of Flanders' earl, whom lately prais'd
 For martial virtue, Charles had newly rais'd
 To knighthood's rank, and either gave to hold, 1260
 Mixed with their arms, the fleur-de-lys of gold.
 These from the field that glorious day he view'd
 Return with weapons stain'd in hostile blood,
 And promis'd each in Friza large domain :
 But soon Medoro made such promise vain ! 1265
 Thus slaughtering on, advanc'd th' infidious two,
 At length they near the rich pavilions drew,

Ver. 1248.—*where duke Labretto lay enclos'd*

By his lov'd confort's arms—] This pathetic incident is not borrowed from Virgil, but our author's own, and unequalled by any death described in the expedition of Nisus and Euryalus.

Where

Where round the tent of Charles, in arms prepar'd,
The Paladins, by turn, maintain'd the guard.

Here from their bloody work the Pagans ceas'd, 1270
And sheath'd their falchions and their steps repress'd;
For well they deem'd that midst so vast a host,
Not all could sleep regardless of their post.

What wealthy plunder thence might each have born,
But all they fought was safely to return! 1275

First Cloridano led the way, to find
Their surest track; his friend pursu'd behind.
At length they came where in a field of blood,
With falchions, bows, and shields, and lances strow'd,
Men mix'd with steeds, the poor with wealthy lay,
And kings with slaves reduc'd to common clay. 1281
Th' unnumber'd slain had made the pious pair
Pursue their search till day with fruitless care;
But, at Medoro's suit, the moon reveal'd
Her silver horns till then in clouds conceal'd: 1285
Fix'd on the sky he bent his mournful sight,
And thus address'd the regent of the night.

O sacred empress! by our fathers fam'd!
Who rightly thee their triple goddess nam'd!
Thou, who in heaven, in earth, or deepest hell, 1290
Through various forms in glory canst excell!

Who

Who wear'st a huntress' garb in woods to trace
 The haunts of monsters and the sylvan race ;
 Show me my murder'd lord in blood imbru'd,
 Who, while he liv'd, thy hallow'd sports pursu'd.

At this, by chance or at his earnest prayer, 1296
 The moon resplendent through the vaporous air
 Pierc'd the still gloom ; as when in virgin charms
 She came all naked to Endymion's arms.

Paris with either camp receiv'd the beam: 1300
 The plains and mountains whiten'd in the gleam :
 Martir and Liri's distant hills were bright,
 This rising to the left, and that the right ;
 But rays more dazzling mark'd the fatal plain
 Where lay Almontes' valiant offspring slain. 1305
 Him by his arms and shield's device he knew ;
 As near his lord Medoro weeping drew,

Ver. 1304. *But rays more dazzling mark'd the fatal plain,
 Where lay Almontes'—*] This beautiful passage is
 finely copied by Tasso, where the Dane gives an account to Godfrey
 of his discovering the body of Sweno by moon-light.

Then from the peaceful regent of the night,
 I saw descend a ray of slanting light :
 Where on the field the breathless corse was laid,
 There full the lunar beam resplendent play'd.

JERUS. DELIV. B. viii. v. 229.

With face all bath'd in tears, in tears which shed
 From either eye, eternal fountains fed:
 Such were his looks, so seem'd his plaints to flow,
 That passing winds might listen to his woe. 1311
 In accents low and murmurs scarcely heard
 He breath'd his grief; yet think not that he fear'd
 To risk a being he no longer priz'd;
 His generous soul such abject thoughts despis'd;
 But most he fear'd some evil chance to find 1316
 T' obstruct the pious deed his soul design'd.
 Now, on their shoulders laid, the friendly pair
 The breathless corse, with zeal divided, bear,
 Both pale and anxious for their dearest care. 1320

Soon came the God who gives to day its birth,
 The stars to chace from Heaven, the shades from
 earth;

When brave Zerbino, from whose virtuous breast
 A general's duty drove ignoble rest,
 Whose arm had chac'd the fearful Moors by night,
 Return'd to seek the camp at dawn of light; 1326
 With him a band of knights—these soon beheld
 The distant friends that mov'd along the field
 With tardy steps: each warrior thither bent
 His course, to share the spoil that chance had sent.

Now,

Now, now my brother! cast our load aside, 1331

And urge our swiftnefs (Cloridano cry'd)

'Twere far unmeet, while from the deathful plain

We bear one corse, two living should be slain.

This said, he quits his hold, nor doubts to make

His friend Medoro now th' attempt forsake; 1336

But he, whose pious love more firm remain'd,

The whole dear burden by himself sustain'd.

Meanwhile the first his feet for safety ply'd,

And deem'd his lov'd Medoro at his side. 1340

O! had he known that then with foes enclos'd

He left his friend to cruel fate expos'd,

A thousand dangers would his arm have prov'd

To save the youth whom more than life he lov'd.

The horse, determin'd these should die or yield, 1345

Some here, some there dispersing o'er the field,

Cut off the means of flight: their leader near

Enflames their zeal: by every mark of fear,

By every semblance, well observ'd, he knew

That these were warriors of the hostile crew. 1350

Not far remote an ancient forest stood,

Perplex'd with thickening trees and dwarfish wood,

Where not a track the tangled paths display'd,

But foot of beasts that trod the gloomy shade:

Thither the Pagans fled, in hope to meet
Amid the friendly boughs a safe retreat.

1355

But he who gives my tale a willing ear
Must, at some future time, the sequel hear.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

A a 3

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the episode of Cloridano and Medoro. Angelica finds Medoro wounded; she cures his wound, and becomes enamoured of him. Their marriage. Sanfonetto, Astolpho, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa, are near being shipwrecked in a dreadful storm. They are cast at length on the land of the Amazons. The strange law there instituted. The lot falls on Marphisa to enter the list for her companions. Description of the battle between her and nine champions of the Amazons: She kills them all, and afterwards engages with the tenth, till night puts an end to the combat, which had been fought on both sides with equal valour.

THE
NINETEENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

NONE see the heart, while plac'd in prosperous
state

On Fortune's wheel, such numbers round them wait
Of true and seeming friends; when these no less
By looks declare that faith, which those possess.
But should to fair succeed tempestuous skies, 5
Behold how soon each fawning suppliant flies!
While he who truly lov'd, unmov'd remains,
And to his patron dead his love maintains,

Ver. 5. *But should to fair succeed tempestuous skies.]*

So Ovid,

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

TRIST. Lib. i. Eleg. viii.

When Fortune smiles, thou seest surrounding friends;
When clouds arise, each boasted friendship ends!

O! did the features give sincere report,
How oft would those, who shine amidst a court 10
In pride of rank, who hold their prince's grace,
Change with their peers oppress'd an envy'd place!
The lowest name might then be lifted high,
The greatest midst the crowd degraded lie.
But let us to Medoro turn, who prov'd 15
His faith to him in life and death lov'd.

For safety now the generous youth pursu'd
The paths bewilder'd with entangling wood,
But the dear load he labour'd to sustain,
Made every hope t' escape pursuers vain; 20
While thence far distant, from the burthen freed,
His friend in safety fled with happier speed.
Soon Cloridano came to where his ear
No more the sound of trampling horse could hear:
But when he miss'd his friend—What chance (he
cry'd) 25

Could from myself my better self divide?
Thee could I leave, who late wert wont to share
My nearest thoughts? Is this my pious care?
Unknowing when or where, from thee I part,
Friend of my choice and brother of my heart! 30

He said: and speaking, through the winding shade
The track reprinted he before had made:

Sought

Sought what he left, and swift with panting breath
Returning trod the way that led to death.

He hears the foes, he hears the courfers' noise, 35

And nearer hears the riders' threatening voice ;

And, ah ! too late his dear Medoro knows,

Whom helpless and on foot a hundred horse enclose.

This troop Zerbino leads, who gives command

To seize the youth ; he, prest on every hand, 40

Wheels here and there, while all his thought he
bends

To save his charge, and still his charge defends.

By turns he lurks beyond the Christians' reach

Behind some sheltering elm, or oak, or beech.

At length, unable longer to sustain 45

His honour'd load, he lays it on the plain,

Still hovering near—so when in mountain shades,

The hunter-troop a bear's retreat invades ;

Around her young the savage mother howls

In dreadful anguish and with fury growls ; 50

While inbred strength impels her oft to fly

On the bold foe, and deep in carnage dye

Her reeking jaws, maternal love restrains

Her rage, and with her cubs the beast detains.

Now Cloridano hopeless how to lend 55

His wanted aid, yet fix'd to join his friend

In

In life or death, and ere he clos'd his date,
 Resolv'd that more than one should share his fate,
 Swift for his bow he chose the pointed reed,
 And took conceal'd his aim with bloody speed: 60
 It reach'd a Scot, and, buried in his brain,
 Hurl'd from his saddle, lifeless to the plain.
 At once the Christians turn'd with anxious view,
 Exploring whence the murderous weapon flew:
 Mean time another by the Pagan sent, 65
 With equal aim to pierce the second went,
 Who, while he loud enquir'd what unseen hand
 Had drawn the bow, and rav'd amid the band,
 The hissing dart drove on, his weazon cleft,
 And while he spoke his tongue of speech bereft. 70
 No more their chief Zerbino now repell'd
 Th' indignant wrath, that in his bosom swell'd,
 But rushing on Medoro—Thou shalt bear
 The guilt—he cry'd, then seiz'd his golden hair,
 And with strong grasp the hapless stripling drew 75
 To meet the vengeance to another due,
 Whose hostile shaft the Scots ill-fated flew. }
 Then, fixing on his face an earnest look,
 Soft pity kindled and forbade the stroke,
 As thus the youth his pitying grace implor'd: 80
 O! by that God, in Christian lands ador'd!

Steel not thy heart, Sir knight! but let me pay
The last sad honours to this sacred clay:
I ask not life—O! give me but to breathe
Till to his tomb my sovereign I bequeath. 85
But, if with Theban Creon's rage indu'd,
Thou seek'st to glut each bird and beast with food,
Be these poor limbs their prey, but hence convey'd
Let first Almontes' son in earth be laid.

Medoro thus his moving suit address'd, 90
In words to pierce the most obdurate breast;
Zerbino soon, his wrath decreasing, felt
His manly soul with love and pity melt;
When lo! a knight, by brutal fury sway'd,
Who little reverence to his leader paid, 95
While yet he spoke, the ruthless spear address'd
Against the tender suppliant's youthful breast.
With fierce displeasure good Zerbino view'd
Th'inhuman stroke, but more when drench'd in blood
He saw the youth lie senseless on the plain, 100
That each, who saw his fall, believ'd him slain.
Thou shalt not perish unreveng'd (he said)
And sudden turn'd upon th' offender's head

Ver. 86. *But, if with Theban Creon's rage indu'd*] Statius, in the twelfth book of his Thebaid, sets forth, that Creon published an edict forbidding the bodies of the enemy to be interred.

To

To wreak the deed; but wheeling round, the knight
His courser spurr'd and urg'd his rapid flight. 105

When Cloridano, where he stood conceal'd,
Beheld Medoro prostrate on the field,
He left the covert, cast aside the bow,
And rush'd in frantic rage amidst the foe,
With lifted weapon to revenge his death, 110
Or with Medoro yield his latest breath.

At length amidst such numerous swords he found
His gushing blood distain the purple ground;
Till life, fast ebbing with the vital tide,
He sunk contented by Medoro's side. 115

The Scots then follow'd where their chief they
view'd,

Who through the woods his angry way pursu'd.
Behind remain'd the Pagans, one depriv'd
Of life's last breath, and one who scarce surviv'd.
Long time in helpless state Medoro lay 120
While life fast flow'd in purple streams away.
When, sent by Fortune to his timely aid,
A damsel came in cottage weeds array'd:
Of humble garb! but of a form most rare,
Of courteous manners and majestic air. 125

Ver. 117.— *his angry way pursu'd.*] The account of Zerbino is resumed in Book xx. ver. 855.

Perchance your mem'ry scarce recalls to mind,
(So long un Sung) this loveliest of her kind;
Angelica, through every region known,
The heirefs of Cathay's imperial throne.

When fair Angelica had now regain'd 130
Her ring which false Brunello late detain'd,
Alone she went, and fill'd with scorn and pride,
Disdain'd the noblest warrior for her guide:
She blush'd to think that, midst her lovers nam'd,
Orlando or king Sacripant had claim'd 135
Her least regard, but most her haughty mind
Regrets that to Rinaldo once inclin'd,
She, e'er forgetful of her regal state,
Could bend her eyes on such an abject mate.
But Love, who long had mark'd his slighted power,
Resolv'd to bear her cold contempt no more, 141
By poor Medoro took his watchful stand,
And brac'd his bow, and held his shafts in hand.

Soon as Angelica with sad survey
Beheld the youth, who pale and wounded lay, 145
And midst his own misfortune still deplor'd
Th' unbury'd corse of his lamented lord;
Strange pity touch'd her while she listening hung
To hear the tale that falter'd on his tongue.

Ver. 130. *When fair Angelica—*] The last we heard of Angelica was in book xii. ver. 438.

Then to her mind she call'd, whate'er before 150
In India taught, she knew of healing lore;
An art in which such numbers there excell'd,
An art by all in praise and honour held:
Not learn'd by turning many a weary page,
But by the fire bequeath'd from age to age. 155
Once in a lovely mead, with searching view,
A plant she met whose virtues well she knew;
Or Dittany, or Panacea nam'd,
(Whate'er the herb) for powerful influence fam'd
The blood to staunch and from the wounded part 160
Each dangerous symptom drive and charm the smart.
This now she sought, and, gathering, swift return'd
To where his slaughter'd lord Medoro mourn'd.
Amidst her way a simple swain she view'd
Who through the forest on his horse pursu'd 165
A gentle heifer, that abroad to roam,
(Then past two days) had left her rustic home.
The swain she led, where, issuing with his blood,
Fast and more fast Medoro's vigour flow'd,
'Till from his breast the ground was dy'd beneath,
And his soul hover'd on the verge of death. 171
The virgin from her palfrey now descends,
The peasant lighting, on her steps attends;

The plant she bruises with a stone, and stands
Tempering the juice between her ivory hands. 175
This o'er his breast she sheds with sovereign art,
And bathes with gentle touch the wounded part:
The wound such virtue from the juice derives,
At once the blood is staunch'd, the youth revives,
And wondrous feels a sudden strength bestow'd: 180
He mounts the horse which late the shepherd rode;
Yet went not thence, till duly first dispos'd
He saw his breathless prince with earth enclos'd;
And, laid by noble Dardinello dead,
His Cloridano in one funeral bed. 185

The virgin to the shepherd's cot convey'd
The wounded youth, and there in pity stay'd
To wait his health restor'd; so deep her breast
Retain'd the thoughts which first his sight impress'd.
She mark'd his every grace, his every charm, 190
And felt, by slow degrees, a new alarm:
Quick beat her pulse, till soon, no more conceal'd,
The flame burst forth and all her soul reveal'd.

Begirt with hills and bosom'd in a wood,
Of structure neat, the peasant's dwelling stood, 195
Which late himself had rais'd: his faithful wife,
And children partners of his humble life.

The

The damsel there Medoro soon restor'd
 To wonted strength, but ah! meantime deplor'd
 Her own deep wound, that rankled in her heart 200
 With heavier anguish, while an unseen dart
 The light-wing'd archer, still on mischief bent,
 From sparkling eyes, and golden ringlets sent.
 Still, still she loves—and while her care is shown
 To cure another's pains, forgets her own. 205
 Through him she mourns, and while his sufferings
 cease,
 Her wound but widens and her pangs increase.

Ver. 198. *The damsel there Medoro soon restor'd*] Spenser has imitated this passage of Ariosto, relative to Medoro and Angelica, in his story of Belphebe and Timias the squire, where the virgin in like manner heals Timias; but in one respect the picture is reversed; Angelica in Ariosto is enamoured of Medoro, but in Spenser it is Timias who feels a growing passion for Belphebe. Belphebe, like Angelica, is skilled in the knowledge of herbs.

“ For she of herbs had great intendiment.”

“ Ladies of great antiquity, of the highest rank, were skilful in physic and surgery. Who is ignorant of Medea the daughter of a king? of Circe, or of the wife of Thone, who taught Helena the use and nature of Nepenthe? Let us turn to romance writers, no small imitators of Homer. Sir Philip Sydney in his *Arcadia*, p. 69, introduces Gynecia having skill in surgery. In like manner Erminia in Tasso attends and heals the wounded Tancred.”

See UPTON'S Notes on Spenser.

He gains, she loses strength; and now, by turns,
 With cold she freezes, and with heat she burns.
 From day to day improv'd his beauty shines: 210
 She, hapless maid, with wasting sorrow pines,
 Like fleecy snows that, in the warmth of day,
 In heaps dissolve before the solar ray:
 Sick with desire, from him she would receive
 What only can her soul's dear health retrieve; 215
 Yet fear'd that gentle bliss she fought to gain,
 She from his proffer'd love might hope in vain;
 Hence to her virgin shame she loos'd the ties,
 And gave her tongue the license of her eyes;
 Till he, unconscious of the wound he made, 220
 Heard her with sighs implore his pitying aid.

O brave Orlando! O Circassia's king!
 What are the virtues that unheeded spring
 In breasts like yours! In vain your boasted fame;
 Where now the meed your glorious labours claim?
 Declare one courteous act, one kind regard 226
 She e'er bestow'd your sufferings to reward.

Ver. 212. *Like fleecy snows*—] Spenser probably had his eye upon this passage in the lines describing the squire Timias falling in love with Belphebe.

Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd
 When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. iii. c. v. ft. 49.

O! could'st thou, princely Agrican, arise,
Restor'd from nether shades to upper skies!
O stern Ferrau! O thousands more unnam'd; 230
That oft her heart with truth and courage claim'd;
How would you now with jealous pangs behold
A rival's happy arms her limbs enfold!

Thus fair Angelica her grace bestows
On young Medoro, bids him pluck the rose 235
Untouch'd before, and range the hallow'd grove
Where never yet adventurous feet might rove.
Meantime the maid to sanctify her flame,
With holy marriage rites conceal'd the shame:
Love present smil'd, and to the nuptial bed 240
The shepherd's wife the blushing fair one led.

One happy month, befitting where they dwell'd
In humble roof, a rustic feast they held.
The damsel, never absent from his sight,
Hangs on her lover with untir'd delight; 245
For ever round him glues her twining arms,
And clasps his neck, and kindles at his charms.
With him in lowly cot, or leafy bower,
By night, by day, she wastes the fleeting hour.
At morn and eve by crystal streams they stray, 250
Or trace the verdant meadow's flowery way.
At sultry noon they seek a gloomy cave,
Like that which from the storm a shelter gave,

What

What time the Trojan prince and Tyrian queen*
 Their loves entrusted to the sacred scene. 255

Where'er a tree its verdant boughs display'd
 O'er rills and founts to cast a waving shade,
 The knife and pointed steel the bark impress'd,
 And oft the rocks their sportive toys confess'd.
 A thousand parts reveal'd their mutual flames, 260
 A thousand places show'd the lovers' names,
 Angelica and her Medoro twin'd,

In posied wreaths and amorous knots combin'd.

Now rolling time reprov'd the damsel's stay,
 And urg'd her to resume her purpos'd way, 265
 In India's realms, at rich Cathay to crown
 Her dear Medoro on the regal throne.

Around her arm a golden circlet brac'd
 Of rarest worth, with sparkling jewels grac'd,
 In sign of brave Orlando's love she wore, 270
 And long preserv'd the valu'd gift she bore.

To Ziliantes this Morgana gave,

What time she kept him hid beneath the wave;

He

* ÆNEAS and DIDO.

Ver. 272. *To Ziliantes this Morgana gave,—*] Morgana, the
 fairy of riches (see Note on Book vi. ver. 269.) Ziliantes was son

B b 2

of

He, to his father Monodant restor'd
Ere long by virtue of Orlando's sword, 275
This costly bracelet with a grateful mind
Bestow'd, Orlando's conquering arm to bind,

By

of Monodant, and younger brother to Brandimart: he was beloved by Morgana, and after having been eighteen years detained by her in her subterraneous palace, was set at liberty by the valour of Orlando. The story of this fairy and her dwelling is full of imagination, and thus told by Boyardo.

Orlando, travelling to the assistance of Angelica, was met by a lady seated on a palfrey, having in her hands a book, and wearing at her girdle a rich horn of exquisite workmanship; she addressed the knight in this manner.

"Sir knight, you have now met with a most wonderful and perilous adventure, which requires all the valour of such a champion as your appearance bespeaks you to be. This horn, which is made by enchantment, must be sounded three times, and every time of sounding the horn consult the book, which will instruct you what is further to be done: but if any knight should find his courage fail at the first blast of the horn, he will be for ever made prisoner in the island of the enchanted lake. The first and second time of sounding the horn will expose you to most dreadful and unheard-of perils, but the third time will finish the adventure, and put it in your power, without any further trial of valour, to make all the remainder of your life completely happy."

Orlando, having heard this, expressed his eager desire to undertake the adventure; and receiving from the lady's hand the
book

By him decreed in future time to prove

With fair Angelica his pledge of love.

Not for the giver, or his suit despis'd, 280

But for its cost the precious gift she priz'd.

This

book and horn, he sounded such a blast as made the earth tremble, and immediately a rock dividing in two parts, discovered a vast opening in the earth, whence rushed out two furious bulls with horns of iron, and hides of different colours. Orlando, upon having recourse to his book, was instructed to yoke the bulls and plough up the field that lay round the rock : this, after an obstinate battle with the bulls, he performed ; and then setting them at liberty, they fled with dreadful bellowings to the forest, and disappeared. Orlando sounded the horn a second time, when the earth again trembled, and a mountain near him opening, its summit cast forth flames in great abundance. While the knight impatiently waited for the issue, a huge dragon came forth of most tremendous aspect ; his scales were green and shone with gold, his wings of different colours, he brandished beyond his sharp teeth three tongues, and made a dreadful noise with the lashing of his tail, while volumes of smoke, mixed with sparks and fire, issued from his mouth and ears. Orlando having again consulted his book, was ordered to attack the monster with the utmost celerity, and attempt to sever his head from his body before the poisonous fumes should have any fatal effect ; this done, he was directed to take out all the dragon's teeth, and sow them in the furrows which he had just ploughed up. The knight then intrepidly advanced to attack the monster, who came towards him with wings extended, and opening his jaws to swallow him. Orlando found himself most dreadfully annoyed with the poison and fire ; his

This midst the* isle of tears she strangely kept,
 (Where captive maids their cruel fortune wept)
 When, bound by savage hands, she naked stood
 To feed the monster rising from the flood. 285

Now

shield was immediately consumed, his crest caught the flame, and all his apparel was nearly burnt to ashes, while the smoke was so thick that he could not see to aim his blows, till at length by a fortunate stroke he cut off the head of his enemy, and drawing out the teeth, sowed them, as the book had directed, in the furrows of the new-ploughed field. Turpin relates, that immediately the crests of helmets began to appear above the ground, next, the breasts and shoulders of armed men, till a numerous company with shouts and clamours, and the clangor of horns and trumpets, united their weapons, and furiously attacked the earl; but he, drawing his sword Durindana, and remounting his horse, received them with such valour, that the whole number were soon slain, and thus ended their life nearly as soon as it began,

It now remained to sound the horn for the last time, which Orlando having done, looked round to see the conclusion of the adventure; when nothing appearing, he began to think himself mocked: at length he beheld coming towards him through the flowery meadow a white stag, at which he exclaimed with great marks of disappointment, "Is this the wonderful end of my labours?" He then threw his book and horn on the ground, and was about to depart with indignation, but the lady stopping him cried out, "Stay, valorous knight, and learn that no king or warrior could ever meet with a
 more

* EBUDA. See page 386, for a note on this line.

Now wanting gold to give the simple pair,
The shepherd and his wife, whose honest care
Show'd, while the lovers shar'd their homely board,
Such friendly welcome as their means afford,

This

more wonderful adventure than this; know, that thy work is not yet finished: Not far from hence is a place called the island of Riches, where dwells the fairy Morgana, who is deputed by Heaven to dispense to mortals all the wealth that is enjoyed in this world: she hides her treasures in the bowels of the earth, and has sent this white hind to enrich you, as a glorious recompence for your having three times sounded that horn, which no man before ever sounded a second time. The fairy sends through the world this stag, which is enchanted, and has, as thou seest, golden horns: he who wishes to take him must pursue him with unremitting vigour for six days, and on the seventh day he will stop by the side of a fountain to wash, and there suffer himself to be taken: this wonderful animal sheds his horns six times a day, every branch of his horns bears thirty ingots of gold: so that having obtained this stag, thou wilt be possessed of every happiness which wealth can purchase, and may'st moreover acquire the love of the fairy Morgana, whose beauty is unparalleled."

Orlando scarcely suffered the lady to finish her discourse, but replied with a smile, that he was not come thither for such intent, that he despised riches, and only sought for the reward that attends great and glorious actions*.

Upon this Orlando delivered the book and horn again to the lady, and resumed his journey towards Albracca.

* See Note to Book. vi. ver. 269.

This from her arm she drew, and bade the swain 290
The valu'd treasure for her sake retain.

Now towr'ds the hills the happy lovers ride,
The steepy hills that France from Spain divide;
Thence to Valencia they direct their way,
Or Barcelona there awhile to stay, 295
Till

Astolpho, Rinaldo, Iroldo, and Prasilfo travelling together found a lady in great affliction, who related to them that her sister was fallen into the hands of a cruel giant, who having stripped her naked and bound her to a tree, scourged her from time to time in a most inhuman manner: on this the knights engaged to do their utmost to deliver her; and soon after all together arrived at a river, over which was a bridge so narrow that only one person could pass on foot: on the further side the river was a tower where the villain inhabited, and in the meadow a large and deep lake: the knights beheld the unfortunate woman tied to a cypress tree and bathed in blood, while her tormentor exercised his cruelty upon her. Iroldo and Prasilfo having first passed the bridge separately attacked the villain, but were both overcome and cast by him to the bottom of the lake. Rinaldo then attacked him; and after an obstinate combat, the villain, in vain endeavouring to disengage himself from Rinaldo's hold, threw himself with Rinaldo into the lake, where both immediately sunk to the bottom and disappeared, leaving Astolpho in great affliction for the loss of his friend. The lady, who was tied to the tree, was released, and the two sisters with Astolpho departed, taking with them Rinaldo's horse Bayardo.

Orlando, having destroyed the garden of Falerina*, arrived, accompanied by that enchantress, where the above mentioned warriors

* See Note to Book xli. ver. 192, for this story.

Till thence some vessel with propitious gale,
Should loose for eastern lands the spreading sail:
And now, descending from the mountain's height,
The sea below Garona struck their fight.

Thus

with Dudon, who had since been made prisoner with them, were kept in the enchanted lake. The earl there beheld a trophy raised of the arms of Rinaldo, and supposing him to be slain, forgot all the enmity that had subsisted between them, immediately passed over the bridge to revenge his death, and furiously attacked Arridano, who lay in the meadow exulting over the trophy of Rinaldo. A dreadful battle ensued between them; for Morgana had not only given Arridano impenetrable armour, but had formed such a spell that the strength of the giant always exceeded six times the strength of every one with whom he was engaged. At length Arridano, seizing Orlando, as he had before Rinaldo, plunged with him headlong into the lake. Falerina, terrified at the sight, immediately fled; and as soon as the combatants reached the bottom, Orlando found himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow, surrounded by a wall of crystal. The knight, as he fell, endeavoured in vain to escape from the grasp of Arridano, but as soon as they touched the ground, his enemy loosened his hold and thought to strip him of his armour, when the earl renewed the combat with greater fury than ever, and at length, by the help of his sword Balifarda, against which no enchantment could avail, he deprived the enemy of life.

Orland then, entering at a portal which he discovered in a rock, passed on for a long time in total darkness, till at last he discovered a light that shone like the sun at noon-day, when he came to the bank of a wide river, over which was a long narrow bridge, where stood the figure of an armed man all of iron, and beyond the bridge
was

Thus journeying on, upon the sands they view 300
A naked man of pale and ghastly hue ;
Like some foul swain he lies with brutal mien,
His sense distraught, his limbs with filth obscene :

He

was a plain heaped with pearls and precious stones, more in number than the flowers that adorn the earth in spring or the stars of Heaven. This place contained the treasures of the fairy Morgana.

Orlando then with his drawn sword attempting to pass the bridge, the armed figure struck it with his massy club, and the whole pile sunk immediately into the river : while Orlando stood gazing in admiration, another bridge appeared in the place of the former : the knight again attempted the passage, but the armed figure again raised his club, and the bridge sunk as before. Orlando thus baffled, yet determined to reach the further side, now exerting all his strength, with a prodigious effort leaped over the river, armed as he was, and alighted safe in the meadow, where entering into a large square building he beheld the figure of a king seated on a throne with numbers standing round him : they were all formed of gold, and covered with pearls, rubies, and diamonds : before the king was at table spread with a most magnificent banquet ; but over his head was suspended a drawn sword with the point downward, and at his left hand stood one with his bow bent as ready to let fly an arrow ; on his right side stood another, exactly resembling the former, holding a scroll in his hand with this inscription : “ *Riches and Pomp are of no value if possessed with fear, and Pleasure and Greatness avail us nothing if acquired with the loss of peace.* ” On the middle of the table, on a fleur-

He leaps upon them fierce (as unwares
A snarling cur the passing stranger scares) 305
And threatens fore to work them woe, and scorn:
But to Marphisa let us now return*.

To

fleur-de-lys of gold, was a ruby of a prodigious size, which gave light to all the place, and on each side was a door that led from the saloon. Orlando, who paid little attention to the riches which he beheld, attempted to enter one of the doors, but found no light to guide his steps: recalling then to mind the carbuncle, he resolved to make use of it, and advanced to seize it, but the figure, that stood with his bow bent, immediately let fly an arrow that struck the carbuncle, which immediately flew off from the fleur-de-lys, and left the earl in darkness: a dreadful earthquake then followed, accompanied with repeated claps of thunder, while Orlando stood undaunted expecting the issue. The earthquake and thunder ceasing, the stone again took its place on the fleur-de-lys, and enlightened the saloon with more splendor than before. The knight attempted again to seize the carbuncle, but the archer again shot his arrow, and all was left in darkness; the thunder and earthquake returned, and continued above an hour, till the carbuncle once more resumed its station. Orlando, determined to pursue his purpose, rushed forwards intrepidly with his lifted shield, on which he received the arrow that fell ineffectual to the ground, he then took the stone without further opposition, and, directing his steps by the enchanted light, descended a staircase which led to a prison, in which were confined Rinaldo, Brandimart, and Dudon. Orlando beheld on a rock the following words engraved: "Whoever thou art, O knight or damsel! that hast reached this place, know that thou shalt never return, unless thou canst

* He follows Angelica and Medoro, B. xxix. ver. 413.

To her, to Gryphon, Aquilant again,
To good Astolpho let us change the strain,
Who spent with toil, while present death they view'd,
But ill oppos'd the furies of the flood :

311

Three

canst seize the fairy that inhabits these regions, whose locks grow only from her forehead, and who is bald behind." Orlando, having read this inscription, traversed a beautiful meadow enamelled with a thousand different flowers, and at last espied Morgana asleep by the side of a fountain; he stood some time in contemplation of her beauty, when he suddenly heard a voice that bad him seize the fairy by her fore lock before she awaked and escaped his hands: at the sound of this voice Orlando turning, came to a rock of crystal, through which he beheld imprisoned Dudon, Rinaldo, and Brandimart: at this sight the earl, greatly afflicted, lifted up his sword to have hewn an opening in the rock, but the three knights called aloud to him to forbear, for should the rock be broken they must all inevitably perish. Orlando was then addressed by a beautiful imprisoned lady, who seemed in great affliction, and told him there was no way to enter the prison but by a gate which appeared of diamonds and emeralds, of which Morgana kept the keys; to procure which he must immediately return to the fountain, and endeavour to secure her person. The earl, impatient to enter the rock, hastened back to the fountain, where he found the fairy dancing, and singing these words: "Whoever is desirous to enjoy in this world wealth, pleasure, honours, and dignities, let him lay hold on this golden lock that I wear from my forehead, and I will fulfil all his wishes: but let him not forego the advantage in his power, since time past can never be recalled; I shall turn from him and leave him to lament his folly."

So

Three days the storm with ceaseless terror rag'd,
And gave no token yet of wrath assuag'd;
The hostile surge and wind's increasing power
From head to stern the planks and tackling tore; 315
And

So sung the fairy; but as soon as she beheld Orlando approaching, she immediately fled with the utmost speed, the knight pursuing her till they left the meadow, and came into a country full of briars and brambles; and now the sky was suddenly overcast, when from a dark cave rushed out a female figure of ghastly appearance, with a pale and meagre countenance, holding in her hand a scourge, which she continually exercised on herself; but seeing Orlando hold Morgana in chase, she began to follow him, and when he demanded who she was, she replied, "My name is Repentance, and I am come to bear you company till the end of your course, during which you must feel the severity of my stripes." As she spoke thus, Orlando continued to pursue Morgana, while the hag close behind from time to time applied her scourge to him, nor could all his threats or valour free him from her persecution: at length he overtook the fairy, and fastening his hand in her lock, the hag, that till then had followed, immediately left him, the sky cleared up, the country assumed a smiling appearance, and, instead of thorns and briars, the earth was covered with odoriferous flowers. Orlando having stayed the fairy, demanded of her the keys of the prison; which she engaged to deliver to him, upon condition that he would leave behind Ziliantes, the son of Monodant; to which Orlando agreed. Morgana then gave up the keys, and all her prisoners, except Ziliantes; were set at liberty.

After Orlando had achieved this adventure, he fell with Brandimart into the hands of Monodant, who had long endeavoured to

And what unbroken seem'd the storm to brave,
The failor hew'd and hurl'd into the wave.
One stands apart and marks with head declin'd
The vessel's course, as pale beside him shin'd

The

get Orlando into his power, in order to deliver him up to Morgana, who, on these terms, had promised to restore his son Zilantes: Brandimart persuaded his friend to make his escape, and remained behind in his stead. Orlando then repaired again to the enchanted dwelling of Morgana, when coming to the river and bridge, where he formerly encountered Arridano, he beheld a lady bitterly weeping and lamenting over the body of a dead dragon: while Orlando stood wondering at such a spectacle, the lady took the dragon in her arms, and entering a bark went into the middle of the lake, and suddenly disappeared. In the mean-time another lady accosted Orlando: this was Flordelis, wife to Brandimart, who now implored the assistance of the earl for her husband, whom she supposed to be prisoner in the palace of Morgana, but was to her great joy acquainted that Brandimart had been already freed from that confinement, and that Orlando had once more undertaken the adventure of the lake to deliver Zilantes from the fairy.

While Flordelis was making vows for the success of Orlando, the knight advanced towards a little gate concealed under a rock covered over with thorns and brambles, by which he lately left the subterranean dwelling: through this, after a long descent, he came, to the place where the golden king sat at the table, and passed on till he arrived at the garden of Morgana, where he saw the fairy by the side of the fountain with the beautiful youth Zilantes, whom she was caressing with the utmost tenderness, but whose face was still impressed

The lanthorn's gleam, and one with careful fight
The hold examines by the torches' light. 321
One at the prow, one at the stern explores
The glasses' sands that show the waining hours,
And

impressed with a deadly paleness, through the cruel recollection of his late dreadful metamorphosis.

When Orlando, after having slain Arridano, had delivered the prisoners, and departed, Morgana, whose cruelty exceeded her beauty, by the force of spells and incantations, transformed the wretched Zilantes into the shape of a fearful dragon, in order to place him as a guard to the bridge; but whether from a too powerful application of her spells, or from whatever other cause, no sooner had the youth assumed his new form, but he uttered a loud cry and expired. The fairy, inconsolable at this event, carried him back with her to her habitation, where by her powerful art she restored him again to life and to his own natural shape.

As soon as Orlando saw Morgana, he rushed upon her, and seized her by the locks, when she immediately had recourse to supplications, offering him infinite riches if he would permit Zilantes still to remain with her; the knight, deaf to all her entreaties, took Zilantes by the hand and led him up the passage by which he had descended; but before he released the fairy, whom he still held by the locks, he made her swear by Demogorgon, the terror of fairies, that she never more would disturb him with her incantations. Morgana having sworn, descended to her habitation, and Orlando with Zilantes came out at the entrance of the rock, where they found Flordelis on her knees. All three then departed together for the court of Monodant, where Orlando delivered Zilantes to his father,
and

And oft returns to learn the vessel's way,
 How far her track, and how her bearings lay. 325
 'Then in the middle ship, with chart in hand,
 Each hastens where th' affrighted sailor-band
 Their pilot meet, and mutual aid demand.

Now

and where Brandimart, who had been stolen away in his infancy, was discovered to be the son of Monodant, and elder brother to Ziliantes."

ORL. INN. Book i. C. xxiv. xxv. Book ii. C. vii. viii. xii. xiii.

Amidst all the extravagant wildness of these fictions of romance, the classic reader will discover many incidents taken from the heroic and mythological fables of antiquity: In perusing the adventure of the enchanted horn, achieved by Orlando in the beginning of this narrative, every one must remember the dragon of Cadmus, and the bulls of Jason. It has been already observed (see Note to Book vi. ver. 269.) that Spenser had undoubtedly in his eye the palace of Morgana, when he described the riches of Mammon; he has a man of golden mold, that like the Italian poet's iron guard, defends a passage.

He brought him to a darksome narrow strait,
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold;
 The gate was open, but therein did wait
 A sturdy villain striding stiff and bold,
 As if the highest God defy he would;
 In his right hand an iron club he held,
 But he himself was all of golden mold, &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, Book ii. C. vii. st. 40.

Mt.

Now to Limisso's fatal coast we steer* ;
 (Thus one began) her dangerous sands appear! 330
 See! Tripoly's sharp rocks (another cry'd)
 That oft the vessel's shatter'd planks divide.

One

Mr. Warton gives an account of a book, intitled *Gesta Romanorum*, date supposed to be about 1473, where among many wonderful stories, is a story, the latter part of which is very similar to this descent of Orlando to the palace of Morgana.

“ There was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, *STRIKE HERE*. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length a certain subtle clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed, as the sun shone against it, the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace : here he entered a hall, where was a king and queen sitting at a table with their nobles and a multitude of people all clothed in rich garments ; but no person spoke a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle, which illuminated the whole room : in the opposite corner he perceived the figure of a man standing, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, *I AM WHO AM, nothing can escape my stroke, not even yonder carbuncle which shines so bright*. The clerk beheld all with amazement, and entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple ; but all was silence. He then

* See note on this line, page 387.

One cries—Behold us on Satalia borne,
 Which many a mariner has cause to mourn.
 Each reasons as he thinks, while every breast 335
 Pale terror and despair alike possess'd.

Th'

then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses and asses; he touched some of them, and they were immediately turned into stone. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with all that his wishes could desire: he again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return; but (says he) all my report of these things will not be believed, unless I carry something back with me. He therefore took from the principal table a golden cap and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom, when the man, who stood in the corner with the bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces; at that moment it became dark as night: In this darkness not being able to find his way, he remained in the subterranean palace, and soon died a miserable death."

See WARTON'S History of Poetry, vol. iii. p. xliv.

Ver. 282. *This midst the isle of tears she strangely kept,*] Russell, the Italian commentator, has taken great pains to reconcile the seeming impossibility that Angelica should continue in possession of this bracelet, when she was stript naked by the people of Ebuda: he supposes that these islanders, who are represented so superstitious by the poet, might think it a more acceptable and honourable offering to Proteus, if they exposed the virgin with this ornament to be devoured by the monster, as the ancients were accustomed in their sacrifices to gild the horns of the victim, and decorate them with

Th' ensuing morn with greater force prevail'd
 The wind and sea that still the bark assail'd.
 At once the wind the shatter'd foresail tears,
 And from the helm the sea the rudder bears. 340
 Who fears not now must bear a breast of steel,
 Or marble heart, unknowing how to feel.
 Marphisa, she, who danger late defy'd,
 No longer here her secret dread deny'd.
 What vows of pilgrimage the seamen frame! 345
 To Sinai, Rome, Ettino's virgin-dame,

with other idle ceremonies. But surely the poet might as well himself have thus accounted for the difficulty in his narrative: this may serve, however, as one specimen, among many others, of the genius of the Italian commentators, who would generally defend their favourite poet in the most glaring absurdity.

Ver. 308.—*Gryphon, Aquilant—Astolpho,—*] Sanfonetto is here omitted by the poet, though one of their company.

Ver. 329. *Now to Limisso's fatal coast—*] Called by the ancients Syrtis; certain dangerous sands on the confines of Afric near Egypt.

Ver. 346.—*Ettino's virgin-dame,*] Some say, that by Ettino is meant a certain church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, built among the ruins of Aquileia: and so called from Utino, a rock in the city. Others say, that it is a place in Candia, called Tino, where is a church dedicated to the Virgin famous for many imputed miracles.

PORCACCHI.

Galitia, Cyprus, but o'er all so dear,
 That hallow'd tomb which Christian souls revere !
 Meantime aloft amidst the surging tides,
 Amidst the clouds the groaning vessel rides. 350
 The trembling pilot from the creaking mast
 The mainfail cuts, and now he bids to cast
 From poop or prow, into the greedy flood,
 Huge chests and bales, with every useless load.
 He clear'd each part, and to the roaring wave 355
 Rich merchandize and shining treasures gave.
 One ply'd the pump, from rushing streams to free
 The ship, and to the sea return'd the sea.
 Another watch'd where'er the surge he 'spy'd
 With lashing force the plank from plank divide. 360
 Four dreadful days, on mountain-billows cast,
 The seamen toil'd, and every hope was past ;
 When sudden breaking on their raptur'd sight,
 Appear'd the splendor of Saint Ermo's light ;

Low

Ver. 364.—*Saint Ermo's light* ;] Naturalists explain that these lights which appear to sailors are from natural causes, and believe that they not only are seen on the masts of ships, but also on the tops of lances in an army. It is however the firm opinion of mariners, that such phenomena are sent as marks of favour from their protector Saint Ermo, whose remains are held in great veneration at Gaeta.

RUSCALI.

Camöens

Low settling on the prow, with ray serene 365
 It shone, for masts or sails no more were seen.
 The crew elated saw the dancing gleam;
 Each, on his knees, ador'd the favouring beam;
And

Camöens in his *Lusiad* describes these lights that are often seen in the time of a storm: Gama, giving an account of his voyage to the king of Melinda, says:

Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw
 Which filled the sailors' breasts with sacred awe;
 And which the sages, of their learning vain,
 Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain:
 That living fire, by seamen held divine,
 Of Heaven's own care in storms the holy sign,
 Which midst the horrors of the tempest plays,
 And on the blasts' dark wings will gaily blaze;
 These eyes distinct have seen that living fire
 Glide through the storm and round my sails aspire.

MICKLE, Book v.

“ This phænomenon is thus accounted for in Natural History. The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite, and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms, they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the superstition of sailors should in all ages have esteemed them divine. In the expedition of the *Golden Fleece*, in a violent tempest, these fires were seen to hover over the heads of

And begg'd, with trembling voice and watery eyes,
A truce from threatening waves and raging skies.
The storm (till then relentless) ceas'd to roar, 371
South, East, and blustering North were heard no more:
Now reign'd sole tyrant o'er the seas extent,
Th' inclement West, while from his mouth he sent
A powerful blast, and with it urg'd along 375
The foamy current, terrible and strong;
That drove the flying bark with swifter force
Than strength of wing impels the falcon's course,
While the pale pilot deem'd his vessel lost,
Or driven beyond our world to Ocean's utmost coast.
The wary seaman hence his skill apply'd, 381
And from the poop amidst the tumbling tide
His anchor cast: the anchor flipp'd at need
With haulser huge, abates their fearful speed.
By this, but chief by Heaven's preserving aid, 385
Whose happy omen, on the prow display'd,
Reviv'd their hope, the ship securely rode,
That else had sunk entomb'd beneath the flood.

Castor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately ensued. After the apotheosis of these heroes, the Grecian sailors invoked these fires by the names of Castor and Pollux, or the sons of Jupiter."

MICKLE'S Note to the above passage.

Now from Laiazzo's gulph the Syrian lands
 They see, where high a peopled city stands, 390
 Of circuit wide; and nearer they survey
 A fort on either side to guard the bay.

Soon as the pilot well the land espies,
 On his pale cheek the frighted colour dies:
 He loaths the hateful coast; yet would he try 395
 The deep once more, he knows not how to fly:
 His masts and yards are lost, and rent away
 His sails and tackling scatter'd o'er the sea.
 The wretch, whom fate ordains these climes to gain,
 Is made a captive, or unpity'd slain. 400
 While thus they paus'd, the seamen fear'd to view
 Embarking from the shore a numerous crew,
 With vessels arm'd against their ship unite,
 Unfit for sea, but more unfit for fight.

While thus in fearful doubt the pilot stands 405
 Which course to take, the English knight demands
 What secret thoughts his wavering breast divide,
 And why he fought not in the port to ride?
 To whom the pilot thus—Yon hostile strand
 Is lin'd with women, whose inhuman hand, 410
 By

Ver. 409. *To whom the pilot thus—Yon hostile strand
 Is lin'd with women,—*] This strange story of the
 C c 4 Amazons

By ancient law, each stranger-guest consigns
 To death relentless, or in chains confines:
 He only 'scapes, whose arms in measur'd field
 Can make ten champions to his prowess yield;
 And next, at night, a softer conflict prove, 415
 To win ten females in the lists of love.
 Should he t' atchieve the former task suffice,
 But in the second fail, he surely dies!
 He dies! and, destin'd to ignoble toil,
 His friends their cattle feed, or turn the soil! 420
 In both the trials should success ensue,
 He gains full freedom for his social crew,
 Himself unfree—for husband he remains
 Of ten fair females, as his choice ordains.
 Astolpho heard, nor could from laughter hold 425
 At this strange custom by the pilot told.
 Now Sanfonetto, now Marphisa near,
 Now Gryphon with his brother came to hear
 Why thus aloof the shatter'd bark remain'd,
 Nor with her crew th' inviting harbour gain'd. 430
 Here let me perish (thus the pilot spoke)
 Ere bow my neck to such ignoble yoke.

Amazons is not to be found in Boyardo. Ariosto in this fable seems
 to have blended the accounts of the Amazons of antiquity with
 those of the women of Lemnos.

Alike

Alike with him agreed the failor crew :
Not so Marphisa and the warlike few,
Far other they, who safer deem'd the shore 435
Beset with arms, than seas where tempests roar ;
Who more the billows fear'd and wrecking sands
Than weapons brandish'd in a hundred hands.
This—every place—they held secure from fear,
Where'er their grasp could wield the sword or spear,
Eager they burn the hostile strand to gain; 441
But England's warrior, foremost of the train,
Demands to land; his magic horn he knew
(If arms should fail) would every force subdue.
Now divers parts they took: one loudly cry'd 445
To make the port, as loudly one deny'd.
At length the pilot, urg'd by stronger force,
Unwilling to the harbour shap'd his course.

When first discover'd on the distant flood,
Full in the cruel city's view they stood, 450
The mariners beheld a galley leave
The land, and with a crew the billows cleave
T' assail their wretched bark, while unresolv'd
Uncertain schemes their jarring breasts revolv'd.
Now to the prow and stern th' invading train 455
Huge cables fix, and through the dashing main

Impel

Impel the hulk, till urg'd by firength of oars
And drawn with toil it gains at length the shores.
Meantime the knights their limbs im armour case,
And by their sides the trusty falchion place, 460
And strive, with dauntless looks and words, to cheer
The pilot's doubts and ease the seamen's fear.

The spacious harbour like a crescent bends,
And four long miles in winding course extends :
From horn to horn a narrow mouth appears, 465
And at each horn a fort its summit rears.
The natives fear no foes can e'er prevail
Till fortune from the south their walls assail.
Built like a theatre in wide extent
The circling city reach'd the hill's descent. 470

No sooner enter'd, when, by rumour blown,
The ship's arrival through the land was known,
And arm'd with bows in all the drefs of war,
Six thousand females to the port repair.
A range of ships from rock to rock they place, 475
Each hope of flight from every breast to chace,
And with huge chains, prepar'd for such design,
Close up the mouth and all within confine.
A hoary matron, who in length of years
Like Hecuba or Cuma's maid appears, 480

The

The pilot calls, and wills him to reply
If there his wretched partners chuse to die;
Or wiser, as the country's laws declare,
Submit their necks the servile yoke to bear?
To each the choice is offer'd—there to fall 485
With freedom—or survive in hopeless thrall,

'Tis true, should one amongst you dare engage
(She cries) with ten th' unequal fight to wage:
These should he slay, and next in one short night
Woo ten fair damsels to the nuptial rite, 490
With us a sovereign's rank he shall possess,
And you, if such your will, depart in peace:
Or all, or part, securely here may live,
The choice is yours, and these the terms we give:
Who here in freedom would remain, must wed 495
Ten females to partake his marriage bed.
But should your champion in the list'd field,
Though living, to the ten in prowess yield,
Or want the powers the second prize to gain,
We will that you be slaves and he be slain. 500

The beldame thus; but where she deem'd to meet
With doubt or terror, found a dauntless heat
In every knight: each on himself relies,
And hopes in either list to win the prize.

No

No less Marphisa's heart with courage glows, 505
Though for the second task her sex she knows
But ill prepar'd, yet hopes she to supply
With sword the gifts that Nature might deny.
Their answer then, in general council weigh'd,
The pilot to the hoary dame convey'd : 510
That one amongst them stood prepar'd to prove
The task of battle first, and then of love.

No more oppos'd, the seamen now secure
Their anchor, and on land the vessel moor.
The bridge is cast, and from the deck proceed 515
The shining warrior and the prancing steed.
Amidst the city with surprise they view
The mighty numbers of the female crew.
With shorten'd vesture part on horseback swarm,
Or in the crowded square like warriors arm. 520
The men nor spear, nor sword, are seen to bear,
Nor ought of weapons that pertain to war,
Save only ten—and these, as late I told,
(So ancient custom wills) their lances hold.
The rest attend the loom, the needle ply, 525
Or twist the wool, or cull the various dye :
Adown their limbs long matron garments flow,
Their mien is feminine, their pace is slow.

Some

Some kept in chains, at will their tyrants send
The lands to culture, and the herds to tend. 530
Few are the males, and scarce the region round
A hundred for a thousand females found.

The knights who deem'd by lot to fix his name,
Whose arm might for the rest the combat claim,
Would from the chance the martial dame* withhold,
By sex unfit amidst their names enroll'd 536

Both palms to win; but she with noble pride
Will with her peers the fated scroll abide:
On her it fell—I first in fight will die
Ere you (she cry'd) in cruel bondage lie: 540

This steel (and as she spoke her trusty sword
She grasp'd) your pledge of safety shall afford.
With this I mean each fatal tie to loose,
As Alexander cut the Gordian noose.

While earth endures, no stranger shall again 545
Of this dire law and cruel land complain.

Thus she; and what her favouring fortune sends
Each knight allows, and to her arm commends
The glorious charge such numerous foes to brave,
And fall in battle, or their freedom save. 550

Now ready clad in mail and cuirass bright
She hastens to the field, and claims the fight.

* MARPHISA.

Far in the city was a square enclos'd,
And fet apart with feats around dispos'd,
To please the vulgar herd with many a fray 555
Of wrestling, tournament, and martial play.
Four brazen gates, that open in the place,
Admit the prefs, while through the crowded space
Arm'd females throng, where blending hope and
fear

They bid Marphisa in the list appear, 560
The virgin enters on a dappled steed
Of colour grey, of more than common breed;
Small was his head, his joints were strongly knit,
Proudly he paw'd and champ'd the frothy bit;
Fire flash'd his eyes—this from a thousand more,
Of generous strain in Norandino's store, 566
The monarch chose, and, deck'd with trappings brave,
The regal present to Marphisa gave;
Who, entering at the south, where on the gate
The mid-day shone, stood still the charge to wait;
Nor waited long, when echo'd sharp and clear, 571
The trumpet's clangour wrung in every ear.
Then from the portal of the north she saw
Her ten opponents to the combat draw.
The first bold knight, who look'd himself a host, 575
Seem'd in his arm the force of all to boast.

The

The list he enter'd on a courser's back
Of strongest frame, and more than raven black,
Save that his front and hindmost foot display'd
Some snow-white hairs amid the dusky shade. 580
Clad like his steed in fable weeds of woe.

The champion came, as if he meant to show
An emblem of his own distressful state,
How small his comfort, and his griefs how great!

The trumpet sounds, and to the charge address
At once nine warriors place the lance in rest: 586
But he, the mourning knight, whose noble heart
Disdains th' advantage, stands awhile apart;
Howe'er compell'd in such a hateful cause,
Resolv'd in this his will should bend the laws: 590
Apart he stands, the conflict to survey,
And see one lance with nine dispute the day.

The steed with easy pace and steady force
Bore the brave virgin to th' unequal course,
Who wielded in her grasp so huge a spear 595
Scarce four suffic'd th' enormous weight to rear.
This from the ship, with wary choice, she bore,
The stoutest beam amidst a numerous store.
So fierce she came, with such a dauntless look,
A thousand cheeks grew pale, a thousand bosoms
shook. 600

Swift

Swift through the first, as if his fenceless breast
No armour wore, the furious steel she press'd.
His iron-plated shield, with strength impell'd
The weapon pass'd and through the cuirass held,
The point drove on; till smear'd with vital blood,
Through back and breast a foot behind it stood. 606
The virgin left the wretched warrior slain,
And turn'd against the rest with loosen'd rein:
Against the second bold advancing foe,
And next the third she dealt so fierce a blow, 610
That either's spinal bone the weapon broke,
And both at once their seats and life forsook.
Together now the remnant fix engag'd
The gallant maid, and war united wag'd.
So have I seen a bomb the ranks divide, 615
As fierce Marphisa pierc'd the martial tide:
Against her corslet javelins snapt in vain,
While she unmov'd could every stroke sustain.
In tennis thus not more the fencing wall
Resists the impulse of the bounding ball. 620
In vain the force of hostile weapon fought
To pierce her arms of purest temper wrought;
By magic wrought in Styx's burning steam,
And hissing plung'd in black Avernus' stream.

Now

Now at the barrier bounds awhile she stay'd, 625
 Then wheel'd her courser, and with brandish'd blade
 The rest assail'd, her victory pursu'd,
 And to the elbows dy'd her arms in blood.
 From this a hand, from that she lops the head:
 On one the ghastly sword so just is sped, 630
 Head, arms, and breast fall sever'd on the plain;
 The legs and belly on the steed remain.
 Thus half the man (a dreadful sight) appear'd:
 So holy pilgrims, to the saint rever'd,
 For members heal'd, of wax or silver frame 635 }
 The parts restor'd, and in their patron's name, }
 Suspend the pious gift to him whose aid they claim. }
 One, as the list he fled, she swift pursu'd,
 And ere he reach'd the midst, asunder hew'd
 His head and bleeding trunk, that never art 640
 Of surgeon could suffice to close the part.
 Thus by her valour each in turn was slain,
 Or lay extended senseless on the plain,
 That well she knew he never more could rear
 The massy buckler or the pointed spear. 645

Ver. 634. *So holy pilgrims,—*] This similitude alludes to the custom in the Romish church of making limbs of wax, ivory or silver which the pilgrims hang up as an offering dedicated to the Saint, by whom they are supposed to be healed of any disease or lameness.

The knight, who in the list retir'd alone,
Beheld the nine by one brave arm o'erthrown,
Now spurr'd his steed to show not fear detain'd,
But courtesy his generous arm restrain'd;
Then beckoning with his hand he first began 650
To ask a parley ere the course he ran;
And little thinking that with man's array,
Conceal'd in martial weeds a virgin lay,
Graceful he spoke—Thy spirits, valiant knight,
May surely droop in such unequal fight; 655
Nor will I basely now in arms oppose
That strength already spent with numerous foes.
Till morn I give thee from the field to rest,
Then may'st thou turn to fresher strife address:
So shall my sword a noble combat claim, 660
Nor with thy vigour spent pollute my fame.

To warlike toils these limbs have long been bred:
Nor have I toil'd so far (Marphisa said)
But to thy cost I trust, thou soon shalt find
My nerve and spirit of a nobler kind. 665
Thy words, the proffer of a courteous breast,
I praise, but seek not yet so soon to rest:
Still shines the day, and 'twere a shame for knight
To lose in sloth the yet remaining light.

The

The stranger then—O! that thy woe-struck mind
Could gain as sure each good it pants to find, 671
As thou, from me thy fill of arms shalt taste,
And find perchance the day too quickly waste.
He said; and strait two beamy lances, wrought
Like ponderous masts, he bids with speed be brought;
To bold Marphisa's hand the choice he gives, 676
The spear which she rejects himself receives.
The trumpet sounds—the couriers shake the ground,
Earth, air, and sea, the thundering charge resound.
With eyes unmov'd each mute assistant stands; 680
No word, no breath, is heard through all the bands:
So fix'd was each to mark with longing gaze,
Which knight would win the palm of knightly
praise.

Marphisa aims her spear with matchless force,
To hurl the fable warrior from his horse, 685
No more to rise; nor less the fable foe
Thinks with a thrust to lay Marphisa low.
Like sapless ozers seem'd each lance's length,
Not form'd of chosen ash with massy strength:
Up to the rest they shiver'd with the stroke; 690
And either steed confess'd the mighty shock:
At once, as if a scythe with sweepy force
Had cut the nerves, down sunk each floundering horse.

Marphisa, at her first assault, had known
A thousand warriors from their saddle thrown, 693
And she, who ne'er before receiv'd defeat,
Now (strange to tell!) was tumbled from her seat.
Struck with the chance, with more than rage oppress'd,
A sudden madness seem'd t' enflame her breast:
Alike the fable knight appear'd to grieve, 700
Not lightly wont in field his seat to leave.
Scarce had they touch'd the ground, when either
stood

On foot recover'd, and the fight renew'd.
Each weapon's edge and point by turns they ply'd;
With sword and shield they fenc'd, or leapt aside 705
To shun the stroke: the well-aim'd stroke rebounds,
The stroke that miss'd, in hissing air rebounds.
In secret to herself Marphisa said:
In happy hour for me this warrior stay'd;
Nor in the fight his nine companions led: 710
This day might else have mix'd me with the dead:
Since now, fore labouring in the doubtful strife,
Scarce from his single arm I guard my life.
Marphisa thus, yet ceas'd not as she spoke,
To wield her sword and ward each coming stroke.
Not less the stranger thus his fortune blest'd; 716
In happy hour this knight refus'd to rest:

Since

Since now I scarce defend me from his might,
Already wearied with so fierce a fight.

Had he with morn his vigour lost renew'd 720
What fortune might have then my arms pursu'd!
Great were my risk in this contested place,
Had he accepted late my proffer'd grace.

The battle lasted till declining light,
Nor seem'd th' advantage to the dame or knight;
And now so deep the shades increasing grow, 726
Not this, nor that, can ward the threatening blow.
Now darkness clos'd—when to the glorious maid
With courteous mien the generous warrior said.

What can we more, since night obtrudes her veil,
While yet the battle hangs in equal scale? 731
Then hear—O chief! awhile prolong thy life,
At least till morn revives the noble strife:
If to thy wasting days a single night
I only grant—no blame on me must light: 735
Condemn the law of this accursed race,
The female sex that rule this hated place.
But HE, from whom no art the truth conceals,
Knows if for thee and thine my bosom feels.
Thou and thy fellows may'st with me reside, 740
With others danger will thy sleep betide.

Against

Against thee now conspire the female train,
 Whose husbands by thy conquering hand are slain.
 For know that each, who by thy arm lies dead,
 Ten wives possess'd: hence ninety females led 745
 To seek revenge (unless with me you rest)
 Might in the dead of night your sleep molest.

Marphisa then—I gladly shall receive
 The fair asylum which thou deign'st to give:
 Secure in thee such virtuous faith to find 750
 As suits thy courage and exalted mind!
 Mourn not my life as doom'd to thee by fate,
 Thy own, perchance, may find a shorter date;
 Nor can I think as yet thy actions show,
 With mine compar'd, thyself a mightier foe. 755
 Then, as thou wilt, the combat urge or stay;
 Or meet by moon-light, or by light of day:
 Whate'er thou seek'st, behold me ready still,
 Each hour a warrior's duty to fulfil.

Unfinish'd thus they left the glorious fight, 760
 Till from the Ganges shone the golden light.
 To Aquilant, to Gryphon, all the train
 Of gallant champions, came the knight humane,
 With generous suit to each by turns address,
 Beneath his hospitable roof to rest. 765

All

All gladly yield, and now with chearful blaze
Or torches' light, the lord his guests conveys;
They reach his regal dome, where every room
With splendor shone and labours of the loom.

Now from each head the martial helmet rais'd
The two brave combatants with wonder gaz'd. 771
The stranger-knight was fresh and fair of hue,
His downy cheeks but eighteen summers knew.
The virgin marvell'd much his arm could wage
Such dreadful battles in so green an age: 775
Nor less he wonder'd, when her helm unclos'd
Her flowing locks and beauteous sex expos'd,
His foe but late!—now each with like demand
Enquires the other's actions, name, and land.

But who the youth, awhile to seek forbear, 780
The book ensuing shall his name declare.



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